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THE WORKS OF JOHN RUSKIN

EDITED BY

E. T. COOK

AND

ALEXANDER WEDDERBURN

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NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1905

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VOLUME XVI

"A JOY FOR EVER"

AND

THE TWO PATHS

WITH LETTERS ON

THE OXFORD MUSEUM

AND VARIOUS ADDRESSES

1856–1860

J. Ruskin.

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INTRODUCTION TO VOL. XVI

In this volume we conclude the by-works which intervened between the fourth and fifth volumes of *Modern Painters*. In Vol. XIII. we found Ruskin immersed in sorting, cataloguing, and describing the Turner Bequest; in Vol. XIV. we followed his criticisms of contemporary art (1855–1859); and in Vol. XV. we have read the books which he wrote as a Teacher of Drawing. In the present volume are collected the fruits of his activity during the same years as a Public Lecturer. The books here brought together are (1) *The Political Economy of Art* (1857), afterwards re-issued, with additions, under the title of "*A Joy for Ever*" *and its Price in the Market* (1880); (2) *Inaugural Address at the Cambridge School of Art* (1858); (3) Letters contributed to *The Oxford Museum* (1858, 1859); and (4) *The Two Paths* (1859); (5) to these are added, in the Appendix, the reports of several other Lectures, Speeches, etc., which Ruskin delivered during the same years, but did not include in any of his published works.

The order of the *books* is chronological; but the order of the *lectures*, republished in the books, is not so. Thus one of the lectures included in *The Two Paths* was delivered before those on *The Political Economy of Art*. To present the lectures in chronological order would have been impossible, because such a disposition of them would have involved breaking up volumes which Ruskin himself arranged, and which had, in each case, a unity of purpose.

As chronological order is thus impossible in the arrangement of the volume, so neither can it be very exactly followed in this Introduction. It will be convenient, in the first place, to regard Ruskin's lectures during these years (1856–1860) as a whole, tracing the purposes which they were meant to serve, and the circumstances of the time at which they were delivered; and next to deal with the several volumes above enumerated, bringing together under each head such biographical and bibliographical matter as may be of interest.

A chronological conspectus of the lectures, etc., collected in this volume, together with a few included in an earlier volume, will serve to give a general view of the ground to be covered:—

1. 1856. March 12. Recent Progress in Design: Remarks made at a Meeting of the Society of Arts—Appendix I. in this volume (pp. 427–430).
2. „ April 18. Address to the Workmen employed on the Oxford Museum—Appendix II. in this volume (pp. 431–436).
3. 1857. January 23. Imagination in Architecture: Lecture to the Architectural Association, London—Lecture IV. in *The Two Paths* (pp. 346–374).
4. „ April 3. The Value of Drawing: Address to the St. Martin's School of Art—Appendix III. in this volume (pp. 437–447).
5. „ May. Speeches on the Seddon Memorial—Vol. XIV. (pp. 464–470).
6. „ June 25. The Preservation of Italian Pictures: Remarks to the Arundel Society—Appendix IV. in this volume (p. 448).
7. „ July 10 and 13. The Political Economy of Art: two Lectures at Manchester—In this volume (pp. 1–103).
8. „ September 27. The Arts as a Branch of Education: a Letter to the Rev. F. Temple—Appendix V. in this volume (pp. 449–454).

   „ December 3. *The Political Economy of Art* published.
9. 1858. January 13. The Deteriorative Power of Conventional Art over Nations: a Lecture at the South Kensington Museum —Lecture I. in *The Two Paths* (pp. 259–292).
10. „ February 16. The Work of Iron, in Nature, Art, and Policy: a Lecture at Tunbridge Wells—Lecture V. in *The Two Paths* (pp. 375–411).
11. „ April 15. The Study of Art: an Address to the St. Martin's School of Art—Appendix VI. in this volume (pp. 455–460).
12. „ May 25. First Letter to Acland on *The Oxford Museum*— Part III. of this volume (pp. 211–217).
13. „ October 14. Education in Art: a Paper read at the Social Science Congress at Liverpool—Supplementary Additional Papers in *A Joy for Ever* (pp. 143–152).
14. „ October 29. Inaugural Address at the Cambridge School of Art—Part II. of this volume (pp. 177–201).

15. 1859. January 20. Second Letter to Acland on *The Oxford Museum* —Part III. of this volume (pp. 218–234).

16. „ February 15. Venetian Architecture: Remarks made at a Meeting of the Architectural Photographic Society—Appendix VII. in this volume (pp. 461–468).

17. „ February 22. The Unity of Art: a Lecture delivered at Manchester—Lecture II. in *The Two Paths* (pp. 293–318).

18. „ March 1. Modern Manufacture and Design: a Lecture delivered at Bradford—Lecture III. in *The Two Paths* (pp. 319–345).

„ May 10. *The Two Paths* published.

19. 1860. March. "Sir Joshua and Holbein": a paper in the *Cornhill Magazine*.—Reprinted in a later volume.

20. „ March 8. Religious Art: Remarks made at a Meeting of the Working Men's College—Appendix VIII. in this volume (pp. 469–471).

21. „ March 20. Evidence given before the Select Committee on Public Institutions—Appendix IX. in this volume (pp. 472–487).

„ June 14. *Modern Painters*, vol. v., published.

When it is remembered that the years of these lectures saw also the publication of most of Ruskin's Turner Catalogues (with the engrossing labour they involved), of *Academy Notes*, of *The Elements of Drawing* and *Perspective;* that he was engaged also in teaching at the Working Men's College, and that the fifth volume of *Modern Painters* was finished early in 1860—when all this is taken into account, the chronological list just given can hardly fail to impress the reader once more with the full and active life which Ruskin led, and with the unsparing drafts which he made upon his powers.[1] The high place which he had by this time won for himself is shown by an honour conferred upon him in 1858. In that year "Honorary Studentships" were created at Christ Church, and on December 6, 1858, the first election was held. Those chosen for the compliment were Acland, Cornewall Lewis, Gladstone, Gore Ouseley, and Ruskin. This was a distinction which he always valued very highly.[2]

[1] Ruskin also wrote in 1857–1858 a geological paper (on "The Geology of Chamouni"); and in 1859 some long letters on "The Italian Question": these are reserved for later volumes.

[2] See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 63. It may be noticed that Acland and Ruskin were described on the title-page of *The Oxford Museum* as "Honorary Students of Christ Church."

"I want also," wrote Ruskin in 1858 when describing his multifarious activities, "to give lectures in all the manufacturing towns."[1] He did not quite accomplish that, but during these years he lectured, as we have seen, several times in London; thrice at Manchester; once at Bradford; once also at Tunbridge Wells, and he wrote an address which was read at Liverpool. What, we may ask, was the compelling motive? what were the objects the lecturer had at heart?

Generally speaking, we may say that they were the same objects as those which his books were meant to serve; he sought, as has already been explained,[2] to increase the range of his audience, to widen, if not to deepen, his influence. The verdict on his Edinburgh lectures had been indecisive; some hearers thought his delivery ineffective. But practice improved his manner, and in the accounts of these later lectures we read only of crowded and enthusiastic audiences, charmed with the lecturer's facility, adroitness, and rhetorical skill. That he took great pains in preparing his lectures will presently appear, but he often trusted in part to extemporisation, and he was an adept at once in conciliating an audience by a deferential manner or by a local allusion, and in arresting its attention by piquancy of expression or paradoxical thought. Those who shared the platform with him sometimes complained that he filled the stage only too completely. This was the case, according to one of the other actors, at Cambridge, when Ruskin, Cruikshank, and Redgrave were invited down to assist at the opening of the School of Art:—

"I found rather to my disgust," says Redgrave, "that music was to be mixed up with the speaking, and also that Ruskin had asked to have a full hour, so that it behoved me to make my speech as short as possible, if all was to be compressed into decent time. We met at eight o'clock P.M. The Vice-Chancellor introduced me to the meeting, and I knocked off my business speech as speedily as possible. Then there was another musical flourish, and Ruskin mounted the stage. He began by saying that when he spoke impromptu he said too much, or he said too little, or he forgot half he wished to say, or he was misunderstood, and therefore he had *written* his speech (cunning fellow, eh! before such an audience), and begged leave to read it. He was as cool and as much at his ease as I was anxious, and that is saying a good deal. His discourse took quite an hour and a half; then there was a rush for refreshments, and poor Cruikshank felt he was nowhere; in fact, he got up to say he had no time or opportunity to say anything."[3]

[1] From a letter of December 28, 1858, to Professor Norton; printed in *The Atlantic Monthly*, June 1904, vol. 93, p. 804, and reprinted in a later volume of this edition.

[2] See Vol. XII. p. xxvii.

[3] *Richard Redgrave, C.B., R.A.: a Memoir compiled from his Diary*, by F. M. Redgrave, 1891, p. 205.

But if his fellow-speakers were disappointed, his audiences were delighted. "He secures the confidence of his listeners," wrote one of them of the same lecture, "by showing them, by the novelty of thought, expression, and illustration, that he has been taking pains in preparing what he is saying to them. He drops in passing all sorts of startling or piquant dashes of criticism; . . . gives some experiences and observations gathered in recent travel, always well told and always amusing . . .; but, above all, there is always some main leading idea which permeates and gives consistency to the whole, and which satisfies every hearer that the speaker has a definite purpose in view, and that amidst all discursiveness of thought, affluence of words, and novelty of illustration, it is never really lost sight of, much less forgotten."[1] This is a critical judgment which readers of the present volume will probably confirm. Ruskin by the success of his lectures thus increased the number of his readers, and thereby the extent of his influence.

His parents, as before in the case of the Edinburgh lectures, objected to what they considered the dissipation of energy, and even loss of caste, involved in catering, even in intellectual matters, to popular audiences. Ruskin defended himself, also on the same grounds as those he had urged before:—

> "Bolton Bridge, *February* 28 [1859].—I hope that you will have pleasure in the results of these two lectures of mine,[2] though you don't like lecturing as a principle; nor do I, but it does much good. People do like so much to be saved the trouble of reading and thinking. If I wanted to produce immediate effect in any direction, I am quite sure a month or two's course of lectures would do more good than many books. But the book influences the best people, though not the most."

Here we find a further reason than the one already suggested for Ruskin's lectures. He wanted not only to increase the range of his influence, but to produce "immediate effect." He had, as has been said already,[3] the instinct for action; he sought to influence the doers as well as the thinkers; he wanted to see, in the everyday world, some fruit of his principles and labours. It was in this spirit that he took to the public platform. His studies and pursuits and methods were different from those of the politicians, but his aim was in this respect the same as theirs. He wanted to secure the vote and interest of

[1] *Literary Gazette*, December 11, 1858.
[2] The lectures in *Two Paths*, delivered at Manchester and Bradford respectively.
[3] Vol. XII. p. lxxx.

those whom he addressed on behalf of causes which he believed to be practical. This missionary spirit, this addressing of himself to questions of action and not only of speculation, is particularly manifest in the Manchester lectures on "The Political Economy of Art." Art was, as it were, the medium in which he worked; the effect he sought to produce was political.

These lectures have a special significance in the *corpus* of Ruskin's Works. It is customary in Studies and Biographies of Ruskin to make a dividing line at 1860, and to say that before that year he was a writer upon art, and after it a writer upon economics. There is some general truth, and a certain rough convenience, in this arrangement; but men's lives are seldom, and their thoughts are never, built in such water-tight compartments. The fact is, as we have already seen, that Ruskin's interest in social, political, and economic questions had for many years been developing, that it was a direct outcome of his artistic studies, and that it dated back at least to the years 1849–1851–1853. It was from his study of the stones of Venice that the impulse came. The words of warning, so exquisite in cadence, with which that book opens, were not a mere exercise of literary art; they were the expression of a deliberate conviction, for the author had already pondered deeply upon "the condition of England question," and was led to trace in the history of the arts and monuments of Venice "the foundations" upon which alone, as he conceived, an enduring and a happy State could be built. If any piece is to be selected as marking the first definite transition in his thoughts, it should rather be the famous sixth chapter of the second volume of the *Stones;*[1] or those Letters on Politics, first published in this edition, of which Ruskin said at the time, "I want to be able to refer to them twenty years hence"[2]—as having anticipated some thoughts which would then be in all men's minds. *The Political Economy of Art* does not, then, strike a new note in Ruskin's work; but it is the first systematic treatment of a subject which had hitherto been touched upon by him only incidentally. He was satisfied at the time with his book. "It's not very dull," he wrote to a friend, "and of all the books I have written, it's the only one I'm proud of."[3] After reading the book, for republication twenty-two years

[1] On the influence of Gothic Architecture upon the life of the workman. The germ of that chapter may be found, however, in *The Seven Lamps*, which was written two years earlier (see Vol. VIII. pp. 218, 259 *seq.*). So again at p. 38 of that volume it is noted that the germ of much in the present lectures was contained in the earlier book.

[2] Vol. XII. p. lxxxi.

[3] Letter to Lady Stuart de Rothesay, quoted in A. J. C. Hare's *Story of Two Noble Lives* (1893), vol. ii. p. 479.

later, he said that the exposition of the truths, to which he had given the chief energy of his life, would here be found "first undertaken systematically and in logical sequence; and what I have since written on the political influence of the Arts has been little more than the expansion of these first lectures, in the reprint of which not a sentence is omitted or changed."[1] The new title which he selected for that reprint—"*A Joy for Ever*" (*and its Price in the Market*)—was intended as a summary of all his teaching; "the end," he said at Oxford, "of my whole Professorship would be accomplished,—and far more than that,—if only the English nation could be made to understand that the beauty which is indeed to be a joy for ever, must be a joy for all."[2] In the footnotes here appended by the editors to the text, frequent reference is made to the later books in which Ruskin developed the several themes.

To the general subject of Ruskin's political and economic teaching it will be necessary to recur more fully in a later volume. Here we need only note some of the salient points in these lectures. Ruskin began by comparing the body politic to a farm or a household, in which the rule should be co-operation, not competition; in which each member should be set to the work most proper to him. His theory of government was paternal. He held, in the language of later times, that the State should be a "model employer" and furnish an example in arts and crafts—producing even drawing materials of the highest quality—not by way of competition with private enterprise, but in order to set a standard. Above all, the State should more fully educate the people, and provide for the veterans of industry comfortable homes. In a single and memorable phrase he compressed—as he said a few years later—the whole of his political economy—"Soldiers of the Ploughshare as well as Soldiers of the Sword!" ("Do you look out," wrote George Eliot to a friend, "for Ruskin's books whenever they appear. His little book on *The Political Economy of Art* contains some magnificent passages, mixed up with stupendous specimens of arrogant absurdity on some economical points."[3] In which category, one may wonder, did she place the pregnant phrase which has become the watchword of a certain school of political thought and of a particular political movement?) Then turning from the State to the individual, Ruskin scourged the tasteless luxury and ignorant patronage of

[1] Preface to *A Joy for Ever*: see below, p. 12.
[2] *Aratra Pentelici*, § 17.
[3] Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, January 17, 1858; in *George Eliot's Life*, by J. W. Cross (1885), vol. ii. p. 7.

the time. He pleaded for the preservation of ancient buildings, for the encouragement of artistic work in ornament and dress, for better-informed standards of taste in pictures and in furniture, for more public spirit in the patronage of art.

The passion and irony with which Ruskin enforced his points, the beautiful descriptions with which he adorned them, make *The Political Economy of Art* one of his most characteristic and stimulating pieces. Much of its subject-matter, when stripped, in the foregoing summary, of his rich eloquence, may sound familiar to readers of to-day. But the date and the circumstances of the lectures must be remembered. What is accepted as common ground to-day was not then conceded or understood, and it was these very lectures by Ruskin that helped to win the victory.[1] In two respects more particularly the time and the place of these lectures should be noted. First, Ruskin was writing in a year of great commercial depression and monetary panic. He refers more than once to the circumstances of the time, and the reader will find a note on p. 187[2] recalling the facts to mind. It was a time, in the words of the President of the United States, when there was poverty among abundance, and commercial ruin among all the materials for great material prosperity. This condition of things coloured much of Ruskin's thought at the time, and lent additional point to what he said about disorganisation in the economy of the State. Secondly, Ruskin was to speak at Manchester, the sacred city of that "Manchester School" whose political doctrines of *laisser faire*, always hateful to Ruskin, were then much in the ascendant. With characteristic courage and enjoyment of the fray, he bearded the lion in its own den; or perhaps we might rather say "tickled"—so deftly and adroitly did he perform the operation. His listeners, as we shall see, heard him gladly; but the pundits of the press, when they came to read his heresies in cold blood, were at once angry and scornful. Many of the reviewers fixed upon Ruskin's remark in his preface (below, p. 10), that he had read no Political Economy, as

[1] Professor Norton has some cogent words in this sense in his preface to the (American) "Brantwood Edition" of *The Two Paths* (1891): "The growth of interest in the Fine Arts, and of attention to them, during the past twenty or thirty years, has been largely due, in England and America, to the influence of Mr. Ruskin's writings. The interest is, indeed, often unintelligent, and the attention is often a form of mere seeking for trivial amusement. But many ideas concerning the arts which were new thirty years ago, or at least unfamiliar, have become the common property of the critics, and a part of the common culture of all well-informed persons. This change must be taken into account by those who now read this volume for the first time. They must remember that doctrines which may now seem trite were fresh when it was written; that Mr. Ruskin's work was the original source of opinions now widely diffused, and more or less generally accepted."

[2] See also *Two Paths*, § 187.

disqualifying him from writing on the subject; he had, however, thought much upon it, and perhaps with the more originality for his abstention from the text-books.[1] The *Manchester Examiner and Times*, then a leading organ of Liberalism, dismissed his pleas for State intervention as "arrant nonsense";[2] while other critics quoted against him, as if that clenched the matter for ever, one or other of Macaulay's diatribes against the extension of State interference.[3]

The trend of political thought has shifted far since the days when such sentences by Macaulay were supposed to be the last word on the functions of Government. That Ruskin's words have still their message to the present day, and that they are now more acceptable than at the time of their first delivery, is shown very clearly in the fortunes of the little book. Bibliographical Notes are perhaps dull to the general reader; though to collectors they are necessary for the distinction of editions; but sometimes they contain facts and figures which are suggestive of movements of thoughts and taste. Thus it will be noticed in the Bibliographical Note (here pp. 5–8) that *The Political Economy of Art* went off but slowly at first. Twenty years passed, during many of which it was out of print. Then it was again placed on sale, and its consumption has been large and steady. We shall have similar facts to note, on a yet more striking scale, in the case of Ruskin's next book on economics—*Unto this Last*.

It is worth noticing, however, that though Ruskin's message was at the time scouted in many quarters as rank heresy, it yet accorded well with the hopeful spirit of the mid-Victorian era, and that to the prophet himself the fulfilment of his hopes and dreams seemed but a little way off. "A time will come," he said[4]—"I do not think even now it is far from us"—that time of which, a generation later, his disciple William Morris was still writing as not far distant: "the wonderful days a-coming" when

> ". . . what wealth then shall be left us when none can gather gold
> To buy his friend in the market, and pinch and pine the sold?
> Nay, what save the lovely city, and the little house on the hill,
> And the wastes and the woodland beauty, and the happy fields we till;
> And the homes of ancient stories, the tombs of the mighty dead;
> And the wise men seeking out marvels, and the poet's teeming head;

[1] See his reply to the critics in *Two Paths*, § 189 *n*.

[2] In a leading article in that journal of July 14, 1858.

[3] See, for instance, the *Literary Gazette*, January 23, 1858, which cited a familiar passage, about the State as "Lady Bountiful" and "Paul Pry," in the essay on "Southey's Colloquies on Society."

[4] See below, § 120, p. 103.

> And the painter's hand of wonder; and the marvellous fiddle-bow,
> And the banded choirs of music: all those that do and know.
> For all these shall be ours and all men's, nor shall any lack a share
> Of the toil and the gain of living in the days when the world grows fair!" [1]

The hopeful spirit—the buoyant tone, as of Browning's "glad confident morning," which marks Ruskin's first essays on the political economy of art—was to contrast strongly with the spirit of his later writings on similar subjects. "When he spoke again on questions of Political Economy it was in another tone, and with words of darker presage." [2]

The good hope of contributing something to the speedy amelioration of social and political conditions was not the only motive derived from the conditions of the time which took Ruskin to the platform during these years. It will have been observed in the list of his lectures given above (p. xviii.) how many of them were delivered to Schools of Art or Drawing Classes. The decade in which he was speaking had seen a considerable extension of the machinery for State education in art, and in order to understand the lectures collected in this volume in relation to the circumstances of the time it is necessary to put ourselves back at the lecturer's point of view. In 1835 a Select Committee had been appointed "to inquire into the means of extending a Knowledge of the Arts and of the Principles of Design among the people (especially the manufacturing population) of the country." The recommendations of this Committee led to the establishment in 1837 of a Central Government "School of Design" (at Somerset House) and in 1841 of similar local Schools of Design in various manufacturing centres. The idea was that there was some specific and limited way in which design could be taught, and that the teaching should be directly associated with manufacturing processes. To protest against this idea was, as the reader of *The Two Paths* and the other lectures here collected will soon discover, one of Ruskin's main objects. The "Schools of Design" had already been found to be a failure; and in consequence of the report of another Select Committee in 1849 the basis of the Governmental scheme was widened. The "Council of the Government School of Art" became a "Department of Practical Art"

[1] "The Day is Coming," in *Poems by the Way*, 1891. The poem first appears in *Chants for Socialists*, published by the Socialist League in 1885.

[2] Preface by Professor Norton to the (American) "Brantwood Edition" of *A Joy for Ever*, 1891.

(1851), with a General Superintendent (Mr., afterwards Sir Henry, Cole) and an Art Adviser (Mr. Richard Redgrave, R.A.). In 1853 there was a further reorganisation, the Department becoming that of "Science and Art"; it was removed in 1852 from Somerset House to Marlborough House, and in 1857 from Marlborough House to South Kensington. These migrations should be remembered by the reader, as Ruskin refers to the Department sometimes by one name and sometimes by another. Under the new scheme the Government schools were no longer confined to artisans. The hopes and plans of the Department are explained in the speech which Mr. Redgrave made at Cambridge on the occasion of Ruskin's Inaugural Address there:—

"When Schools of Art were first introduced into this country, it was after a Parliamentary inquiry with reference to the deficiency of beauty and elegance in the patterns of our manufactures. Schools of design were, therefore, established in 1841 for the purpose of instructing artisans—and artisans alone, for all others were carefully excluded—in designs for patterns; the prices charged being low, to suit the persons instructed. But it was found that after good designs were obtained, they were of no use; there was no public to adopt them; and it then became necessary to found schools for the improvement of the public taste. Schools were opened for the admission of all classes of the community, at prices adapted to the relative position of the students. That movement was inaugurated in 1851. Under the old exclusive system 19 schools were established, and about 3000 artisans availed themselves thereof: the cost to the State per man averaged £3, 2s. 4d.; in some cases —at Leeds, for instance—the cost was £7. Under the new system up to 1856 the number of Art Schools amounted to 60, and there were 42,426 scholars, the average cost per head being only 13·1¾. At the present time the average cost was somewhat less, as, from a late return, it appeared that there were 51,000 Art students under Government instruction. With regard to the study of drawing, Mr. Redgrave said in old times, when he was a boy, it was considered an 'accomplishment'; but for the matter of that, reading and writing were 'accomplishments' also: at that time his inclination in the direction of Art led him to make pen-and-ink designs on the margin of his English Reader and other school-books, but those efforts being unappreciated by the master, he was flogged, as he deserved to be, for his pains. His parents, however, judging that he had some talent, put him under the care of a drawing-master. Among popular drawing-masters at that time there was a certain recipe for an oak, and a certain recipe for an elm, certain touches for ash trees, and others for beech, and so he could not say he derived much benefit from his instruction, though he paid handsomely; other drawing-masters had a knack of dabbing paper on pieces of porcelain on which colour had been mixed, and producing a landscape out of chaotic tints; this

at the time was considered very clever, and their pupils paid their guinea and were perfectly satisfied. But true drawing was of a different nature to that, and the principles that would be taught at the School of Art were widely different. They were based on careful and exact imitation, and on a constant reference to nature. Much labour would be called for, but it would be pleasant labour, and would in the end insure to the students the acquisition of a power to describe as readily and as fluently with the pencil as they already did with the pen—a power which would give the means at least of reproducing thereby the works of nature, and whatever of invention or imagination they may have been gifted with. Mr. Redgrave entered somewhat minutely into the proposed course of instruction, beginning with the drawing from a flat copy and then reverting to the study of nature itself. As it was found that the student obtained correctness of eye, after being tested with the flat system, he would be directed to the object itself, and by drawing from natural objects and ornament, this correctness of eye, as well as a refined taste, would be inculcated."

The reforms which Mr. Redgrave thus outlined were in the right direction; but Ruskin did not stand alone in doubting both the fitness of the instruments employed to carry out the reforms,[1] and the soundness of the ideas which still underlay the policy of the State. This point of view is well expressed in a journal of the day in the course of a notice of Ruskin's paper read at the Social Science Congress on Education in Art:—

"The present management and working of the system by the Government Department cannot be considered to be so satisfactory as to preclude attempts on his part to make it more systematic, general, and effective. The head of that Department is not artistically qualified for its direction; the art superintendent is better known as a landscape painter than a teacher of art; and the masters under them have only attained the direction of their schools by their education in the exploded Schools of Design. It is urged by the *Daily News*[2] against Mr. Ruskin's views that he should have made himself acquainted with the plan and tuition in practice in the existing schools, and that the practice of teaching design has been abandoned since 1852 in favour of elementary drawing. But we apprehend that Mr. Ruskin has found that although the teaching of design only has been abandoned from its failure to produce any practical results, which undoubtedly is the case, yet he has

[1] Twenty years later Ruskin wrote: "The suddenly luminous idea that Art might possibly be a lucrative occupation, secured the submission of England to such instruction as, with that object, she could procure; and the Professorship of Sir Henry Cole at Kensington has corrupted the system of art-teaching all over England into a state of abortion and falsehood from which it will take twenty years to recover" (*Fors Clavigera*, Letter 79, and compare *ibid.*, Letter 50).

[2] The reference is to an article in the *Daily News* of October 18, 1858, which put forward the official answer to Ruskin's criticism.

been unable to ascertain clearly what is the definite end laboured at by the pupils in the Schools of the Department of Art."[1]

The writer then proceeds to illustrate by particular instances the absence of any authoritative system, and to question whether the effort to teach practical design had been so generally abandoned as might be supposed; and continues—

"Indeed it appears that in all the schools the direction taken in the studies of the pupils depends upon the bent and tastes of the masters rather than upon any method of study that has received the sanction of the authorities. . . . We doubt whether the Inspectors of the Department of Art knew themselves what is the system they teach, or what is likely to be its ultimate result. Mr. Ruskin's views appear to be nearly identical with those supported by the Committee of the Académie des Beaux Arts to whom the problem was submitted by the French Government for solution. . . . As it is a subject of the first national importance, it will be well if the simplicity and decision of his suggestions receive early practical adoption from the Committee of the Privy Council."

Ruskin, then, continued impenitently insistent upon the fatal mistake of supposing that design could be effectually taught by rule and as a branch of manufacturing activity; still convinced, too, that the teaching of drawing, as an integral branch of general education, was far more important than the special teaching of design. "I want," he had written to his father in 1858 (from Isola Bella, July 7), "to get my system taught at Marlborough House, and then I shall think of giving up art lecturing and art teaching and looking how the world goes on without me, which I doubt not its doing very well." He believed that the way to obtain artistic designs for manufacture was to educate men as artists, not to teach art as if it were a branch of manufacture. "Try first to manufacture a Raphael; then let Raphael direct your manufacture." But, it may be said, you cannot manufacture a Raphael. Very true; you cannot teach design, and the term which the Government gave to its institutions—"Schools of Design"—involved a profound fallacy; but drawing you can teach; and by teaching it to all you can prevent a Giotto being lost among the sheepfolds.[2] On some other points at which he differed from the official view we have commented already in the preceding volume.[3] But the lectures in the present volume were directed mostly to the larger matters just indicated. It is instructive to note that the conclusions which Ruskin formed were entirely corroborated by William Morris, who was able

[1] *The Critic*, October 23, 1858.
[2] See below, p. 118. Compare Vol. XV. pp. 12, 344.
[3] Vol. XV. p. xx.

to speak from wide and long experience as an employer of labour for purposes of artistic production. "I often have great difficulty," he told the Royal Commission on Technical Education in 1882, "in dealing with the workmen I employ in London, because of their general ignorance." "This general ignorance," adds his biographer, "was just what had to be met by general education, not by specific technical instruction. But drawing, as the basis of all manual arts whatever, he held to be an essential element in general education which should be worthy of the name. 'I think undoubtedly everybody ought to be taught to draw, just as much as everybody ought to be taught to read and write.'"[1] This is one of the main propositions which Ruskin also laid down in the lectures here collected. Thirty years later it was in some sort accepted, when by the Code of 1890 drawing was made a compulsory subject in elementary schools for boys.

In thus seeking to influence the course of national education in art, Ruskin had a further and a particular object. This is stated in one of the letters to his father, in which he apologises for his persistency in lecturing:—

> "Bolton, *Sunday* [February 27, 1859].—My consent to give these two addresses was not merely in good nature; the publication of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's book had forced me to think carefully over some essential principles which it contradicted, and which were not clearly enough stated in any of my books. I wanted to announce these as soon as I could to stop misunderstanding and the mischief of part of Wilkinson's book, which otherwise would have gone on doing harm for another year. It is a valuable book, and with proper warning against its mistakes will be useful. I think the Bradford will be a better address than the Manchester one."

The book referred to is Sir Gardner Wilkinson's work on Decorative Art (1858)[2]—a book, as Ruskin says, "excellent in almost all points," but yielding "too much indulgence to that old idea that nature is to be idealised or improved when it is brought down to manufacture or to decoration." The book insisted, as Ruskin did also, on the essential unity of art, and on the dignity of decorative work; but the "indulgence"

[1] *The Life of William Morris*, by J. W. Mackail, 1899, vol. ii. p. 48.

[2] The title of the book is: *On Colour and on the Necessity for a General Diffusion of Taste among all Classes . . . Examples of Good and Bad Taste Illustrated by Woodcuts and Coloured Plates in Contrast.* By Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, D.C.L., F.R.S., etc. (Murray, 1858). The book obtained much notice in the press. The views to which Ruskin was opposed may be found at pp. 12–13, 19–20, 208 ("No copies of natural objects should compose a work of decorative art"), 215–216.

tended to confirm views to which Ruskin was resolutely opposed. In the Manchester lecture (on the Unity of Art), as delivered, he referred specifically to the book (see p. 304 *n.*); in the printed text he does not mention it, but the correction of Wilkinson's fallacy, as Ruskin held it to be, is one of the main themes. Nature *versus* Convention was the cause for which Ruskin fought, and this is the principle which gives unity to all the discourses collected in *The Two Paths* (see again, below, p. 251).

In all this, then, no less than in those economic matters with which we have dealt already, we see Ruskin as the practical reformer—mounting the platform, in addition to his other activities, in order the better to take an active part in influencing the course of public affairs at the moment. He had already given practical illustration of what we may call his Artistic Policy in his drawing-classes at the Working Men's College; the principle on which he there acted is shown by the Memorandum for the information of students, printed below (p. 471). He had given a wider currency to his system by publishing the *Elements of Drawing*. In arranging the Turner drawings and sketches at the National Gallery, he had laid special stress on exhibiting the foundation of the great painter's skill in draughtsmanship. He now "wanted also to give lectures in all the manufacturing towns," in order to assist in the art-education of the people as part of the elementary instruction in schools and colleges throughout the country. It should be added that Ruskin in these years performed yet another duty in the like endeavour; he filled the office of "Examiner in Drawing" in the "Middle Class Examinations" then lately established by the University of Oxford.

One other circumstance of the time has to be remembered in reading the present volume. Much of Ruskin's work, as shown in this volume, and many of the allusions in his lectures are connected with the "battle of the styles" which came to its height in the years 1857–58–59. In the principal encounter Ruskin's side was destined to defeat. The battle-ground was the new Government Offices. In 1856 the Government had invited English and foreign architects in general competition to submit designs for the new public offices. More than two hundred designs were sent in; they were exhibited in Westminster Hall in 1857.[1] All the educated world went to see them; the public prints

[1] Some odd sheets among Ruskin's manuscripts appear to contain passages of the rough draft of an intended letter or paper on the subject of these designs. He lays down as the proper tests to be applied to any design :—

"First, does it do its practical work well, and produce what we want, without

were filled with criticisms and controversy. Parliamentary Committees, Parliamentary debates, and public deputations were busy with the dispute. In the end, after much delay, Mr. Gilbert Scott was appointed architect for the India Office (1858)—the other buildings being left

loss of labour, space, or time. Secondly, does it tell us what it is good for us to know, and make us feel what it is good for us to feel?" A work which "showed us even in feeble and rude bas-relief, how the soldiers stood in the last struggle at Inkerman," would from this latter point of view be worth something. Discussing the former test first, he proceeds to ask, "Among the designs offered, which does its work best, and meets the need of the nation in the wisest way? This I conceive is the main point. Our eyes should be wholly closed to all attractiveness of aspect, until it has been ascertained which designs give the most comfortable rooms, with the most convenient access, and in all other points comply best with the stated conditions. Those which present something like an approximation to equality in this respect should be chosen for farther consideration, and the others at once set aside." Connecting passages in the MS. are missing; but turning to the exhibited designs, Ruskin seems to have complained that the drawings and plans were too hurried and incomplete to afford proper material for decision. He says: "Of the ingenuity displayed in the distribution of rooms I say nothing, not having time to compare the plans; but I imagine that hurried arrangements of this kind cannot be the best possible, and I *know* that these hurriedly prepared elevations of the exteriors are wholly untrustworthy, and that no one could judge by them of their future effect of the buildings. In No. , for instance, the clever pen drawing and vigorous black blots in the windows make the whole look delightfully picturesque. But, when executed, the windows would not be black, but pale blue-grey if the glass were good, and smooth wall being substituted for the rugged cross-hatching, the whole edifice would become blank in its realization, and judges and public stand abashed at its fallen countenance. Again, in No. , the windows are far darker than they ever would be in reality, and the cusps above far lighter. The trefoils would be cast into shade, and the glass would gleam out beneath them; the effect might still be good, but it would not be that effect, nor anything like it. And not only so, but this designer, in the splendour of his ideas, has outrun his allotted time so grievously that the portion of the elevation figure differs wholly from the larger drawing, in which the sculpture, for want of time, has not been inserted. The mouldings of the arches are also entirely different in the two sketches.

"This way of going to work—for all the designs, as far as I have noticed, are prepared in the same inefficient manner—is wholly unjustifiable and absurd when the object is one of so great importance. The nation which is going to spend millions on public buildings, may at least wait for the designs of them till their details are complete, and their ink dry, and no design should be accepted for judgment unless it represented in a genuine way the future aspect of the building. We do not want clever or brilliant drawings, but we want red brick painted red, smooth stone drawn smooth, and shadows cast where shadows would fall.

"In the second place, I hear, and on good authority, that not above twenty of all these designs comply with the conditions given. Now it is of course probable suggestions of arrangement, or of need, may be made by experienced architects, which were not originally contemplated by the proposers of the conditions; and Government may be [right] to review with a wise and condescending patience any suggestions of the kind. But clearly it is unfair to those who have complied with expressed requirements if any of these imaginative and suggestive designs are received into the field of stated competition. Another competition may be set on foot in which architects may be asked to determine what the Government really wants, but the designs which do not at present meet its own statement of its wants should be at once set aside."

(Here the fragment ends.)

over for subsequent erection. Scott's design was Gothic, and the victory seemed to have been won. But in the following year the Government of Lord Derby, which had given Scott the commission, went out, and Lord Palmerston came in. Among Lord Palmerston's stock of antipathies, a specially hot place was given to Gothic architecture. It was dark, he said; it was inconvenient; it was Jesuitical. "It was all very well for our ancestors to build in that way, because they knew no better; but why should we?" Lord Palmerston carried his point, and Scott was compelled to abandon his original Gothic design for one in the Italian manner. The interest taken in the battle of the styles, the position which Ruskin held as the inspirer of the Gothic hosts, the prejudices against which he contended, are all reflected in a leading article in the popular journal:—

"If the discussion lasts we shall all be Vitruvians or Winckelmanns by Christmas; photographs of sea-green Venice will shadow every wall; tea-tables will chat of Corinth; and Doric pediments will support Renaissance sideboards. . . . Lord Palmerston hits off his theory in a light, airy, and cheerful style; the Calvinists are cursing worse than ever; the Puseyites are at work upon their Madonnas from Portland. . . . The Palace is to look penal, and the prison festive; it was always so in England, and we have abandoned every hope of reform. Still there are some who benefit by these exhibitions of rabid idiosyncrasy. . . . Above and beyond all, it is a godsend, a windfall, an apocalypse for Mr. Ruskin. That architectural Imperator, who claims the championship of English art, is in raptures with the generation that listens to him when he discourses on ogives and mullions, on leaden casements and high-pitched roofs. . . . This autumn season, with its Continental wanderings, its excursions to Cologne, its exploration of cities full of storied gables and fretted stonework, brings out the entire tribe whose profession is dogmatism, or puppyism come to maturity, and the chief, the ringleader, the firebrand is Ruskin. . . . It is matter of congratulation that the Government, repudiating the ecclesiastical sympathies of the late First Commissioner of Public Works [Lord John Manners], has given a check to the mitre and crozier architects who would convert a public office into a sanctuary loaded with carvings and brasswork, lit by fantastic windows, and expensive without being commodious. For some years the Gothic tyranny had prevailed; there is now a reaction against it; we have begun to see the difference between a Foreign Office and a Roman shrine, and are persuaded that a staff of Government officials, under a groined roof, within florid walls—all foliation and filagree—would be scarcely less out of place than a rabble of witches and wizards behind the plate-glass and mahogany of a bank or an assurance office" (*Daily Telegraph*, August 31, 1859).

To the commanding influence of Ruskin's *Seven Lamps* and *Stones of Venice*, as assisting the Gothic Revival of the time, we have referred in a previous volume.[1] There was now some reaction, and it was as a protagonist in the battle of the styles that much of his effort in these years (1856–1859) was put forth. This was the motive of his special interest in the Oxford Museum, as will presently be related; and this the drift of many incidental references throughout the present volume.[2]

I

We now pass to the several lectures, or courses of lectures, in the order in which they stand in this volume—tracing such biographical thread as they disclose, and giving other particulars about them.

The lectures on *The Political Economy of Art* were delivered under that title at Manchester, on the evenings of July 10 and 13, during the famous Art Treasures Exhibition held in that city in 1857. The occasion was thus of special interest, and Ruskin, as we have seen (above, p. xxiv.), had special purposes in view. He took, therefore, particular pains with the preparation of the lectures, and "in order to secure uninterrupted quiet for writing them, he proposed to spend a week or two at a farmhouse near the picturesque village of Cowley," two miles from Oxford, and then less of a suburb of the city than it is now. Professor Charles Eliot Norton was staying at Oxford at the time, and he saw Ruskin daily. "He read a great part of the lectures to me," says Professor Norton, "and the readings led to long discussions, of which I now remember only, to use his own phrase, 'an inconceivable humility' on his part in listening to my objections to his views, and an invincible 'obstinacy' (his own word again)[3] in maintaining his opinions. In the main I was desirous to hold him to the work of the imagination, and he was set on subordinating it to what he esteemed of more direct and practical importance."[4] But though Ruskin's purpose was grave, his spirit at the time was, adds Professor Norton, full of buoyancy and cheerfulness.[5] It communicated itself to the delivery of the lectures themselves, which seems to have

[1] Vol. X. p. lvi.

[2] See, for instance, pp. 37–38, 284, 325, 436, 466. Compare also Vol. XIII. p. 340, and a letter to E. S. Dallas on August 18, 1859, printed in the privately-issued *Letters from John Ruskin to Various Correspondents*, 1892, p. 23, and reprinted in a later volume of this edition.

[3] See *A Joy for Ever*, § 137.

[4] Preface to the (American) "Brantwood Edition" of *A Joy for Ever*, 1891. See also the same author's "Letters of John Ruskin" in *The Atlantic Monthly*, May 1904, p. 588.

[5] Compare what has been said above, p. xxv.

been marked by great vigour and *verve*. The place was the Manchester Athenæum. The audience, we are told in the lecture, was "very large, and exceedingly fashionable." Sir Elkanah Armitage, President of the Institute, was in the chair, and the lecture was listened to throughout "with most marked attention, and frequently applauded." The same was the case with the second lecture, which lasted no less than an hour and three-quarters. Some hearers of his first lectures at Edinburgh, three years earlier, had complained, as we have said, of a certain constraint and formality in the delivery.[1] "From those who heard him here," says a Manchester writer, "no hint has come of a lack of spontaneousness or force."[2] The proceeds of the lectures were given at Ruskin's request to the Working Men's College.

No *manuscript* of these lectures (or of the other pieces collected in *A Joy for Ever*) is known to the editors. The Manchester lectures consisted, however, as we know from Ruskin's statement,[3] mainly of written passages, but partly also of more familiar passages trusted to extempore delivery. This was his usual practice throughout his life. Two passages omitted from the printed text are here supplied, in footnotes, from the newspaper reports (see pp. 15, 87).

The lectures were reprinted in 1880 to form a volume in the "Works" Series. Ruskin then changed the title. Writing to Mr. Allen on January 11, 1880, he said, "I think *Norma Munificentiæ* might do for *Political Economy*, but should like an English one better." The title ultimately adopted, which he considered a "lively" one, was suggested by the motto of the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition. The "Supplementary Papers" which he now added to the Manchester lectures were later in date. To the first of them—the paper on "Education in Art" written for the Social Science Congress at Liverpool in 1858—some allusion has already been made. It states Ruskin's practical recommendations with great directness and simplicity, and attracted much attention. The Social Science Congress was then only in its second session; the President of the year was Lord John Russell; its proceedings were reported at great length in the newspapers; the social strenuousness of the mid-Victorian era was at its height, and there was not yet, as in the days of Matthew Arnold's satire, "in the soul of any poor child of nature, who may have wandered in thither, an utterable sense of lamentation, mourning, and woe."[4] Ruskin did

[1] See Vol. XII. p. xxxii.

[2] Reminiscences of "Ruskin's Manchester Lectures" in the *Manchester Guardian*, March 29, 1904.

[3] See below, p. 9.

[4] The preface to the *Poems of Wordsworth*, chosen and edited by Matthew Arnold, 1879.

not himself attend the Congress; his paper was read for him by the secretary of the section, the Rev. D. Melville. It does not appear to have been debated at the Congress; but it was discussed in the press.[1]

The second "Supplementary Paper" consists of "Remarks addressed to the Mansfield Art Night Class." It was sent to the Duke of St. Albans, who presented the prizes on the occasion and read Ruskin's remarks to the students. Though belonging to a much later date (October 14, 1873), this paper is closely akin to the other addresses in the volume, and reinforces their teaching.

The third and last Supplementary Paper—on "Social Policy based on Natural Selection"—is again of later date (May 11, 1875), and is written in a very different style. It is subtle, as befitted the audience to which it was addressed—the Metaphysical Society. Of this Society (founded by Tennyson and Sir James Knowles) Ruskin was for many years a member; but as these belong to a later period of his life than that with which we are now concerned, an account of the Society, and of Ruskin's share in its proceedings, is deferred to a later volume, in which another Paper read to the Society is included. Though the style of the present Paper separates it from other contents of this volume, its subject-matter is strictly cognate with them. It affirms the moral basis of Social Policy; and while pleading for general education, argues rather for prevention than cure—for dealing with social conditions radically on principles of justice and mercy rather than paying ransom for neglect by the splendour of hospitals and prisons.

II

The occasion of the second piece in this volume has been already mentioned, and is indicated also in the title—*Inaugural Address at the Cambridge School of Art*, 1858. The address was delivered at an Inaugural Soirée on Friday evening, October 29, in the Town Hall, the Vice-Chancellor of the University (Dr. Philpott, Master of St. Catharine's College) being in the chair.[2] The company, we read, was "very numerous and influential, and comprised a great many Graduates and other Members of the University." Mr. Redgrave, R.A., opened the proceedings with some general remarks which have been given above,[3] and Ruskin then delivered his address. The Rev. W. M. Campion, of Queen's College, in proposing a vote of thanks, said

[1] See note on p. 6, below.

[2] Ruskin stayed on the occasion in Sidney Sussex College with his friend, the Rev. W. Kingsley (for whom see Vol. XIII. p. 162).

[3] See p. xxvii.

that "they were especially indebted to Mr. Ruskin, because he had not contented himself with speaking the words which flowed from his own heart, but had transferred the 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn' to paper, and had kindly permitted them to be printed, that they might take them to their rooms, and peruse that sublime eloquence and the excellent principles there inculcated with renewed gratification and profit." Particulars of the first issue of the lecture, thus mentioned, will be found in the Bibliographical Note (p. 175); the proceeds of the sale were given to the School of Art.

The lecture, thus delivered in the autumn of 1858, contains many reflections suggested by Ruskin's foreign tour in the preceding summer. A more detailed account of that journey will be found in the Introduction to Vol. VII. Here it suffices to say that Ruskin spent some weeks among the old Swiss towns, and then passed six or seven weeks at Turin. The contrast that he had already noted (in the first lecture in *The Two Paths*) between the artlessness of a noble race and the love of art among a luxurious one struck him again with peculiar force, and inspires much of the argument of the Cambridge lecture (see especially, §§ 16, 17, 20). Among other Swiss towns which Ruskin visited on this tour was Brugg, whence he walked over to the Castle of Habsburg, as noticed in the lecture (§ 16); some particulars of the place and of Ruskin's drawing of it are given below (p. lxxii.).

From Switzerland he crossed over to Turin, and there made a prolonged and detailed study of Veronese's picture in the Royal Gallery of "The Queen of Sheba." He makes a characteristic point of this in the present lecture (§§ 10, 11), and he referred to it again in the last volume of *Modern Painters*, as also in *Fors* and *Præterita*.[1] Indeed, the study which he gave to the picture formed in some sort a turning-point in the history of his ideas upon art. It becomes, therefore, of interest to illustrate once more, from the letters written at the time to his father, the long, attentive, and minute work upon which his conclusions were founded:—

> "TURIN, *July* 19.— . . . I hope to get rather a nice bit of drawing, a little like my black Tintoret angels,[2] from Veronese here, only the angel is in this case a negress, much frightened at seeing her mistress —the Queen of Sheba—nearly fainting before Solomon. The Queen is on her knees—so of course are all her attendants—and everybody is

[1] *Modern Painters*, vol. v., preface, § 4; and pt. ix. ch. iii. § 23; *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 76; *Præterita*, iii. chs. i. and ii. §§ 23, 24. In the first of these places he says that in front of the picture he found "with much consternation, but more delight," that he had "never got to the roots of the moral power of the Venetians."

[2] See Vol. IV. for some of Ruskin's studies from Tintoret.

in awe and consternation except the Queen of Sheba's dog, who is about five inches high, with a head an inch and a quarter long, and a short nose. *He* is not at all abashed by the presence of Solomon, but stands stiffly on all his four legs right in front of his mistress, snarling tremendously. I shall try and make a sketch of him. The Solomon is the most majestic and beautiful I have ever seen—a fair youth with *short* curled hair, such as Veronese only can paint."

"TURIN, *July* 23.— . . . I am very comfortable here, and I may as well work through the drawing now it is gone so far. It is just about the size of the rocks of Blair Athol,[1] and worked in the same way, and will contain about the same quantity of work—a little less, perhaps, as one necessarily uses rather a bolder touch in drawing from Veronese; but that took me a week at six hours a day, and this will take me a fortnight at two or three. It is only the negro girl with her two birds, one of gold and one of enamel, with ruby eyes, for a present to Solomon, and a bit of the white and gold train of her mistress behind her; but it begins to look very well. I am never tired of laughing at the Queen of Sheba's dog; he seems to snarl harder and stand stiffer on his little legs every day."

"TURIN, *July* 29.— . . . I have had a hard piece of work in sketching a head of another of the Queen of Sheba's attendants, and had to rub it out twice, but got it the third time, but I must go and take a walk before dinner. . . . I see my fate is in copying and criticizing; my sketches from Turner and Veronese are valuable: my own sketches from nature never will be good for anything, though I am glad you and Mrs. Simon[2] find something to like in them. One that I got on Lake Lucerne is fine, and the Rheinfeldens are useful and accurate, but Bellinzona is a smash. But I've got the Queen of Sheba's dog exactly—curiously enough he has only three legs. Veronese has forgotten to put in the one behind—just a great man's forget: a fool would have been sure to have counted the legs."

"TURIN, *July* 30.— . . . I have this forenoon finished my negro girl, and she has come out so well that she will stand beside Hunt or John Lewis, provided she isn't put in too strong a light; as if she is, she looks a little rough. I will send you her size to-morrow that you may have a frame ready for her. I have also got a large chiaroscuro sketch half done, which promises well, of the negro's mistress in her golden and white robe:—(not the Queen, she is much too beautiful for me to manage, having all Veronese's glow of colour in her face), but the maid of honour I think I shall get tolerably, and

[1] Ruskin was there in 1857 (see *Lectures on Landscape*, § 36); another study of the same kind which he made at Killiecrankie is reproduced in the Introduction to Vol. VII.

[2] See Vol. XIII. p. 400 *n*.

finally I mean to do Solomon himself in colour, of the size of the other coloured sketch."

"TURIN, *August* 9.— . . . I am very glad you like the notion of the negress, for I am pretty sure you will like Solomon too, and therefore both. I find these great Venetians, as I study them more, are all as full of mischief as an egg's full of meat; there's no knowing what they've got in their heads, or what they'll be up to next. I have called Veronese "thoughtless" in the end of the chapter on Purism in 3rd *M. P.*,[1] but he's nearly as full of dodges as Tintoret. The way I took a fancy to his Solomon was especially on account of a beautiful white falcon on a falconer's fist, which comes against his dark purple robe—I thought it was only a pretty trick of colour; but as I worked on I saw that the white falcon was put exactly and studiously under the head of one of the lions which sustain the throne, so that the sitting figure is sustained by the lion and eagle, who were the types of the Divine and Human power in Christ; and to show that he really meant to indicate thus Solomon's typical character, he has made one of the elders on the steps of the throne point to Solomon with a jewelled cross—a tremendous licence, by the way, as I imagine the Jews at that period would have avoided any crosslet ornament as much as after the time of Christ; but it answers his purpose."

"TURIN, *August* 18.—I'm going to send a letter that won't count to-day, for I've been an hour longer than usual over my work, and must get some fresh air before dinner, but I'm getting on capitally—though very, very slowly. It is of no use to try to work fast. There is a rate at which the thing can be done; and every effort to get it along faster merely spoils it, and breaks down one's strength; quiet, unagitated, steady pulling is the only way."

"TURIN, *August* 25.—If you lay this piece of paper flat, from *a* to *b* on the other side of it is the width, and from *a* to *c* the height,[2] of the Negress. Wants rather rich, ordinary frame, as if for a Hunt. I am obliged to send you her measure, for Solomon has just this morning had an inch added all up to him,—he insisting on it as necessary to his dignity. He is a very troublesome King indeed, and so much, now, a King of shreds and patches[3] that he won't look so well as I expected. I don't mean I have had to join him in bits of paper, as I took care to have a piece to begin on large enough for anything, but it is impossible to hide joints even in

[1] The reference is not to the chapter (vi.) on "Purism," but to the following chapter on "Naturalism," where Ruskin speaks of the "awful, inspired unconsciousness" of Paul Veronese: see Vol. V. p. 122.

[2] The dimensions are 6¼ in. × 9 in.

[3] *Hamlet*, iii. 4, l. 103.

colour. The worst of him is that he is all in the dark; when I sit near the window I can't see him, and when I sit near *him*, I can't see my own work, so that I am obliged to work at him very little each day, and to go on afterwards with other things—the negro's mistress, namely, and the negro's mistress's petticoat and sleeve. I got her head first, tolerably to my satisfaction; it is size of life, in light and shade only, not colour; but her head off did not look nearly so well as her head on; so I felt obliged to do her waist and petticoat, and as the white and gold brocade was sadly lost in the light and shade drawing, I've done the piece of dress in colour; so that it don't fit her head, and I must do a rough light and shade from it at home to put her head on. When she is put together she will be a kneeling figure the size of life, about 4½ feet high by two feet wide. My largest paper being little more than two feet each way, I was forced to do her in two pieces; so the study of the gown will make a separate drawing, after I've copied it.

"The light and shade drawing of the head is, in a certain sense of the word, 'done'—*i.e.*, I don't want to do any more to it; but to finish it as I *could* finish, would take about three months. I quite understand how Leonardo is said to have taken ten years to a single head. Veronese, I have no doubt, did it perfect in about two hours; but Veronese is Veronese, and I am not."

Ruskin's minute patience, as he worked day after day upon the Veronese, greatly impressed the casual visitors, one of whom has described him at work:—

"A great contrast to the Italians at Turin was Mr. Ruskin, whom we saw constantly. He was sitting all day upon a scaffold in the gallery, copying bits of the great picture by Paul Veronese. My mother was very proud of my drawings at this time, and gave them to him to look at. He examined them all very carefully, and said nothing for some time. At last he pointed out one of the cathedral at Perugia as 'the least bad of a very poor collection.' One day in the gallery I asked him to give me some advice. He said 'Watch me.' He then looked at the flounce in the dress of a maid of honour of the Queen of Sheba for five minutes, and then he painted one thread: he looked for another five minutes, and then he painted another thread. At the rate at which he was working he might hope to paint the whole dress in ten years: but it was a lesson as to examining what one drew well before drawing it.

"I said to him, 'Do you admire all Paul Veronese's works as you do this?' He answered, 'I merely think that Paul Veronese was ordained by Almighty God to be an archangel, neither more nor less; for it was not only that he knew how to cover yards of canvas with noble figures

and exquisite colouring, it was that it was all *right*. If you look at other pictures in this gallery, or any gallery, you will find mistakes, corrected perhaps, but mistakes of every form and kind; but Paul Veronese had such perfect knowledge, he *never* made mistakes."[1]

On such close examination were Ruskin's conclusions founded.

III

In the third Part of this volume are the letters (1858, 1859) on *The Oxford Museum* which Ruskin contributed to Dr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Acland's little book so entitled. Some of the story of this undertaking is described by Acland in the Preface which he wrote in 1893 to a new edition of the book, and which is here reprinted in an Appendix (pp. 235–240). But a *résumé* of the subject, together with some additional information about Ruskin's share in the matter, must be given.

The foundation of a Museum at Oxford interested Ruskin, in common with others, from two points of view. First, he was strongly in favour of the due recognition of Natural History among the studies of the University; and, secondly, when the decision to build a Museum was arrived at, he was even more keenly concerned that the "battle of the styles," to which reference has been made above, should at his own University be decided in favour of Gothic.

The struggle for the Museum was long and arduous. Acland had begun the agitation in 1847 with a memorandum, signed by himself and other scientific teachers, in which he urged "the erection of an edifice within the precincts of the University for the better display of materials illustrative of the facts and laws of the natural world." In 1848 he put out a pamphlet urging the creation of an Honour School in Natural Science. "A general insight into natural laws, he maintained, was ennobling; and he referred effectively to the second volume of *Modern Painters*, which was then creating a profound sensation at Oxford."[2] In 1849 he formed a Committee at Oxford for promoting the establishment of a Museum; subscriptions were invited and a meeting was held. The hands of the Committee were strengthened by the Report of the University Commissioners in 1852, who strongly recommended the building of "a great Museum." There were still,

[1] *The Story of my Life*, by Augustus J. C. Hare, 1896, vol. ii. pp. 107–109. With what Ruskin thus said of Veronese, compare *Elements of Drawing*, § 256 (Vol. XV. p. 220), and *Two Paths*, § 69 (below, p. 314).

[2] *Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, Bart.: a Memoir*, by J. B. Atlay, 1903, p. 153.

however, many difficulties and much opposition to be surmounted; but at last in April 8, 1854, the movement had so far triumphed that a Delegacy was appointed "for the purpose of obtaining Designs and Estimates from Architects, of examining and selecting from them, and of reporting thereon for the approval of the House." Ruskin during these years was not resident at Oxford and was deeply engaged in literary work—building up the reputation which was to give authority to his opinions. That he was in sympathy with Acland's efforts may be seen from his remarks on "Modern Education" in the third volume of *The Stones of Venice*, where he instances the neglect of Natural History at Oxford as one of the most fatal educational deficiencies of the day.[1]

With the battle of the styles, which began to rage at Oxford with the appointment of the Delegacy above mentioned, Ruskin's more immediate interest in the Oxford Museum also began. A pamphlet for the guidance of competing architects was issued, and in considering the actual edifice it is important to remember that the estimated cost was limited to £30,000, and that convenience of interior arrangement was to be considered more essential than exterior decoration. The building was also to be in the form of three sides of a quadrangle, the fourth side being so adapted as to admit of subsequent extensions. Thirty-two designs were received, and they were exhibited to the public in the Radcliffe Camera. After a process of elimination, two were reported to Convocation as being suitable. One of these bore the motto *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*, and was in the Palladian style;[2] the other, bearing the motto *Nisi Dominus ædificaverit domum*, was Gothic—"Veronese Gothic of the best and manliest type," Professor Hort described it, "in a new and striking combination."[3] On the eve of the poll, Acland put out an anonymous pamphlet advocating the Gothic design. There was a rain of pamphlets in the University, and the opponents of the Museum, hoping to profit by the division of opinion on the two designs, rallied for a last assault. But by sixty-eight votes to sixty-four Convocation passed the vote for the Museum, the design selected being that with the motto *Nisi Dominus*. The successful design was the work of Benjamin Woodward, of the Dublin firm of Deane, Woodward, and Deane. The resources of obstruction were not yet exhausted, but into these further struggles we need not here enter, except to remark that the architects were sadly

[1] Vol. XI. pp. 258, 259. Compare also in the present volume, pp. 144–145.
[2] The architect was E. M. Barry (son of the architect of the Houses of Parliament).
[3] *Memoir of Acland*, p. 207.

hampered by the grudging and piecemeal grant of funds. The foundation stone was laid on June 20, 1855, and the work began.

Ruskin had been heart and soul with Acland in advocating the Gothic design. We have discussed already his general interest in the battle of the styles; now that it had come to be fought in his own University, he was intensely keen that the right side should win; nowhere in England had the Gothic lingered so late as in Oxford; nowhere, it may well have seemed to Ruskin, was it so important that the Gothic should be revived. His approval of the *Nisi Dominus* design was at first elicited more by the style than by the particular design. "I think *N. D.*," he wrote, "though by no means a first-rate design, yet quite as good as is likely to be got in these days, and on the whole good." By degrees, however, he waxed warmer, and acquaintance with Woodward himself made him a complete convert. On the evening of the day which decided the matter in Convocation (*December* 12, 1854), he wrote to Acland:—

> "I have just received your telegraphic message from Woodward, and am going to thank God for it and lie down to sleep. It means much, I think, both to you and me. I trust you will have no anxiety, such as you have borne, to bear again in this cause. The Museum in your hands, as it must eventually be, will be the root of as much good to others as I suppose it is rational for any single living soul to hope to do in its earth-time." [1]

Ruskin's enthusiasm is easy to understand. In the selection of Woodward's design, he found that the Gothic and Venetian revival, which he had striven to bring about, was to be extended to his own University.[2] Nor was it merely the adoption of a style that pleased him; it was also the employment of architects who had seized the spirit, as well as the form, of Gothic work, and had already attained some success in the training of workmen as artists, and not as tools. Woodward had in 1853 entered into partnership with Sir Thomas Deane, and in that year the firm began the building of the new library at Trinity College, Dublin, in the style of the Byzantine Renaissance at Venice. In lecturing in Dublin ten years later, Ruskin referred to that building (which was completed in 1857) as "the first realization I had the joy to see of the principles I had, until then, been endeavouring to teach, but which, alas, is now to me no more than the richly canopied monument of one of the most earnest souls that ever gave itself to

[1] *Memoir of Acland*, p. 214.

[2] Compare on this subject the Introduction to the second volume of *The Stones of Venice* (Vol. X. p. lvi.).

the arts, and one of my truest and most loving friends, Benjamin Woodward."[1]

The building at Dublin was the more the realisation of Ruskin's principles, in that an experiment was made both in enlisting the support of eminent artists to design decorations, and also in leaving sculptural details to the taste of individual workmen who copied natural foliage in an unconventional style. Ruskin took a keen interest in the details of the building, and secured some interesting collaborateurs:—

"Miss S[iddal]," wrote Rossetti to Allingham (July 4, 1855), "made some lovely designs for him (Woodward), but Ruskin thought them too good for his workmen at Dublin to carve. One, however, was done (how I know not) and is there; it represents an angel with some children and all manner of other things, and is, I believe, close to a design by Millais of mice eating corn."[2]

"Yesterday in Dublin," wrote William Allingham (May 28, 1855), "I saw but hastily the part-finished building in Trinity College, which is after Ruskin's heart. Style, early Venetian (I suppose), with numberless capitals delicately carved over with holly-leaves, shamrocks, various flowers, birds, and so on. There are also circular frames here and there in the wall, at present empty, to be filled no doubt with eyes of coloured stone. Ruskin has written to the architect, a young man, expressing his high approval of the plans, so by-and-by all you cognoscenti will be rushing over to examine the Stones of Dublin."

With the young architect Ruskin had formed, through their mutual friend Dante Rossetti, an affectionate friendship. Benjamin Woodward (1815–1861), who was of Irish birth, had been articled to a civil engineer, but a love of mediæval art led him to adopt the architectural profession. He was of an enthusiastic temperament and most lovable nature—a man, says one who knew him, "of rare genius and deep artistic knowledge, beautiful in face and character, but with the shadow of an early death already stealing over him";[3] "modest and retiring," says another, "of handsome and rather stately presence, eminently gentle and courteous."[4] He spent unremitting labour upon

[1] *Sesame and Lilies*, § 103.

[2] *Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham*, 1897, p. 141. Dr. Birkbeck Hill, the editor of those letters, states, however, that the mice eating corn are not to be found, and adds that "Sir Thomas Deane, the son of Woodward's partner, is sure that neither Millais's nor Miss Siddal's design was used" (*ibid.*, p. 146).

[3] *Reminiscences of Oxford*, by the Rev. W. Tuckwell, 1900, p. 48.

[4] W. M. Rossetti in *Dante Gabriel Rossetti: his Family Letters, with a Memoir*, 1895, vol. i. p. 196. Woodward was famous also for his gift of silence—"the stillest creature that ever breathed out of an oyster shell" was Rossetti's description (Mackail's

the Museum, as also on another building at Oxford, to which reference will presently be made, but he did not live to see the completion of his work. In 1860 he fell a victim to consumption; went to the south of France for the winter, but died at Lyons on his return journey on May 15, 1861, in his forty-sixth year. In writing of his death to Alexander Gilchrist, Rossetti wrote: "I must have been the last friend who saw him in England. . . . I am sitting now in the place, and I think in the chair he sat in, to write this. If I am ever found worthy to meet him again, it will be where the dejection is unneeded which I cannot but feel at this moment; for the power of further and better work must be the reward bestowed on the deserts and checked aspirations of such a sincere soul as his."[1]

The building of the Oxford Museum gave to Ruskin and his friend an opportunity of carrying still further the attempt to revive freedom of design in the craftsman in the spirit of mediæval Gothic art. Ruskin's enthusiasm at the prospect is reflected in a letter to Acland:—

> "I hope to be able to get Millais and Rossetti to design flower and beast borders—crocodiles and various vermin—such as you are particularly fond of—Mrs. Buckland's 'dabby things'—and we will carve them and inlay them with Cornish serpentine all about your windows. I will pay for a good deal myself, and I doubt not to find funds. *Such* capitals as we will have!"[2]

Rossetti did not design anything for the Museum, though he enlisted other artist friends in the cause;[3] and in other respects Ruskin was as good as his word and better. He was in constant communication with Woodward,[4] and interested himself in every detail—in the architectural

Life of William Morris, vol. i. p. 122). Of his partners, the elder Deane was a chatterbox, the younger stammered; hence the saying of Jeune, the Vice-Chancellor, of the difficulty of dealing with architects of whom "one won't talk, one can't talk, and one never stops talking."

[1] *Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham*, 1897, p. 145. Another extract from the same letter is given in Vol. X. p. lvi.

[2] *Memoir of Acland*, p. 214. Compare Vol. XIV. p. 162.

[3] See *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, edited by W. M. Rossetti, 1899, p. 132.

[4] The following letter to Dr. Furnivall shows the relations between Ruskin and Woodward, as also his view of the relations between various members of Woodward's firm:—

> "London (*Postmark*, 1855).
>
> "My dear Furnivall,—I wish you would not trouble your head about absurd questions gendering strife.
>
> "Sir Charles Deane and Mr. Woodward are, I believe, partners. Mr. Woodward is, as far as I am concerned, the acting man. Who designs the

decoration of the exterior, in the interior decoration, the statues, the marbles, the ironwork which supported the roof. He drew a large number of designs for windows (see below, p. lxxiii.); and one at least of the actual windows of the façade was carved from his design.[1] He is said also to have designed six iron brackets for the roof.[2] He also reared with his own hands one of the brick columns. "Acland used to show it with great pride to visitors at the Museum; legend relates that the workmen found it necessary to demolish the column and reconstruct it by less eminent hands."[3] When Woodward fell ill, Ruskin assumed much of the responsibility for the decorations.[4]

Besides thus lending a hand himself, Ruskin both contributed funds and enlisted the support of other patrons and artists. The money voted by the University sufficed only for the bare shell of the building; all embellishments and decorations had to be met out of private resources. Ruskin gave £300 to improve the work of one set of windows,

> things I neither know nor care. I see Woodward, and tell him what I want —and if Sir Charles Deane does it, I am much obliged to Sir Charles Deane. You will hear at Cambridge, very probably, that my father don't sell sherry, but only Mr. Domecq, who has the vineyards. However, if you want sherry you must go to my father. If I want Gothic, I must for the present go to Mr. Woodward, or Mr. Scott.—Always faithfully yours,
>
> "J. Ruskin."

The letter is here reprinted from the privately-issued *Letters from John Ruskin to F. J. Furnivall*, 1897, pp. 45–46, where the date (from the postmark) is given as 1855, and Dr. Furnivall explains thus: "So far as I can recollect, the position was this. I met frequently at Mr. Ruskin's, and liked much, a very handsome and elegant Mr. Woodward, whom Mr. Ruskin treated as the architect of the Oxford Museum, then building, and the designer of its ornamentation. One day I came across a man who knew the firm, and he assured me that Sir Charles Deane, and not Mr. Woodward, was the real designer of the whole building and decoration—always excepting the capitals, etc., that the working mason-carvers did. I told Mr. Ruskin this—and got scolded accordingly!" Sir "Charles" Deane is a slip of the pen for "Thomas."

[1] So Ruskin himself states in *Sesame and Lilies*, § 103. It is not easy, however, to identify the window with complete certainty; in all probability it is the one on the first floor next, on the spectator's left, to the centre of the building.

[2] This statement rests on the authority of a note in Wise and Smart's *Bibliography of Ruskin*, vol. i. p. 94, where it is stated that "Photographs of a series of eight brackets, designed by Mr. Ruskin for the Oxford Museum, are published by Messrs. Bedford, Lemere & Co., 147 Strand, W.C." The photographers have now destroyed the negatives, and the editors have not seen the prints.

[3] *Memoir of Acland*, p. 223.

[4] The following letter was sent (January 27, 1860) to Miss Heaton (see Vol. V. p. l. *n.*), who had forwarded a subscription to Ruskin:—

> "Dear Miss Heaton,—Cheque received with best thanks. You will be glad to know that it will enable another window to be carved in the front of the building, under my immediate direction, for the architect, Mr. Woodward, is ill and had to go to Madeira for the winter, and I was obliged to take the conduct of the decoration while he was away.—Always yours truly and obliged, J. Ruskin.
>
> "It will be given with your name."

and his father provided funds for one of the statues[1] (that of Hippocrates). In conjunction with Rossetti, he also induced Woolner and Alexander Munro, and other eminent sculptors, to execute some of the figures for hardly more than nominal remuneration.

A further group of artists gathered round Woodward in connexion with another building which he was employed to erect in Oxford. This was the old Debating Hall (now the Library) of the Union Society—a specimen of modern Venetian Gothic, in red brick, with stone dressings. Rossetti had gone down to Oxford with Woodward in the Long Vacation of 1857 to see the progress of the Museum; he was greatly struck with the beauty of the Union building;—

"Thinking of it only (says Rossetti) as his beautiful work, and without taking into consideration the purpose it was intended for (indeed, hardly knowing of the latter), I offered to paint figures of some kind on the blank spaces of one of the gallery window bays; and another friend who was with us, William Morris, offered to do the same for a second bay. Woodward was greatly delighted with the idea, as his principle was that of the mediæval builders, to avail himself in the building of as much decoration as circumstances permitted at the time, and not prefer uniform bareness to partial beauty. He had never before had a decided opportunity of introducing picture work in a building, and grasped at the idea.

"In the course of that long vacation, six other friends of ours—Edward Burne-Jones, Arthur Hughes, V. C. Prinsep, John Pollen (the painter of the lovely roof of Merton chapel), R. S. Stanhope, and Alexander Munro—joined in the project, which was a labour of love on all our parts—the expenses of materials alone being defrayed from the building fund. Each of the five painters took one window bay, and the sculptor the stone shield above the porch, and the work proceeded merrily in concert for several months.

"The subject taken for illustration throughout was the ancient romance of the Morte d'Arthur, and the pictures were painted on a large scale in distemper. The roof was also covered with a vast pattern-work of grotesque creatures by Morris, assisted by amateur workmen, who offered on all hands, chiefly University men who stayed in Oxford that 'Long' for that purpose."[2]

[1] See below, p. li.

[2] From a letter to Alexander Gilchrist, printed in *Anne Gilchrist: her Life and Writings*, 1887, p. 90. This letter, of which only a portion is here cited, is the fullest contemporary account of the matter. See also "A Chapter from a Painter's Reminiscence: The Oxford Circle," by Val Prinsep, R.A., in the *Magazine of Art* for February, 1904 (pp. 167–172). The best account of the subsequent history of the ill-fated paintings is in J. W. Mackail's *Life of William Morris*, vol. i. pp. 117–126. Rossetti's account of Morris's assistants is not quite accurate. In the *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, 1904, vol. i. p. 168, a letter is quoted recording that Ruskin, on coming down to see the work, "pronounced Rossetti's picture to be 'the finest piece of colour in the world,' and 'chooses Edward's next to Rossetti's.'"

There were ten bays to be filled. The seven artists named above did one each, though Rossetti never finished his ("Sir Lancelot's Vision of the Sangraal"). The Union Committee after an interval of two years grew impatient for the work to be finished, and a local artist, Mr. William Riviere (father of the present Academician) was employed to paint the three remaining bays. Unfortunately, "the purpose it was intended for" was not the only thing which Rossetti and his friends had failed to take into consideration. The brickwork was not damp proof, and no ground was laid over it except a coat of whitewash. Even in 1858 the paintings (often erroneously called frescoes) had begun to be defaced, and little now remains except fitful gleams of colour—telling of famous friendships and noble enthusiasms, but in their decay telling also of the failure that is appointed for zeal without knowledge and enthusiasm without forethought. Ruskin, whose knowledge of the methods of ancient wall-painting was ample,[1] can hardly have expected much good of this experiment of painting in distemper on a naked wall. He was caught, however, as all others were, by Rossetti's enthusiasm, and offered to pay him for a second painting in another of the bays.[2] But he had misgivings. "You know," he wrote to Rossetti's brother, "the fact is they're all the least bit crazy, and it's very difficult to manage them."

There are few episodes in the literary and artistic history of England in the nineteenth century more interesting than this story of the wall-paintings of the Oxford Union, which brings together so many illustrious names, and speaks of so many ideals and aspirations. The tradition of the art of fresco painting had unfortunately been lost; but the co-operation of many artists in the decoration of a single building, their enthusiasm, their search for a Guinevere and its romantic sequel, and their merry humours, recall many a page in Vasari. "This jovial campaign," Rossetti called it; and many are the anecdotes told of the innocent hilarities which enlivened it.[3] Among other indirect results of the visit of the Pre-Raphaelite leaders to Oxford was an acquaintance with Mr. Swinburne, then an undergraduate. Ruskin also became acquainted with him, and grew to entertain a very warm admiration for the young poet's learning and genius.

Meanwhile, at the Museum another revival of mediæval conditions was in progress. Woodward brought over, as already stated, many of his

[1] See especially his review of Eastlake in Vol. XII. pp. 251 *seq.*

[2] See in a later volume a letter of 1857 to D. G. Rossetti, and for the passage next cited, a letter of December 29, 1857, to W. M. Rossetti.

[3] See, for instance, Tuckwell's *Reminiscences of Oxford*, 1900, p. 50.

Irish workmen with him. Of these the most talented was O'Shea, whose artistic talent and ready wit greatly delighted Ruskin. O'Shea was one of the successful competitors for a prize which Ruskin offered in 1858 for an historical sculpture (see below, p. lix.); and it was he who carved the window which Ruskin designed.[1] An illustration of O'Shea at his work is here given (see below, p. 228). But in large measure the Irish workmen were left to their own devices. "Every morning," says Mr. Tuckwell, "came the handsome red-bearded brothers Shea, bearing plants from the Botanic Garden, to reappear under their chisels in the rough-hewn capitals of the pillars."[2] Animals, as well as plants, sprang to life under their hands. It was a great delight to Ruskin to be assured by the architects that the interest given to the workmen by the variety of their work so increased the efficiency of the labour that capitals of various design could be executed cheaper than capitals to uniform pattern.[3] The comfort and improvement of the workmen were not uncared for. Acland had secured the building of an institute, with reading-rooms and other conveniences, for the men employed on the Museum, many of whom had been brought over from Ireland by the architects. It was here, on an evening in April 1856, that Ruskin delivered the address to the workmen, of which a Report is given in Appendix II. (p. 427). In this address he enlarged on the scope for their originality and interest which the workmen would find in buildings designed on such principles as those which governed the Oxford Museum.

The workmen's originality was not always, however, acceptable to the authorities. Ruskin in one of his Oxford lectures recalled the offence which was taken, when the first sculptures appeared on the windows of the Museum, at "the unnecessary introduction of cats."[4] But there were worse offences against conventional taste still:—

"O'Shea rushed into my house one afternoon (says Acland[5]) and—in a state of wild excitement—related as follows:—

"'The Master of the University,' cried he, 'found me on my scaffold just now.' 'What are you at?' says he. 'Monkeys,' says I. 'Come down directly,' says he; 'you shall not destroy the property of the University.' 'I work as Mr. Woodward orders me.' 'Come down directly,' says he; 'come down.'

[1] See again *Sesame and Lilies*, § 103.
[2] *Reminiscences of Oxford*, p. 49.
[3] See below, *A Joy for Ever*, § 32, pp. 37–38.
[4] *Aratra Pentelici*, § 134.
[5] In Appendix II. to the 1893 edition of *The Oxford Museum*.

"'What shall I do?' said O'Shea to me. 'I don't know; Mr. Woodward told you monkeys, the Master tells you no monkeys. I don't know what you are to do.' He instantly rushed out as he came, without another word.

"The next day I went to see what had happened. O'Shea was hammering furiously at the window. 'What are you at?' said I. 'Cats,' says he. 'The Master came along, and says, "You are doing monkeys when I told you not." 'To-day it's cats,' says I. The Master was terrified and went away.'"

Shea, however, was dismissed, but not before he had had his revenge:—

"I found him on a single ladder in the porch, wielding heavy blows such as one imagines the genius of Michael Angelo might have struck when he was first blocking out the design of some immortal work. 'What are you doing, Shea? I thought you were gone, and Mr. Woodward has given no design for the long moulding in the hard green stone.'

"Striking on still, Shea shouted—

"'Parrhots and Owwls!

Parrhots and Owwls!

Members of Convocation!'

"There they were, blocked out alternately.

"What could I do? 'Well,' I said, meditatively, 'Shea, you must knock their heads off.'

"'Never,' says he.

"'Directly,' said I.

"Their heads went. Their bodies, not yet evolved, remain to testify to the humour, the force, the woes, the troubles, in the character and art of our Irish brethren."

It is like a piece of the Middle Ages; just such a story may one read into many a grotesque and grinning gargoyle of some old cathedral.

How many, one wonders, of the students who now enter the Museum stop to look at the architectural embellishments on which Acland and Ruskin lavished so much thought, in order to bring art into the service of science and science into relation with art, which enlisted the co-operation of so many artists and craftsmen, and which stands as a monument of so interesting a phase in the architectural history of our country. Of the front elevation of the building we give an illustration here (see p. 216). Such of the windows as are carved are decorated

entirely with representations of animal or vegetable life. Over the doorway is carved in low relief the figure of an angel bearing in his right hand a book—the open book of Nature—and in his left, three living cells—typical of the mysteries of life.

The detached building on the spectator's right, constructed for a chemical laboratory, recalls the famous kitchen at Glastonbury. (This portion of the Museum has, however, been somewhat altered from its original form.) Entering by the central door, one passes on either side, sculptured on capitals of the pillars, the parrots and owls aforesaid. We then find ourselves in a large quadrangular hall, covered by a glass roof which is supported on cast-iron columns. The ornaments of the spandrels, designed by Mr. Skidmore,[1] of Coventry, are in wrought-iron. Here, again, Ruskin's great principle of ornamentation is carried out. The representation is of interwoven branches, with leaf and flower and fruit, of various trees of native or exotic growth. Ruskin had one of the spandrels engraved, and the woodcut is here given (p. 233). The same principle is applied in various parts of the minor decorations—in the capitals, and in the trefoils of the girders, there nestle leaves of elm, brier, water-lily, passion-flower, ivy, and holly.

The central court is surrounded by an open arcade of two storeys. On the ground-floor are thirty-three piers and thirty shafts; on the upper, thirty-three piers and ninety-five shafts. The shafts were carefully selected, under the direction of the Professor of Geology (the late Professor Phillips), in order to furnish examples of many of the most important rocks of the British Isles. The capitals and bases represent various groups of plants and animals, arranged for the most part according to their natural orders. One of the capitals in the central court Ruskin had engraved, and the plate is here given (p. 205). On massive corbels, projecting from the front of the piers, are placed the statues of great men of science. It was at one time hoped to paint in fresco the brick spandrels of the area, and to paint more decoratively the ironwork; to these schemes Ruskin refers in his second letter.

[1] Mr. Skidmore's name figured in an academic *jeu d'esprit* about the Museum. Acland had placed under the skeleton of a tunny fish a classical inscription recording various facts in connexion with it—among others that it had been skeletonised (*ἐσκελετεύθη*) "by the art of Charles Robertson." The inscription was parodied, the Greek word being changed to *ἐΣκιδμωρεύθη* (Skidmoreised) "by the art of Benjamin Woodward." The original inscription and the parody are given by Mr. Tuckwell in his *Reminiscences of Oxford* (pp. 160, 272), where he mentions Lewis Carroll, Osborne Gordon, and other Christ Church men, as the authors of the parody. The writer of the obituary notice of Acland in the *Times* (October 17, 1900) attributes it to Dean Mansel.

Such, then, was in brief outline the building[1] which was gradually rising during these years (1855–1859). But as the work progressed a certain feeling of disappointment crept over some of those who were responsible for it. Ruskin himself felt that there was something wrong,[2] but for some time was not quite sure what it was. In the second of the letters in *The Oxford Museum* he explains. A principal cause of a certain failure in the building was, as already indicated, the inadequacy of the available funds to the realisation of the work on a complete scale. The spectator, who examines the principal façade, is struck by an effect as of something meagre and pinched. This is largely caused by the severity, flatness, and lack of richness in the central doorway. It was Woodward's hope to have a recessed and richly-carved porch. Ruskin in his second letter pleads for funds to execute this portion of the design. Woolner prepared a drawing for the proposed porch, with niches for statues as Ruskin desired (pp. 228–229),[3] but Convocation refused to sanction the expenditure, and the scheme was abandoned. Again, the decoration of the windows is not completely carried out. Of the six in the upper storey to the right, as one faces the centre of the façade, the first (the one shown in our Plate X.) is alone carved; in the lower row, one is begun, the others are left undecorated. On the other side, four of the six in the upper row are done, and again one only below. In the interior the same incompleteness may be observed. Of the 400 capitals and bases, about 300 remain uncarved.

It was in order to explain the design and purpose of the Museum, and in the hope of enlisting further public support, that Acland and Ruskin prepared the little book entitled *The Oxford Museum*. Ruskin's contributions consisted of the two letters here printed (pp. 211–234). In the first he vindicates the adoption of the Gothic design, and explains the spirit of the decorations. Incidentally he repeats that plea for a more public-spirited patronage in the arts which he had put forward in *The Political Economy of Art*. In the second letter he points out how much the building was likely to suffer from inadequate funds; notices the impossibility of summoning at a moment's call a sufficient number of duly qualified craftsmen; and supports, with much

[1] An account of the building with illustrations may be seen in C. L. Eastlake's *History of the Gothic Revival in England*, pp. 283–287.

[2] See his letter below, p. lxii. And writing to his father from Oxford (January 6, 1859) he says, "I've been over the Museum carefully. All the practical part, excellent. All the decorative in colour, vile. It is the best error to make of the two."

[3] Woolner's drawing was presented by Acland to the University Galleries. The carvings over the arch and in the spandrels of the actual door were done by Woolner without remuneration.

eloquence and earnestness, the plea for enriching the doorway. In conclusion he claims recognition and gratitude for the Museum, rather as an example than as in itself a perfect specimen of the Gothic which he loved; "the building, the first exponent of the recovered truth, will only be the more venerated the more it is excelled." In writing this passage, Ruskin had in his mind more than he cared to say at the time. Many years later, in a public lecture within the walls of the Museum, he explained frankly in what ways the building had "failed signally of being what he hoped." This explanation will be found in the later volume which contains a report of the course of lectures entitled "Readings in *Modern Painters*." He had never meant, he explained, that "a handsome building could be built of common brickbats," or that "you could secure a great national monument of art by letting loose the first lively Irishman you could get hold of." But the Museum —with all its defects—is of special interest in a survey of Ruskin's life and work, for as a building it was in some sort a practical and standing commentary "On the Nature of Gothic Architecture: and herein of the True Functions of the Workman in Art." Thus did *The Stones of Venice* have their living influence on the stones of Oxford. It was fitting that when Ruskin returned to the University as the first Professor therein of the Fine Arts, the theatre of the Museum should have been the scene of his lectures. Unhappily, a difference of opinion about the work to be done in this same Museum was to be the cause of Ruskin's final rupture with the University. A reference by Acland to this matter will be found below (p. 237), but as the story belongs to a later stage in Ruskin's life, it is not discussed here.

Many of the contents of the book entitled *The Oxford Museum* are omitted from this volume as outside the scope of Ruskin's Works. The bulk of the book consisted of Acland's general account of the Museum, into which Ruskin's Letters were introduced. This account was followed by a letter from Professor Phillips, giving a detailed account of the selection of marbles, etc., for the interior decoration. A ground plan of the Museum was added, with a few terminal notes. The inclusion of all this would here have been out of place. But to the final edition of 1893 Acland contributed a new Preface, written by him at Brantwood, in which he specially dealt with Ruskin's share in the Museum, introducing also a message from Ruskin himself. This Preface, therefore, is here given as an appendix to Ruskin's letters; while such other information (contained in *The Oxford Museum* or obtained from other sources) as bears upon Ruskin's work in this connexion has been embodied in the present Introduction.

The original MS. of the first of Ruskin's letters, which is in the possession of Rear-Admiral Sir William Acland, has here been collated with the text (see below, p. 210); and among the Ruskin *manuscripts* in Mr. Allen's possession there are two drafts of a portion of the second letter—the first including a preliminary version, §§ 12–22, the second §§ 12–14 only. Neither of these drafts represents the MS. ultimately sent to the printers; and they illustrate therefore once more the pains which Ruskin took even with his smaller pieces, and the polishing which they received. In this case the process was one of severe chastening, as will be seen from the extracts given below on pp. 218, 227; the page reproduced in facsimile (pp. 228–229) is interesting as showing the first rough version of a beautiful passage.

IV

The last Part in this volume contains the book published by Ruskin in 1859 under the title *The Two Paths*. It consists of five lectures, which were delivered at different times and places, and which are not arranged in the order of their delivery, but which have, as Ruskin explains in the Preface (p. 251), an essential unity of purpose. This is indicated in the title. The author's object was to hold out clearly to the student of art the choice between the two paths—between two modes of study, the conventional and the natural; the one leading ultimately to the deadening, the other to the development, of every power he may possess. This law of the dependence of all noble design, in any kind, on the sculpture or painting of organic form is already familiar to us from Ruskin's earlier volumes, and we have noticed above (p. xxx.) the special circumstances which led Ruskin to emphasise it in these lectures. Here, therefore, we may take the lectures in their chronological order, giving such biographical or other matter as is available to illustrate them.

The *first* lecture in point of time is that on *The Influence of Imagination in Architecture*, which stands fourth in the book. It was delivered in London to the members of the Architectural Association on January 23, 1857. The manuscript shows that it was carefully written, but it breaks little new ground and contains no references to recent travels or impressions. It brings together under the head indicated in the title many of Ruskin's characteristic doctrines in architecture. He insists that the essence of architecture is in its decorative, rather than in its functional, work; that the architect, if he be an artist, is something more than a builder; that the highest architecture is a work of the

imagination; that imagination is great in relation to that which it feeds upon; and that its proper food is the love, and study, of nature and natural forms. A principal object of the footnotes added to the text is, here as elsewhere in this edition, to refer the reader to parallel passages in other works of the author. The *manuscript* of the whole lecture is preserved.

The *second* lecture—on *The Deteriorative Power of Conventional Art over Nations*—stands first in the book (as giving most directly the keynote to the author's main purpose), and was delivered on January 13, 1858. The occasion of it was the removal of the head-quarters of the "Architectural Museum Society," to the South Kensington Museum. The history of the Architectural Museum, and Ruskin's deep and practical interest in it, has already been described;[1] it was to the students of the Architectural Museum that he had delivered his lectures on Colour.[2] On the present occasion the prizes were to be awarded in a competition which he had instituted among them for the best piece of historical sculpture. The chair was taken by C. R. Cockerell, R.A., Professor of Architecture to the Royal Academy, and the theatre of the South Kensington Museum was (we read) "crowded to excess," Ruskin being "welcomed with an outburst of loud and hearty cheering."[3]

His address was in two parts. One was delivered extempore, and dealt with the special occasion of the meeting; the other was the written address which was afterwards printed (with a good many alterations) as the first lecture in *The Two Paths*. The principal alterations are noted in footnotes. The extempore portion of the address is here subjoined, from the newspaper report:[4]—

> "Mr. Ruskin (who, on rising to address the audience, was received with great cheering) said he felt it to be a matter of the

[1] Vol. VIII. p. 13, and Vol. XII. pp. lxx., lxxi.

[2] See Vol. V. p. xxxvi., and Vol. XII. pp. 474–508.

[3] Ruskin's father was in the audience, and wrote next day as follows to Mrs. Simon, who had also been present: "I am truly grateful for your kind letter to Mrs. Ruskin on last night's lecture, for it was a subject on which neither my son nor I could give her any satisfactory information. John would say little, and I heard only the kind words of a few friends. I thought myself he was in good lecturing humour, and gave a goodly discourse with all the energy of strong conviction; but your next visit to Mrs. Ruskin will be doubly interesting. She says she is not anxious, but I think she is; though indifferent enough to public opinion.

"Mr. Cockerell and my son do not always agree, and I felt the kindness of his taking the chair, and beheld him only as the gracious, rather gentlemanly though somewhat prosy, chairman."

[4] In the *Building News*, January 22, 1858. The speech was also reported (more briefly) in the *Builder* of January 16, 1858, under the title "Opening Meeting of the

greatest gratification to himself to be associated in any way with the efforts which had inaugurated the institution on behalf of which they had assembled—the Architectural Museum—and which had brought that institution to the position which it now occupied in the most suitable building in which they were then assembled. He felt that most deeply; but he also felt it more deeply that they were permitted to meet that evening under the auspices and presidency of the venerable Professor of Architecture at the Royal Academy—one of the most graceful and distinguished designers in the school of classical architecture—a style distinguished for grace and beauty of design. He felt this the more deeply, because he knew that the Professor of Architecture could not countenance some of those things which he (Mr. Ruskin) might have audaciously, or perhaps ignorantly, advanced, either in the impulsive haste of a young man, or in a state of mind in which he referred to things which he felt to be false and evil, and where that was not perceived which was associated with the right, the wise, and the good.[1] He knew that Professor Cockerell had much to forgive him, and he felt his forgiveness, though he could not adequately give expression to it; he could not tell them exactly how he felt about Professor Cockerell's kindness that night, and so he was desirous to proceed at once with the main business in hand. And that business, he regretted to say, had proved, on his own part, somewhat of a failure. And yet he was not so sorry for that, for he often found that things which took a long time in doing were much better than those which were done at once, and might, at first sight, appear to be of a prosperous character. There was oftentimes some unforeseen difficulty to surmount, some unexpected and revengeful Nemesis in the state of human things to thwart and interfere. If a thing began too swimmingly, and flourished to a great extent at first, it very often happened that it did not go on prosperously. A little difficulty, or even failure at first, was much better than premature success, in order to carry out any long or great effort with a success which should be beneficial and permanent.

"In this way disappointments had acted as corrections, so as to make men cautious, and taught them to go on unweariedly in the face of difficulty and of apparent disappointment, to the successful

Architectural Museum." The present report was reprinted in *Igdrasil*, September 1891, vol. iii. pp. 102–104, and thence in the privately-issued *Ruskiniana*, Part ii. (1891), pp. 177–179.

[1] Ruskin refers rather to general criticisms of the classical school than to criticisms of Cockerell personally. For an incidental reference to him, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. p. 430).

issue of effort and ambition. Now, he must confess that he had met with considerable disappointment in reference to the prize which he had offered for the best specimen of stone-carving; and he was afraid that he had been the instrument of doing injury to some persons to whom it was his ardent wish to do good. He hoped it might not be so, but he would explain the circumstances under which they were then assembled. It was not, strictly speaking, a prize that was to be delivered that evening, but some reward in the way of compensation to two intelligent workmen for the loss of time they had endured, and the labour they had sustained; and which, he believed, was much more owing to his fault than to theirs.

"The circumstances of the case were shortly these:—He felt, in common with many persons interested in the progress of architecture at the present day, that a building differed from all other works of art: that it was the work of many instead of one; and he thought that that was one of the most essential differences between architecture and all other arts. Whatever was done in the other arts was done by a single hand operating under the influence of a single mind; but in architecture there were many hands, all operating in the service of one single mind, that guided them all in their operations. Now, he did not think that that should be so. He thought that if they brought many hands to bear on a subject, they should bring the heart and the brain to bear upon it also; he thought that for every hand they occupied they should also engage the heart —that they should call forth the value of the heart, and the whole value of the man, as well as the value of his manual labour. If they paid a man for his time and labour, they should also pay him for his thought, for spirit, for heart, and for all he did in the promotion of art. The result would be great advantages to art, and that they would get from the workmen all that they could desire, and they in their turn would be benefited thereby. In this way, much good would be done to the art itself, and to the men employed in it. It appeared to him that for a long time we had wholly neglected these peculiar characteristics of architecture; it seemed to have been the general notion that the idea he had shadowed forth was an impracticable one—was an idea which could not be carried out successfully. It had seemed to us that only one ruling mind should be employed in the construction of a building, and that all the inferior workmen should only bring in the subsidiary aid of their dexterity and skill in manual labour. Did they not see that, whether a man were skilful or not, the best part of him was always thought; the most interesting part of a man, and that which we most always like to get at, was thought; and we did not gain by refusing to take any part of

his thought? It would, in his opinion, be better if, instead of making some parts of a building entirely uninteresting, and such that they could not bring the superior mind of the architect to bear upon them, they allowed mind amongst the workmen to bear upon all the subordinate parts of the building—if they left parts for the development and expression of the intelligence of the workmen, by which means they would both educate their minds and bind the whole building into a true and sublime expression of the mind and soul of the multitude.

"In order to gain the accomplishment of this object it was, of course, necessary that the workman should be accustomed to express himself in stone; and as it was one of the objects of the Committee of the Architectural Museum, so was it one of his objects, to ascertain exactly where the English art workmen were at the present time, to ascertain precisely what they could do, and what they understood by expressing themselves with the chisel, so that they might open up the minds of the workmen, and develop their executive skill and intellect in dealing with the inferior and subordinate departments of a building. He was wishful to see what field there was in this department, and what mind there was amongst the artisans in the department, in the wish to set the crowd of workmen free, and to ascertain what amount of beauty and of truth could be imparted by the workmen to the inferior portions and departments of a building. Accordingly, in 1855, he offered a prize for a small capital of original design. For that prize there were five competitors. Working carvers were more accustomed to carve capitals than anything else; one of the carvings offered in the competition was very beautiful, and he had great delight and pleasure in giving a prize for it. Last year he offered a prize for a carved panel, and, with the view of making the test more complete and satisfactory, he requested that it should give a representation of some historical event that had taken place during the year.

"He knew that our workmen read the papers, that they were interested in and acquainted with all the leading events in the history of the nation, and that the means he had adopted would bring their intellect out; and he was under the impression that the opportunity which he had offered them would have induced them, in the spirit of pride, to take advantage of that opportunity, in order to display their talent and facility in that peculiar department of art. But he was sorely disappointed, for there were only two competitors for the prize which he offered. Two zealous and intelligent workmen, however, had produced pieces of sculpture, each of which he should not think unworthy of a prize or acknowledgment of merit, although

neither of the productions had come up to what he should have desired to see; but the failure might, in a great measure, have been his fault, in not having explained to those who intended to compete the great principles upon which stone-carving in architecture was based. As he had not done so on a previous occasion, he wished that night to state distinctly what he meant, so that hereafter there might be no mistake, and that workmen might waste neither time nor talent in competing for the prize which he offered for the best specimen of stone-carving. He was afraid that the two competitors for the prize which he offered this year would not be very well pleased, neither of them receiving the prize which he offered, and both receiving lectures instead. He, however, begged their pardon, their patience and forbearance."

Ruskin then proceeded to read his paper on Conventionalism in Art; and at the conclusion of it, returned to the subject of his prize competition:—

"Now (continued Mr. Ruskin) came the main point of the evening's business. They all felt—those who loved Gothic—that all that was to be done for it was to be done by getting a multitude of the workmen to be able to supply living sculpture. Now he had offered a prize for a piece of sculpture, and he certainly did expect some better response than had taken place, although probably the fault was his own. He had asked for a piece of sculpture representing some historical event of the period. In former times the workman saw the human face in all kinds of expression, everything was put before him in nature; but in these peaceful times, and in this country of ours, what had the workman to see? He could hardly even see a street-fight. One saw in many publications of the present day wonderful and marvellous things in the shape of engravings by our wood draughtsmen and wood cutters, and he had thought that our sculptors or workmen would have had the spirit of obtaining from such sources some ideas respecting design. But it very often happened that when we were very desirous of doing anything particularly well, we managed to do it particularly badly. He could only entreat the two competitors, between whom the prize was to be divided, to pardon him for not having given proper expression to what he really wanted in the shape of a piece of sculpture. In the present instance the workman had expended all his time and attention on the stone-cutting, instead of on the historical topic. One of the competitors was Mr. Chapman, who, he was informed, was employed as a carver and general designer; the other competitor, Mr. O'Shea, he had the pleasure of knowing—he was a most skilful carver, and had executed many lovely cornices."

Professor Cockerell then delivered the Ruskin prizes (£5 each) to the successful competitors. Mr. Chapman's carving was a scene in the Crimea—"General Windham leading his men to the attack of the Great Redan"; O'Shea's, "The Queen presenting the Victoria Medal to her Soldiers."

The lecture on Conventional Art was, as here too the *manuscript* shows, very carefully written, while a comparison of the MS. with the printed text proves that it was also carefully revised. In addition to the MS. two sets of proofs are preserved: all are heavily scored. The lecture contains, as already remarked, the main gist of the book. The train of thought with which it opens was in part suggested to Ruskin by a tour in Scotland during the preceding autumn (see Introduction to Vol. VII.).

A month later, Ruskin gave a *third* lecture—that which stands fifth in the book. This was on "The Work of Iron, in Nature, Art, and Policy," and was delivered at the Sussex Hotel,[1] Tunbridge Wells, on February 16, 1858. Ruskin's cousin, W. J. Richardson, M.D., was in practice at that place,[2] through whom, no doubt, he was induced to lecture there. The local reporter notes the "continued and protracted cheering" with which the lecturer was received, and "the fashionable and crowded audience" which had assembled to hear him. The lecture itself, he continues, "was one of the most brilliant we have ever listened to—full of the weightiest matter, the choicest language, the highest morality, the profoundest science, the purest art, the most original thoughts, and the most sparkling wit, delivered in a manner that held the audience entranced and spell-bound." Readers of the book will not differ from this judgment by one of the audience; the lecture, in its wide range and imaginative touch, is among the most characteristic of Ruskin's pieces. The *manuscript* of the lecture omits the introductory remarks, and the passage (from "Have you ever considered," in § 153, down to § 162) seems to have been substituted, in revision for the press, for a much shorter passage in the lecture as delivered. Again, the MS. is missing of §§ 186, 187; the passage, §§ 168–171, does not appear in the MS.; and from § 194 to the end there is no MS. Probably the lecture was a good deal rewritten and added to before publication.

During the same year (1858) Ruskin prepared three other lectures. One of these on "The Study of Art" is reported in Appendix VI.; it was delivered in April, and in the following month he went

[1] For which hotel, see *Præterita*, i. ch. x. § 196.
[2] See *Præterita*, iii. ch. i. § 11, and ii. ch. ix. § 182.

abroad until the autumn. On his return he wrote a paper for the Social Science Congress which met at Liverpool. This was printed as a Supplementary Additional Paper in *A Joy for Ever*, and has been already discussed (see p. xxxv.).

A fortnight later he was ready with another and a more elaborate paper—that which he read to the Cambridge School of Art (see above, p. xxxvi.).

Early in the next year (1859) he took the chair at a meeting of the Photographic Society, and delivered an address on Venetian Architecture (see below, p. lxviii., and Appendix VII.).

He next delivered (February 22) the *fourth* of the lectures collected in *The Two Paths*—that which comes second in the printed text, on "The Unity of Art." The title indicates his main idea. There is no higher or lower in Art; whatever be the purpose to which a work of art is applied, it must be conceived in the same spirit, or it is not art at all. "There are diversities of gifts, but it is the same spirit." In all forms of art there should be the same sincerity and elevation of aim; and in all schools of art there should be recognised standards of excellence.

In this latter connexion Ruskin had planned one of his many schemes of public munificence. As a standard of water-colour practice likely to be serviceable to students, he considered William Hunt's work to be pre-eminent.[1] He had accordingly commissioned the artist to paint a series of examples for presentation to country schools of art.[2] One of these—a water-colour drawing (6 in. × 4¼) of a snail shell with a spray of holly—Ruskin presented on this occasion to the Manchester School of Art; where it is still frequently used by the students for reference and study, being an admirable example of Hunt's painting and colour. References to this matter will be found in the letters below, and in the text of Ruskin's lecture (p. 316).

Ruskin had driven down to Manchester—perhaps he liked the idea of so practical a protest against machinery, as a preliminary to his lecture. But he found the driving tour restful, and, as was remarked in an earlier volume,[3] he had the faculty of working and writing wherever he chanced to be. Much of his Manchester lecture —as also his second letter on the Oxford Museum—was thus written on the road. The fresh air and the scenery invigorated him, and conduced perhaps to the *verve* and "go" which he threw into his

[1] See Vol. XIV. p. 384.
[2] See Vol. XIV. p. 441.
[3] Vol. I. p. xxx.

discourses. The mood appears in letters to his father at the different stages:—

"NORTHAMPTON, 7 *o'clock* [*February* 18, 1859].

"MY DEAREST FATHER,—We came down much better than in old posting time; the horses being all fresh, and the postboys as happy as children at getting the ride. I stopped from twelve to half-past one at St. Albans—where the Abbey is a disagreeable old wreck, miserable brick and flint—a few good traceries—the screen, which used to be beautiful in its decay, restored and quite valueless. Masons about—and nasty east wind—all gloomy; shall not go near it any more. But the villages and cottages all along the road are pretty, and would often make very lovely subjects; the sunset was fine, and on the whole I enjoyed the day. Highgate was as pretty as anything. If you drive out, keeping well away to the west of the Regent's Park, you come into the country in a flash of the wheels; the horses pull up like Sam Weller's letter,[1] and you are in the pure fields.

"Please let Allen inquire at 10 Thomas Street, Camberwell New Road, for Mrs. Ford, whose little girl is to undergo an operation to-day, and take good care of said little girl and her sister till I come back.

"There will perhaps be a revise of some new text I sent in for Acland's book to-day; it must come to me at Lichfield, and go to Acland too. All *will* be out in time. The real fact was, I couldn't make my mind up what was the fault in the Museum. I've had a great deal to think out about it without saying anything. You'll see part in this added text (the letter stopped too short as it was), and I shall use the rest in my Manchester address.

"I find it a great rest, this driving along the quiet roads—more than I could get in any other way. But certainly English Cathedrals won't do, if St. Albans be an example.

"I leave at ten to-morrow, and go right through to Lichfield.

"Dearest love to my mother.—Ever, my dearest Father,

"Your most affectionate Son,

"J. RUSKIN."

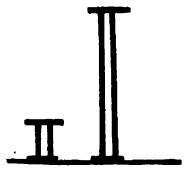
"LICHFIELD, *Sunday* [*February* 20].

"MY DEAREST FATHER,—I have your pleasant letter, the *Builder*, and the *Saturday*, all pleasant. The *Builder* has the only good and

[1] "'My dear Mary, I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam. "That's raythor a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?' inquired Mr. Weller" (*Pickwick*, ch. xxxii.).

true report I ever saw of an address of mine; it contains all I said, nearly, with precision.[1]

"I like this Cathedral in its placing and environment—all pretty and touching. Its marvellous diminutiveness is the thing that strikes me most. This is an unexaggerated comparison of the proportions of a single choir pillar in Lichfield and Beauvais, the one being, as nearly as I can guess, twenty feet high, and the other more than half of 170, which is the whole height of the roof. The two west end towers produce exactly the effect on my mind of a small model set on the grass, which some of the Canons will presently walk up to, pick up, and take to their drawing-room nick-nack table. The style is, however, very fine, and there are many instructive details which, if I ever travelled in England in warm weather, I should be glad to stop and examine.



"Direct to-morrow, Post Office, Matlock.

"I enclose the corrected proof of the end of my letter, which is clear and nice (I think). It finishes my work; and I mean Acland now to do all the rest—which, you will see, he will do fast enough. The delay has been *my* fault, though I let you abuse him in order that I mightn't be scolded myself. But I *could* not make up my mind what to say or do about the imperfect ornamentation; at last I determined on engraving one capital by way of frontispiece and adding this bit. Tell Smith & Elder that all they have to wait for now is one wood block from Miss Byfield, and one steel plate from Le Keux: a fortnight ago this was promised in three weeks, and I think Le Keux will keep his time.

"Posting very good yesterday, as well as the day before—left Northampton at ten, here at half-past four.

"All the enclosed copy I have done with. I shall write to Acland to insert the note about the capital, and he will see that the Appendix is right—so *I've* done.

"Dearest love to my mother. English cottages and roads very pretty and drawable.—Ever, my dearest Father,

Your most affectionate Son,

"J. RUSKIN.

"Take care of the various contents of this packet; once in the printer's hands, they finish my trouble. Please tell Allen to get the Hunt snail shell ready for me to-morrow instead of Tuesday, and send it by fast train to me at Saxton's, New Bath, Matlock."

[1] This was the report of Ruskin's remarks on Venetian Architecture, reprinted in Appendix VII.

["MATLOCK, *February* 21.]

"MY DEAREST FATHER,—I write this at Matlock though I mean to post it at Manchester, as you will see by postmark. I have yours, and return William's letter. I am quite of my mother's mind about Miss Dowie's death.[1]

"The sun is coming out brightly this morning, and the cliffs with their bare and graceful trees are more beautiful than when they are loaded with bunches of solid green. It looked rainy yesterday, and I was half afraid of being stopped by snow on the Buxton Moors, but all goes well, and I am very well this morning, and hope to please them at Manchester. I will send telegraph.

"The parcel with Hunt has arrived all right. I think I told you I was going to give them this by way of beginning operations on the schools in general. It is the snail shell — emblem of patience and domesticity, with the badge of the Lady of Avenel by way of tribute to the imagination.[2]

"The quiet—and light—of this place in the morning are luxurious.

"Write to-morrow to Bolton Abbey or whatever the place is where one is taken in there. I suppose you will know from Mr. Telford's going there so often. My discourse to-night is to be on the Unity of all Good Art—centreing in Venetians, with bye compliments to Velasquez and Sir Joshua, closing with compliments to Hunt and presentation of his picture.

"Dearest love to my mother.—Ever, my dearest Father,

"Your most affectionate Son,

"J. RUSKIN."

Ruskin was able to report that the lecture was a great success:—

"I think the people here," he writes from Manchester (February 22), "have liked me upon art much better than on political economy. They all expressed themselves excessively pleased. Sir Elkanah and Lady Armitage were there and seemed very glad to see me again, scolding me a little for not using their house as mine. I am going to breakfast there to-morrow. I was in very good voice and trim; and as I saw reporters busy, and spoke a little more slowly than usual, you will probably have a pretty clear report of what I said. . . . There were about five hundred people in the theatre, and it was a

[1] See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 90, and *Præterita*, i. § 260, ii. § 223.

[2] For the holly branch, the badge of the Lady of Avenel, see of course Scott's *Monastery*.

nice room for speaking. Crawley says every one must have heard well. I hope Hunt will be pleased by what I said of him, and I am sure he would have been pleased if he had seen the way in which it was received."

The lecture was in large measure extempore, though much of it was carefully written out. It was reported at the time *verbatim*, and Ruskin worked on the report in revising and rearranging for the press. A collation of the text in *The Two Paths* with the verbatim report and with the *manuscript* shows a great many variations, and supplies several additional passages of interest. These are here supplied in footnotes to the text. Of §§ 51–56 there is no MS.; of the rest there is MS. and proof—again both heavily corrected.

Ruskin's lecturing tour seems to have been "managed" by Gambart, the picture-dealer (the founder, too, of the French Gallery), who had, a year or two before, introduced Ruskin to Rosa Bonheur.[1] "I like him very much," wrote Ruskin (February 24), "and he tells me much that is very useful to me; he is so straightforward and eager, and has a great deal of real feeling besides: which he showed yesterday at Manchester by asking for messages home to mamma and you. . . . Gambart breakfasted with us at Sir Elkanah's, and we formed plans at breakfast for buying all Venice from the Austrians — pictures, palaces, and everything—and asked Sir Elkanah to set the project on foot, in Manchester"—the political economy of art again, it will be seen. At Manchester, on this occasion, Ruskin visited also Mrs. Gaskell, who was a great admirer of his books.[2]

From Manchester Ruskin was to have proceeded direct to Bradford. But he had caught a cold—a fact which he was careful not to tell his parents till all cause for anxiety was over—the lecture was put off for a week, and Ruskin continued his driving tour. First he went to Rochdale, and then on to Bolton. The drive from Rochdale to Burnley particularly impressed him. He refers to it in his Bradford lecture (§ 87), and in somewhat different terms in a letter to his father, now cited in a footnote there. At Bolton he stayed some time—as noted in the Introduction to Vol. VII. Thence he went to Bradford.

This *fifth* lecture—the third in the printed text—was delivered there on March 1, 1859, the subject being "Modern Manufacture and Design." Its argument, with different illustrations, is much the same as

[1] See Vol. XIV. p. 173 *n*.
[2] Vol. III. p. xxxix.

that of the preceding lecture. The occasion of the lecture was the inauguration of a newly formed School of Design, and Ruskin was anxious to preach his gospel. "I think," he had written (p. xxx.), "the Bradford will be a better address than the Manchester one." The *manuscript* shows that it was all written out beforehand.

The lecture (we read[1]) "attracted to the Mechanics' Institute a very numerous and distinguished assembly. Never perhaps since Mr. Thackeray's lectures has such an audience within the same compass been gathered together." The audience showed "rapt attention and delight." Ruskin himself was pleased. "All went well last night," he writes to his father (March 2), "and everybody seemed much delighted —a comfortable room to speak in, and the Mayor of Bradford for Chairman, and perfectly silent and attentive audience."

With the Bradford address Ruskin's lecturing work was over for the time. He went for some days to Richmond and other of Turner's scenes in Yorkshire, and then to Winnington, where he wrote—by way of relaxation, be it said[2]—some of *The Elements of Perspective.* Winnington, however, is more particularly connected with *The Ethics of the Dust;* in the Introduction to the volume containing that book some account of it will be found. The summer of 1859 was spent by Ruskin in the study of pictures in Germany; the winter, in the composition of the last volume of *Modern Painters.* In the Introduction, therefore, to Vol. VII. of this edition, the reader who desires to continue the biographical thread must now be referred.

The Two Paths remained out of print for nearly twenty years, being at last re-issued at the instance, as Ruskin states (p. 255), of his old friend, Mr. Henry Willett. "How good this book is!" wrote Ruskin to Mr. Allen, when the new edition was in preparation (Christmas, 1877). "I had no notion it was so nice." Collectors, however, had not forgotten it, and the first edition was much sought after. Ruskin's own copy at Brantwood is much marked by him; apparently in emphatic approval of statements made in it.[3]

[1] *Bradford Observer,* March 3, 1858.

[2] See Vol. XV. p. xxv.

[3] In this copy Ruskin has written a suggestion for a new title-page—"The Two Paths | Five Lectures | on | Art, Decoration and Manufacture | delivered in | London Manchester and Tunbridge Wells, 1858–1859"; he omits, however, Bradford, and the dates are not quite accurate.

V

It remains to give brief account of the Minor Lectures and Papers, delivered or written during these years (1856–1859), which are collected in the Appendix to the present volume. They consist for the most part of lectures which Ruskin did not himself reprint, but which were reported at the time in the newspapers or in the Proceedings of the Societies to whom they were delivered.

Appendix I. contains remarks made by Ruskin at the Society of Arts on March 12, 1856, upon a paper of Mr. George Wallis dealing with "The Recent Progress of Design as Applied to Manufacture." Ruskin took the opportunity of distinguishing between the multiplication of patterns, which was a form of manufacture, and the production of designs, which was a form of art. This is a constant theme in the present volume, and in the course of his remarks Ruskin touched incidentally upon other points more fully dealt with in his subsequent lectures; references to the parallel passages are here supplied in footnotes. His remarks upon the legitimate introduction of flowers into carpets are of interest in connexion with the designs which William Morris was afterwards to produce in that sort.

Appendix II. contains the Address to the Workmen at the Oxford Museum (April 18, 1856), which has been already mentioned (p. xlix.).

In Appendix III. is an Address to the St. Martin's School of Art on "The Value of Drawing" (April 8, 1857). This is an important contribution to Ruskin's repeated pleas for the recognition of drawing as an element in general education (see above, p. xxix.); as a means of teaching men to say things, to see things, to learn things. The Address foreshadowed a good deal of the Lecture on Iron (v. in *The Two Paths*).

Appendix IV. contains a short report of remarks made (June 25, 1857) at a meeting of the Arundel Society on the importance of preserving, and securing records, of Italian pictures and other monuments. This was, as need hardly be said, a constant theme with Ruskin, and his connexion with the Arundel Society has been already noted (Vol. IV. p. xlv.).

In Appendix V. is a contribution to the movement for associating the Universities with Middle-Class education, which at this time (1857) was beginning to take shape. The letter in question was addressed to Temple (then H.M. Inspector of Training Colleges), under circumstances which are described below (p. 449 *n.*). Ruskin, as already

stated, afterwards lent, as an Examiner,[1] practical aid to this movement, which resulted in the now widely adopted "Local Examinations." In this letter Ruskin describes very clearly the place which, he thought, might be assigned to Art in a University curriculum; thirteen years later he was able, as the first Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford, to give practical expression to his theories. In the same letter he lays great stress on the importance of giving a more human note to History, and of associating Archæology with the other studies of the University. Here, as in so much that he wrote on the subject of education, Ruskin was a pioneer. Green's *Short History*—"not of English Kings or English Conquests, but of the English People"—was not published till 1874; and it is only of late years that Archæology has taken its place in the studies of Schools and Universities.[2]

Appendix VI. contains a report of a second address to the St. Martin's School of Art (April 15, 1858). The address is interesting, among other points, for Ruskin's advice to young students of art to paint for us faithful records of perishable scenes and monuments of art. This also was a constant maxim with him, and in later years, in connexion with the St. George's Guild, he turned it into practice, by setting many artists to work in the manner indicated. One such commission is here illustrated (Plate XV.).

Appendix VII. may be described as a footnote to *The Stones of Venice*. It contains a report of the remarks made by Ruskin (February 15, 1859) on the occasion of a lecture by Mr. Street, R.A., on Venetian Architecture. Incidentally, he referred—as in *The Political Economy of Art*—to the imminent danger in which the monuments of Verona were placed; and he did not lose the opportunity of putting in another blow in "the battle of the styles."

The next Appendix (VIII.) reports remarks made by Ruskin at a General Meeting of the Working Men's College (March 8, 1860). The report is not very full, but it gives a good idea of the informal, but interesting, discourses which he was in the habit of delivering at that institution, and which made a deep impression on all who were privileged to hear them. Madox Brown, by no means prejudiced in favour of Ruskin, wrote after hearing one of these lectures: "Ruskin was as eloquent as ever, and as wildly popular with the men."[3] This was on March 19, 1858: no report of the lecture is discoverable. On

[1] The other Examiners in Drawing were W. Dyce, George Richmond, F. P. Cockerell, and S. Evans.

[2] See Professor Percy Gardner's *Classical Archæology in Schools* (1902).

[3] *Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham*, 1897, p. 90.

such occasions Ruskin would bring pictures or illuminated manuscripts, or would describe his experiences and impressions on some foreign tour. Thus on one occasion he gave a talk about French manners and customs and French cathedrals;[1] on another, he talked about Switzerland;[2] while on the occasion of the address here reported, he took his German tour of 1859 as a subject. The tour furnished several instances in the last volume of *Modern Painters*, and in this lecture Ruskin gave his audience a foretaste of some chapters of that book. To the lecture is appended the Memorandum mentioned above (p. xxxi.). The original MS. of this is also given in *facsimile*.

In Appendix IX. will be found the evidence given by Ruskin (on March 20, 1860) before a Select Committee on Public Institutions —a Committee which, in its Report, recommended the evening opening of museums and galleries. Ruskin's mind was at this time beginning to be occupied with the political themes discussed in *Unto this Last*, and he improved the occasion by informing the Committee that their investigations into the reform of museums and galleries would be labour lost, unless it was accompanied by reforms in social and economic conditions. Among particular matters mentioned by Ruskin was the importance of Early Closing. His evidence is also of interest as containing a sketch of a museum as he conceived it ought to be arranged; in later years he was in large measure to realise his ideal at Sheffield. Ruskin's economic heresies, and his confident generalisations, seem to have annoyed Sir Robert Peel, whose cross-examination of the witness is not unamusing.

The *text* of the books, etc., collected in the main body of this volume is, as usual, that last revised by the author. At some later date Ruskin re-read *A Joy for Ever;* a copy, much marked by him up to the end of § 77, is at Brantwood, and has been examined by the editors. The marks seem to be chiefly by way of reaffirming the author's belief in what he wrote in that book.

The *manuscripts*, so far as they are available, have already been mentioned. Here it may be said in summary that of *A Joy for Ever* no MS. is known to the editors except that of the Preface of 1880,

[1] "This time three years ago a party was formed for a visit to Normandy. Previous to their starting Mr. Ruskin gave an evening's talk about French manners and customs, telling us where to see and how to look at the grand architectural monuments of old French towns" (*Working Men's College Magazine*, October 1860, p. 160).

[2] This address was delivered at the College on May 2, 1859, but no report of it exists.

which shows no variations of consequence. Of *The Two Paths*, the whole manuscript and revises are in Mr. Allen's possession. It is written on the usual blue foolscap. The variations are very numerous, showing both that the lectures as delivered often differed a good deal from the printed text, and that this latter had in turn been subjected to very close revision.

Facsimiles are here given of a page of MS. (from Lecture iii.) and of a leaf of the corrected proof (from Lecture i.).

The *illustrations* in this volume fall into two classes, according as they have, or have not, appeared in previous editions of Ruskin's Works. Of the nineteen plates, four only have thus appeared. The *frontispiece* is a portrait of Ruskin by George Richmond, R.A., made in 1857. The original chalk drawing (22¼ in. × 17) is at Brantwood. It was engraved in 1858 by Francis Holl (1815–1884), and published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. in that year.[1] The artist's idealisation of his subject did not escape criticism, and Ruskin—as appears from the following remarks in a letter to his father—agreed very much with the critics:—

> "[TURIN], *August 3* [1858].—"You know I quite agree with the *Daily News* about the portrait[2]—in fact, I don't consider it a portrait at all, but merely a pleasant fancy of me by George Richmond, drawn for a toy for you and mama; and the worst of it is that while everybody will think it flattering, it misses out all that is really valuable in the face. It is a sketch of an amiable young man, which in many respects I am not; but it is not a sketch of a man of the slightest power or purpose. I mean when I have drawn figures a little more to make a drawing of myself and show you what I mean."[3]

[1] Prints, one guinea; India Proofs, two guineas.

[2] The following was the criticism in the *Daily News* (July 29, 1858): "A Portrait of Mr. Ruskin, the most eloquent and somewhat inconsistent champion of Pre-Raphaelitism, and the avowed enemy of the 'sinful' post-Raphaelite masters, has just been published by Messrs. Smith & Elder from a chalk drawing by Mr. Richmond. The likeness is certainly 'flattering'—if we may venture to say so in good taste, and without exposing ourselves to the charge of the 'personality' which of late has been so noticeable in periodical publications. We should have expected that Mr. Ruskin, of all men, would have only sanctioned a portrait 'perfectly honest in imitation' and 'religious truthfulness.' Mr. Ruskin is an artist in every sense of the word, and we should have expected, judging from his expressed opinions, some such portrait of him as Masaccio, or even the Van Eycks, or indeed as any of the Pre-Raphaelites have left of themselves."

[3] This Ruskin ultimately did, and the portrait of himself is given in a later volume. His criticism of Richmond's portrait recalls what he is said to have remarked about the same artist's crayon drawing of Acland. "The artist regarded it as almost

The portrait was re-engraved by Holl on a smaller scale to serve as frontispiece to the volume of *Selections from the Writings of John Ruskin*, published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. in 1862. This plate is in very fine condition, and has been employed in this volume. An electrotype from it was used as frontispiece to the "First Series" of *Selections* published by Mr. George Allen in 1893.

The engraving of a capital in the Oxford Museum ("British Ferns") —Plate VII.—appeared as frontispiece to the first edition (only) of the volume entitled *The Oxford Museum*, 1857. It was drawn and engraved by J. H. Le Keux from a photograph. The Plate was again used as frontispiece to the first volume of *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880. Being still in excellent condition, the original plate has again been used in this volume.

Two steel-plates from the first edition of *The Two Paths* are also here included—Plates XIII. and XIX. They were used in no later editions of that book, and are thus in excellent condition.

The remaining fifteen Plates are inserted in this edition in order the better to illustrate the text. Thus in *The Political Economy of Art*, Ruskin's description in the text (§ 57) of Ambrogio Lorenzetti's fresco of "Good Civic Government" is here supplemented by a photogravure (Plate I.) from the original fresco, which (it may be observed) is somewhat damaged; for a note on the fresco, see p. 54 *n.* The plate "Landscape from the Heights of Verona" (Plate II.) illustrates Ruskin's description (§ 76); it is one of two drawings of the subject by Ruskin (10×6) which were acquired by the British Museum in 1901. "Two meritorious studies at Verona" was the artist's own note upon them.[1] The one here reproduced is in pencil with body-colour.

The *Inaugural Address at the Cambridge School of Art* is now illustrated by four plates. The first (Plate III.) is a reproduction by photogravure of Veronese's picture of "The Queen of Sheba" in the Royal Gallery at Turin. It is described in the text (§ 16), and is also the subject of several letters quoted in this Introduction (pp. xxxvii.–xli.). The editors have not been able to trace Ruskin's own studies from the picture. During the same Continental journey (1858), on which he made those studies, Ruskin visited and sketched the Castle of Habsburg,

the most perfect specimen of his own workmanship, but for some reason it did not meet with the approval of Ruskin. The story goes that, on being brought to see it in the studio in York Street, he examined it critically for some time as it stood on the easel, and then turning to his friend said: 'Now, Richmond, where is Henry?'" (J. B. Atlay's *Memoir of Acland*, p. 105).

[1] *Guide to an Exhibition of Drawings and Sketches by . . . Deceased Artists of the English School*, Printed by Order of the Trustees, 1901, p. 61.

the cradle of the House of Austria, built in the early part of the eleventh century. The ruin stands about two miles from Brugg, on a wooded height called Wülpelsberg. Ruskin refers to it in his lecture (§ 16), and also in the following letters to his father:—

> "BRUGG, *May* 27.—After dining at Lauffenbourg and making a little sketch from the rocks of some houses which looked somewhat as if they might tumble into the Rhine before I got back again,—which, if they did, it would spoil my subject—I drove on here in a nearly cloudless afternoon, through field after field of green corn, and by bank after bank of new-mown hay and wild strawberry blossom alternating:—*quite* cloudless southward, and about six o'clock we got to the gap in the Jura where the Aar breaks its way to the Rhine, and the Alps opened, clear and high—the dark blue mass of the Rigi lying at their feet. They continued clear all the evening, showing always between two ranges of low hills and cliffs that border the Aar, and here, open from it to the west—leaving the solitary tower of Habsburg on its wooded mound to rise dark against the snow. To-morrow I purpose walking up to it and sketching it."
>
> "BREMGARTEN, *May* 28.— . . . As soon as I had done breakfast this morning, I started for Habsburg, two miles off up hill: hot day. Nothing is left but one square keep, now turned into a farmyard: one side being attached to a comparatively modern (16th century) building, which is turned into the farmhouse. But it is indeed a notable hill—isolated, and rising gradually till the last rock of it on which the tower is built, commands simply in one sweep the whole breadth of North Switzerland, from the Alps to the Rhine. The chain of Alps, as far as I could trace them (for it was hazy with heat), seems unbroken round nearly half the horizon; the valleys of the Aar and Reuss are commanded for many leagues, and ridge after ridge of Jura on the north, overlooked, to the valley of the Rhine; one does not see the river, but the hills of the Black Forest beyond it. The derivation of the name, Habsburg, is differently given in different books—my Swiss history, I imagine rightly, derives it from Habs' 'terra aviatica,' while Murray's Guide says it means 'Hawk's Nest.' Be that as it may, as I was sketching it, out came a beautiful hawk from a hole in the battlements, and after being away a quarter of an hour or so, came back with something for her young ones."

His water-colour drawing ($6\frac{7}{8} \times 10\frac{1}{4}$)—here reproduced (Plate IV.)—is in the Ruskin Drawing School at Oxford (Educational Series, No. 299),

and the following description of the view may add to the reader's interest in the drawing:—

"The view from the Castle is picturesque and interesting; the eye ranges along the course of the three rivers, over the site of the Roman Vindonissa and Königsfelden, the sepulchre of imperial Albert; on the south rises the ruined castle of Brunegg, which belonged to the Gessler family; and below it is Birr, where Pestalozzi, the famous teacher, died and was buried. It takes in at a single glance the whole Swiss patrimony of the Habsburgs—an estate far more limited than that of many a British peer—from which Rudolf was called to wield the sceptre of Charlemagne. The House of Austria was deprived of its Swiss territories in 1415 by the Emperor Sigismund, at the Council of Constance; but it is believed that the ruin has become the property of the Austrian Emperor by purchase."[1]

Ruskin makes a point in his lecture (§ 18) of the pictures by Albani of "The Four Elements," formerly in the palace of Cardinal Maurice of Savoy, and now in the Royal Gallery at Turin. One of these—that representing the element Earth—with its "copious quantity of Cupids"—is here reproduced (Plate V.). The peroration of the lecture contained a description of the view of the Alps from the Superga. Turner's drawing of part of this view (Plate VI.) illustrates the passage; it was in Ruskin's collection.[2]

The additional illustrations to *The Oxford Museum* comprise, first, a general view of the façade (Plate VIII.), as it appeared in 1858; and then a portrait of Benjamin Woodward, the architect (Plate IX.). He was, as we have seen, a dear friend of Ruskin's (p. xliv.), and played a considerable part in the Gothic Revival which Ruskin did so much to promote. The portrait is from a marble head sculptured in high relief by Alexander Munro. Acland, in speaking of Woodward's early death, says: "How great a loss to Art, and to those who knew the lovable nature that lay hid beneath his courteous silence, cannot be told. . . . Alexander Munro made a medallion worthy alike of the most accomplished sculptor who also died in his prime abroad, and of our common friend. It may be studied in the Radcliffe Library at the Museum, both as a work of Art, and as the expressive record of a guileless, contemplative nature."[3] The marble now (1904) stands in the

[1] Murray's *Handbook for Travellers in Switzerland*, 11th edition (by W. A. B. Coolidge), 1891, vol. i. p. 113.

[2] See Vol. XIII. p. 423.

[3] Appendix iv. in the 1893 edition of *The Oxford Museum*.

Professor's room at the Museum, and a note placed below it states that the work was commissioned jointly by Acland and Ruskin. The editors are able to reproduce it here by the courtesy of the Delegates of the Museum. Another of the men whose talent was conspicuously illustrated in the building of the Museum was the Irish craftsman O'Shea (see above, p. xlix.); in Plate X. (from a photograph given by Acland to Mr. Allen) he is shown at work on one of his most characteristic windows. The next Plates (XI. and XII.) show two of several designs which Ruskin made for the Museum. They were not, with one exception (see above, p. xlvi.), executed, but the spirit of his designs was closely caught in the actual building. The original wash drawings are now in the possession of Miss Acland, who kindly made the photographs from which our plates are produced. The new edition of *The Oxford Museum*, issued in 1895, contained a portrait, from a photograph by Miss Acland, of Acland and Ruskin sitting together at Brantwood; but as this belongs to the year 1893, it is reserved for one of the later volumes of this edition.

In *The Two Paths* five additional illustrations are introduced. In the first lecture Ruskin illustrates "the birth of Italian art" from the Church of S. Ambrogio at Milan (§ 31). Plate XIV. shows his drawing of the end view of the pulpit, which is described in the text. Ruskin's drawing, in pencil with light washes of colour ($17\frac{3}{8} \times 13\frac{3}{8}$), was bought in 1887 for the Victoria and Albert (South Kensington) Museum, to represent him in the Historical Collection of the British Art of Water-Colour Painting.[1] The next Plate (XV.) will make more readily intelligible Ruskin's references (§ 33) to the Kings and Queens of Chartres. Particulars of the subject will be found in a note on p. 279. The drawing, here reproduced, is one of several which were done by Mr. T. M. Rooke for Ruskin, and placed in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield. The next Plate (XVI.) illustrates references to sculptures on the Cathedral of Amiens (§§ 36, 112); it is made from a photograph which Ruskin procured in connexion with *The Bible of Amiens*. Plate XVII. shows the Tabernacle, by Orcagna, in the Church of Or S. Michele at Florence; it is referred to here (§ 120), and often elsewhere in Ruskin's books.[2]

In addition to the plates there are included in this volume the woodcut of ironwork (p. 233) which illustrated the original editions

[1] In the Catalogue of the Museum it is incorrectly described as "End View of the Chair of St. Ambrose."

[2] See below, p. 359 *n.*

of *The Oxford Museum;* the woodcuts which appeared in all editions of *The Two Paths;* and also six others (see pp. 421–423) which have hitherto appeared in the first edition of that book only. One additional woodcut is introduced in this edition (see p. 418 *n.*).

E. T. C.

[*In the chronological order this volume is followed by Vol. VII. (the last volume of "Modern Painters"); the Introduction to Vol. VII. should therefore be read next.*]

I

"A JOY FOR EVER"

(THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF ART)

(1857, 1880)

"A JOY FOR EVER";

(AND ITS PRICE IN THE MARKET):

BEING

THE SUBSTANCE (WITH ADDITIONS)

OF

TWO LECTURES

ON THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF ART,

Delivered at Manchester, July 10th and 13th, 1857.

BY

JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.,

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, AND HONORARY FELLOW OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."—KEATS.

GEORGE ALLEN,
SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.
1880.

[*The Right of Translation is reserved.*]

[*Bibliographical Note.*—The work here reprinted was made up of two lectures, previously published as *The Political Economy of Art*, together with three other lectures added by Ruskin when he published the whole under the title, *A Joy for Ever*. These additional lectures had themselves been previously published, each in a separate form. This Note, therefore, falls under three heads, dealing respectively with (1) *The Political Economy of Art*; (2) the separate issues of the additional lectures; and (3) *A Joy for Ever*.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF ART (1857)

Reports of the Lectures appeared as follow: *Lecture I.* (delivered July 10), in the *Manchester Guardian*, July 13, and the *Manchester Daily Examiner and Times*, July 13; and *Lecture II.* (delivered July 13), in the *Manchester Guardian*, July 14, *Manchester Daily Examiner and Times*, July 14 (which also devoted a leading article to the subject). Passages from these reports, not included in the book, will be found below, pp. 15, 87 *nn*. Both lectures were also reported in the *Manchester Courier* of July 18.

First Edition (1857).—The title-page of the first edition of the lectures in book form is:—

> The | Political Economy | of | Art | Being the substance (with additions) of Two | Lectures | delivered at Manchester, July 10th and 13th, 1857. | By | John Ruskin, M.A., | Author of "Modern Painters," "Elements of Drawing," | "Lectures on Architecture and Painting," | etc., etc. | London: | Smith, Elder & Co., 65, Cornhill. | 1857. | [*The Author reserves the right of Translation.*]

Sixteenmo, pp. viii. + 248. Contents, p. iii.; these were as follow: "Lecture I. 1. Discovery. 2. Application." "Lecture II. 3. Accumulation. 4. Distribution." The particulars about the delivery of the lectures were added in *A Joy for Ever*. Preface (here pp. 9, 10), pp. v.–viii. Text (here pp. 15–169), pp. 1–248. Headlines on the left-hand pages are "Political Economy of Art"; on the right-hand pages, the subject-matter of the lectures ("I. Discovery"; "II. Application"; "III. Accumulation"; "IV. Distribution") or "Addenda." Imprint (at the foot of the last page)—"London: Printed by Smith, Elder & Co., Little Green Arbour Court."

Issued (on December 3, 1857) in canvas boards, of a pale olive green colour. The title-page (in a double-ruled ornamental frame) is reproduced upon the front (with a slight difference in the setting of the author's books), and between the rules at the foot is "Price Half-a-Crown." The back is lettered "The | Political | Economy | of | Art. | By | J. Ruskin, | M.A. | Smith, Elder | & Co." On p. 4 of the cover the book is included in an advertisement of "Smith, Elder & Co.'s New Cheap Series of Original and Standard Works of Information and General Interest."

Second Edition (1867).—This was made up of remainder sheets of the first edition, with a new title-page :—

The | Political Economy | of | Art. | By John Ruskin, M.A. | London : Smith, Elder & Co. | M.DCCC.LXVII.

Issued in grained green cloth, lettered "Art | Ruskin" both across the back, and in the centre of the front cover. Price One Shilling.

Third Edition (1868).—Again made up of remainder sheets; except for the alteration of the date to "M.DCCC.LXVIII," identical with the Second Edition.

Reviews appeared in the *Athenæum*, December 26, 1857; *Daily News*, December 31; *The Art Journal*, 1858, p. 63; *Press*, January 9, 1858; *Economist*, January 16, 1858; *Saturday Review*, January 23; *The Aylesbury News*, January 16; *Literary Gazette*, January 23; *Guardian*, January 27; and other papers.

EDUCATION IN ART (1858)

This paper, read for the author by the Rev. D. Melville at Liverpool, before the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, on October 14, 1858, was reported verbatim in the *Times*, October 15; also verbatim in the *Crayon*, of New York, January 1859. It was reprinted in 1859 in the *Transactions* of the Association for 1858, pp. 311–316. Reprinted verbatim in *A Joy for Ever*.

The paper was the subject of a leading article in the *Times* of October 20, 1858; the *Critic* of October 23; and the *Daily News* of October 18.

REMARKS ADDRESSED TO THE MANSFIELD ART NIGHT CLASS (1873)

This paper was read for the author by the Duke of St. Albans at a prize-giving meeting of the class on October 14, 1873. The proceedings were fully reported in the *Times* of October 15, 1873, Ruskin's paper being printed *in extenso*.

The paper was next printed as a pamphlet, with the following title-page:—

Remarks addressed | to | the Mansfield Art Night Class, October 14th, | By | John Ruskin.

Octavo, pp. 8. No headlines, the pages being numbered centrally. Issued stitched, and without wrappers. Not published, but circulated gratuitously among the members of the class. Reprinted verbatim in *A Joy for Ever*.

SOCIAL POLICY (1875)

This paper was read by the author before the Metaphysical Society on May 11, 1875. It was printed as a pamphlet for private circulation and distributed before the day fixed for the reading of it, being headed (in very

small type) at the top of the first page "To be Read on Tuesday, May 11, 1875. | At the Grosvenor Hotel, at 8.30 P.M. PRIVATE." There is no regular title-page, but the upper half of p. 1 is lettered :—

(Theorem) | Social Policy must be based on the | Scientific Principle of Natural | Selection.

Octavo, pp. 7. Reprinted verbatim in *A Joy for Ever*.

"A JOY FOR EVER" (1880)

First Edition (1880).—The lectures and papers above described were collected by Ruskin as Vol. XI. of his "Works" Series. The general title-page is :—

The | Works of John Ruskin, | Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Honorary Fellow | of Corpus Christi College, Oxford | Volume XI. | "A Joy for Ever" | [*Rose*] | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | 1880.

The particular title-page is as shown here (p. 3). Octavo, pp. ix. + 220. Contents, pp. v.–vi.: these included the particulars of the delivery of the lectures, but omitted the sub-heads "Discovery," etc., which are here added from list of contents in *The Political Economy of Art*. Preface (here pp. 11, 12), pp. vii.–ix. The original Preface to *The Political Economy of Art* was not included in this edition. Lecture i. (of that work), pp. 1–60. Lecture ii., pp. 61–129. Addenda, pp. 131–182. Fly-title to "Supplementary Additional Papers," p. 211. "Education in Art," pp. 185–198. "Mansfield Art Class," pp. 199–208. "Social Policy based on Natural Selection," pp. 209–220. Headlines as in the present edition. Imprint (at foot of the reverse of the title-page)—"Hazell, Watson & Viney, Printers, London and Aylesbury." This edition was not divided into numbered paragraphs, as was the case with all the other volumes in the "Works" Series.

Issued (on June 24, 1880) in purple calf, and lettered across the back "Ruskin | Works. | Vol. | XI. | A Joy | for Ever." Price 18s. Two years afterwards (July 1882), some of the sheets then remaining were put up in mottled-grey boards, with white paper back-label, which reads "Ruskin | Works. | Vol. XI. | A Joy | for Ever." Price 13s.

Second Edition (1887).—This was an edition in smaller shape. The title-page was the same, except for a slight difference in the setting of the author's title, for the date, and for the words at the foot "[*All rights reserved.*]" Crown 8vo, pp. xiv. + 253. "Preface to the Re-issue of 1880," pp. v.–vii. "Preface to the 1857 Edition," pp. ix.–xii. Headlines as in the previous edition. Imprint (at the foot of the reverse of the title-page and at the foot of the last page)—"Printed by Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury." In this edition the paragraphs were numbered, and the preface to *The Political Economy of Art* was included.

Issued (in June 1887) in cloth boards, green or chocolate, lettered across the back "Ruskin. | A Joy | for Ever." 1000 copies printed. Price 5s.

Third Edition (1889).—This was an exact reprint of its predecessor; except for the date on the title-page and the addition of the words "Second Edition" (*i.e.*, second edition in the small form). Issued June 1889. 2000 copies printed.

Fourth (the so-called "Second") Edition (1895).—This was a reprint of the First Edition; again as one of the "Works" Series. The words "*Second Edition*" were added to the particular title-page, and the date was altered to "1895" on both title-pages. The publisher's imprint was now "George Allen, | Orpington and London, | 1895." The Index (see below) was added from the Small Edition, occupying additional pages at the end, pp. 221–239. The imprint at the foot of p. 239 only was "Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co., Edinburgh and London." The paragraphs were in this edition numbered. But the original preface of 1857 was again excluded, though it had appeared in the small editions. The price was reduced in July 1900 to 7s. 6d. net.

Re-issues of the Small Edition were made in 1893, called "Third Edition" (2000 copies); 1897, "Fourth Edition" (1000); 1899, "Fifth Edition" (1000); 1900, called "Thirteenth Thousand" (*i.e.*, presumably of the book from the start, whether called *Political Economy of Art* or *A Joy for Ever*); 1901, "Fourteenth Thousand"; and in 1904 (1000), called erroneously "Sixteenth Thousand." In the re-issue of 1893 an Index (compiled by Mr. Wedderburn) was added, pp. 257–274, and this has been included in all subsequent issues (including the edition of 1895). The re-issues of 1893 and after bore a different imprint—"Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. At the Ballantyne Press." In 1901 the publisher's imprint was changed to "London: | George Allen, 156, Charing Cross Road. | 1901." The issues were distinguished on the title-pages by alterations of date and the number of the Thousands.

Pocket Edition (1904).—This edition is a page to page reprint of those last described (the index being included) except for a new title-page:—

A Joy for Ever | By | John Ruskin | London: George Allen.

The form, etc., of the edition is identical with the Pocket Edition of *The Elements of Drawing* already described (Vol. XV. p. 6). Lettered on the back of the cover—"Ruskin | A Joy | for | Ever | George | Allen." On the reverse of the title-page are the words "March 1904. *All rights reserved.*" The number of copies printed was 3000. The edition was reprinted in June 1904 (2000 copies).

There have been *Unauthorised American editions* of *A Joy for Ever*, in various forms and at various prices from fifty cents upwards.

An *Authorised American* "Brantwood" edition, uniform with the small edition of 1887, was published at New York in 1891, with an Introduction by Charles Eliot Norton (pp. v.–xii.).

Variæ Lectiones.—The principal variations between the various editions have already been described. In the main there were no alterations in the text, and only a few minutiæ remain to be noticed here. In § 57, line 1, "Ambrosio" in former editions has here been altered to "Ambrogio;" in § 62, line 1, the *Political Economy of Art* omitted "III. Accumulation"; in § 74, line 10, "be" is here altered to "have been," in accordance with a correction made by Ruskin in his copy of *A Joy for Ever*; in § 90, line 6, the *Political Economy of Art* reads "can't copy. Whenever," etc.; § 176, line 12, for a correction made in this edition, see p. 162 *n*.

PREFACE

[1857]

THE greater part of the following treatise remains in the exact form in which it was read at Manchester; but the more familiar passages of it, which were trusted to extempore delivery, have been written with greater explicitness and fulness than I could give them in speaking; and a considerable number of notes are added, to explain the points which could not be sufficiently considered in the time I had at my disposal in the lecture room.

Some apology may be thought due to the reader, for an endeavour to engage his attention on a subject of which no profound study seems compatible with the work in which I am usually employed. But profound study is not, in this case, necessary either to writer or readers, while accurate study, up to a certain point, is necessary for us all. Political economy means, in plain English, nothing more than "citizen's economy";[1] and its first principles ought, therefore, to be understood by all who mean to take the responsibility of citizens, as those of household economy by all who take the responsibility of householders. Nor are its first principles in the least obscure: they are, many of them, disagreeable in their practical requirements, and people in general pretend that they cannot understand, because they are unwilling to obey them: or rather, by habitual disobedience, destroy their capacity of understanding them. But there is not one of the really great principles of the science which is either obscure or disputable,—which might

[1] [That kingdoms should be like well-governed households was a constant theme with Ruskin. See, for instance, *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii., Appendix vii. (Vol. XI.) p. 261; and *Unto this Last*, §§ 28, 84.]

not be taught to a youth as soon as he can be trusted with an annual allowance, or to a young lady as soon as she is of age to be taken into counsel by the housekeeper.

I might, with more appearance of justice, be blamed for thinking it necessary to enforce what everybody is supposed to know. But this fault will hardly be found with me, while the commercial events recorded daily in our journals,[1] and still more the explanations attempted to be given of them, show that a large number of our so-called merchants are as ignorant of the nature of money as they are reckless, unjust, and unfortunate in its employment.

The statements of economical principles given in the text, though I know that most, if not all, of them are accepted by existing authorities on the science, are not supported by references, because I have never read any author on political economy,[2] except Adam Smith, twenty years ago. Whenever I have taken up any modern book upon this subject, I have usually found it encumbered with inquiries into accidental or minor commercial results, for the pursuit of which an ordinary reader could have no leisure, and by the complication of which, it seemed to me, the authors themselves had been not unfrequently prevented from seeing to the root of the business.

Finally, if the reader should feel induced to blame me for too sanguine a statement of future possibilities in political practice, let him consider how absurd it would have appeared in the days of Edward I. if the present state of social economy had been then predicted as necessary, or even described as possible. And I believe the advance from the days of Edward I. to our own, great as it is confessedly, consists, not so much in what we have actually accomplished, as in what we are now enabled to conceive.[3]

[1] [Ruskin at this time, and for many years later, was in the habit of keeping cuttings from the newspapers bearing on things likely to be useful to him, for information or remonstrance. In later life he read the papers little, but was "told the news" or things likely to interest him.]

[2] [See above, Introduction, p. xxiv. He had, however, "opened Mill": see below, § 145 *n.*, p. 131 *n.*; and *Two Paths*, § 189 *n.*, p. 406 *n.*]

[3] [Here again compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. pp. 197, 260.]

PREFACE

[TO THE RE-ISSUE OF 1880]

THE title of this book,—or, more accurately, of its subject;—for no author was ever less likely than I have lately become, to hope for perennial pleasure to his readers from what has cost himself the most pains,—will be, perhaps, recognised by some as the last clause of the line chosen from Keats[1] by the good folks of Manchester, to be written in letters of gold on the cornice, or Holy rood, of the great Exhibition which inaugurated the career of so many,—since organized, by both foreign governments and our own, to encourage the production of works of art, which the producing nations, so far from intending to be their "joy for ever," only hope to sell as soon as possible. Yet the motto was chosen with uncomprehended felicity: for there never was, nor can be, any essential beauty possessed by a work of art, which is not based on the conception of its honoured permanence, and local influence, as a part of appointed and precious furniture, either in the cathedral, the house, or the joyful thoroughfare, of nations which enter their gates with thanksgiving, and their courts with praise.[2]

"Their" courts—or "His" courts;—in the mind of such races, the expressions are synonymous: and the habits of life which recognise the delightfulness, confess also the sacredness, of homes nested round the seat of a worship

[1] [For other references to the first line of *Endymion*—"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever"—see *Aratra Pentelici*, § 17, and *Art of England*, § 82. And for references to the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition, see Vol. XIII. pp. 343, 592; *Elements of Drawing*, § 253 (Vol. XV. p. 217); *Modern Painters*, vol. v., preface, § 1; and below, §§ 5, 69; *Two Paths*, § 68; and Appendix, *On the Old Road*, ii. 148.]

[2] [Psalms c. 4.]

unshaken by insolent theory: themselves founded on an abiding affection for the past, and care for the future; and approached by paths open only to the activities of honesty, and traversed only by the footsteps of peace.

The exposition of these truths, to which I have given the chief energy of my life, will be found in the following pages first undertaken systematically and in logical sequence; and what I have since written on the political influence of the Arts has been little more than the expansion of these first lectures, in the reprint of which not a sentence is omitted or changed.

The supplementary papers added contain, in briefest form, the aphorisms respecting principles of art-teaching of which the attention I gave to this subject during the continuance of my Professorship at Oxford confirms me in the earnest and contented re-assertion.

JOHN RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD,
April 29th, 1880.

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"A JOY FOR EVER"

LECTURE I

THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF ART

A Lecture delivered at Manchester, July 10, 1857[1]

1. AMONG the various characteristics of the age in which we live, as compared with other ages of this not yet *very* experienced world, one of the most notable appears to me to be the just and wholesome contempt in which we hold poverty. I repeat, the *just* and *wholesome* contempt; though I see that some of my hearers look surprised at the expression. I assure them, I use it in sincerity; and I should not have ventured to ask you to listen to me this evening, unless I had entertained a profound respect for

[1] [The report in the Manchester papers gives the following preliminary words:—
"Mr. Ruskin commenced by remarking that he was not sure if we were quite correct in the meaning we attached to the word lecture; but, perhaps, the meaning we attached to it differed a little from our practice. A lecture, he supposed, meant a talk, an explanation of something verbally which could not be sufficiently explained in writing, or at all events agreeably. He was sorry to see that the habit of lecturing easily, and as a matter almost of conversation, was gradually getting less in our great towns. Still, on this occasion, he was going rather to trespass upon their patience by reading, for he thought the subject was one on which he ought not to risk himself the utterance of a single careless word. He only asked them to forgive him the apparent impertinence of reading his lecture to them, as if he could give them any information on the subject. He had not originally intended to give this lecture at Manchester. He had prepared it, for it was a subject he had long thought upon, and it was only when he received the communication from their hon. secretary, saying he wished to have some lecture from him, that he thought they would forgive him the apparent impertinence of reading the lecture to them."]

wealth—true wealth, that is to say; for, of course, we ought to respect neither wealth nor anything else that is false of its kind: and the distinction between real and false wealth is one of the points on which I shall have a few words presently to say to you. But true wealth I hold, as I said, in great honour; and sympathize, for the most part, with that extraordinary feeling of the present age which publicly pays this honour to riches.

2. I cannot, however, help noticing how extraordinary it is, and how this epoch of ours differs from all bygone epochs in having no philosophical nor religious worshippers of the ragged godship of poverty. In the classical ages, not only were there people who voluntarily lived in tubs, and who used gravely to maintain the superiority of tub-life to town-life, but the Greeks and Latins seem to have looked on these eccentric, and I do not scruple to say, absurd people, with as much respect as we do upon large capitalists and landed proprietors; so that really, in those days, no one could be described as purse proud, but only as empty-purse proud. And no less distinct than the honour which those curious Greek people pay to their conceited poor, is the disrespectful manner in which they speak of the rich; so that one cannot listen long either to them, or to the Roman writers who imitated them, without finding oneself entangled in all sorts of plausible absurdities; hard upon being convinced of the uselessness of collecting that heavy yellow substance which we call gold, and led generally to doubt all the most established maxims of political economy.

3. Nor are matters much better in the Middle Ages. For the Greeks and Romans contented themselves with mocking at rich people, and constructing merry dialogues between Charon and Diogenes or Menippus, in which the ferryman and the cynic rejoiced together as they saw kings and rich men coming down to the shore of Acheron, in lamenting and lamentable crowds, casting their crowns into the dark waters, and searching, sometimes in vain, for the

last coin out of all their treasures that could ever be of use to them.[1]

4. But these Pagan views of the matter were indulgent, compared with those which were held in the Middle Ages, when wealth seems to have been looked upon by the best men not only as contemptible, but as criminal. The purse round the neck is, then, one of the principal signs of condemnation in the pictured Inferno;[2] and the Spirit of Poverty is reverenced with subjection of heart, and faithfulness of affection, like that of a loyal knight for his lady, or a loyal subject for his queen. And truly, it requires some boldness to quit ourselves of these feelings, and to confess their partiality or their error, which, nevertheless, we are certainly bound to do. For wealth is simply one of the greatest powers which can be entrusted to human hands: a power, not indeed to be envied, because it seldom makes us happy; but still less to be abdicated or despised; while, in these days, and in this country, it has become a power all the more notable, in that the possessions of a rich man are not represented, as they used to be, by wedges of gold or coffers of jewels, but by masses of men variously employed, over whose bodies and minds the wealth, according to its direction, exercises harmful or helpful influence, and becomes, in that alternative, Mammon either of Unrighteousness or of Righteousness.

5. Now, it seemed to me that since, in the name you have given to this great gathering of British pictures,[3] you recognize them as Treasures—that is, I suppose, as part and parcel of the real wealth of the country—you might not be uninterested in tracing certain commercial questions connected with this particular form of wealth. Most persons express themselves as surprised at its quantity; not having

[1] [For Charon's fee, see Vol. XV. p. 377. The general reference is to Lucian's *Dialogues of the Dead*, his *Ferry-man*, and *Menippus*. From the *Ferry-man* Ruskin quotes in his lecture on *The Tortoise of Ægina*.]

[2] [See *Inferno*, xvii. 52–57, where Dante sees usurers punished, each having about his neck a money-bag.]

[3] [See above, Introduction, p. xxxiv., and p. 9.]

known before to what an extent good art had been accumulated in England: and it will, therefore, I should think, be held a worthy subject of consideration, what are the political interests involved in such accumulations, what kind of labour they represent, and how this labour may in general be applied and economized, so as to produce the richest results.

6. Now, you must have patience with me, if in approaching the specialty of this subject, I dwell a little on certain points of general political science already known or established: for though thus, as I believe, established, some which I shall have occasion to rest arguments on are not yet by any means universally accepted; and therefore, though I will not lose time in any detailed defence of them, it is necessary that I should distinctly tell you in what form I receive, and wish to argue from them; and this the more, because there may perhaps be a part of my audience who have not interested themselves in political economy, as it bears on ordinary fields of labour, but may yet wish to hear in what way its principles can be applied to Art. I shall, therefore, take leave to trespass on your patience with a few elementary statements in the outset, and with the expression of some general principles, here and there, in the course of our particular inquiry.

7. To begin, then, with one of these necessary truisms: all economy, whether of states, households, or individuals, may be defined to be the art of managing labour. The world is so regulated by the laws of Providence, that a man's labour, well applied, is always amply sufficient to provide him during his life with all things needful to him, and not only with those, but with many pleasant objects of luxury; and yet farther, to procure him large intervals of healthful rest and serviceable leisure. And a nation's labour, well applied, is, in like manner, amply sufficient to provide its whole population with good food and comfortable habitation; and not with those only, but with good education besides, and objects of luxury, art treasures, such as these

you have around you now. But by those same laws of Nature and Providence, if the labour of the nation or of the individual be misapplied, and much more if it be insufficient,—if the nation or man be indolent and unwise,—suffering and want result, exactly in proportion to the indolence and improvidence—to the refusal of labour, or to the misapplication of it. Wherever you see want, or misery, or degradation, in this world about you, there, be sure, either industry has been wanting, or industry has been in error. It is not accident, it is not Heaven-commanded calamity, it is not the original and inevitable evil of man's nature, which fill your streets with lamentation, and your graves with prey. It is only that, when there should have been providence, there has been waste; when there should have been labour, there has been lasciviousness; and wilfulness, when there should have been subordination.*

8. Now, we have warped the word "economy" in our English language into a meaning which it has no business whatever to bear. In our use of it, it constantly signifies merely sparing or saving; economy of money means saving money—economy of time, sparing time, and so on. But that is a wholly barbarous use of the word—barbarous in a double sense, for it is not English, and it is bad Greek; barbarous in a treble sense, for it is not English, it is bad Greek, and it is worse sense. Economy no more means saving money than it means spending money. It means, the administration of a house; its stewardship; spending or saving, that is, whether money or time, or anything else, to the best possible advantage. In the simplest and clearest definition of it, economy, whether public or private, means the wise management of labour; and it means this mainly in three senses: namely, first, *applying* your labour rationally; secondly, *preserving* its produce carefully; lastly, *distributing* its produce seasonably.

9. I say first, applying your labour rationally; that is,

* Proverbs xiii. 23: "Much food is in the tillage of the poor, but there is that is destroyed for want of judgment."

so as to obtain the most precious things you can, and the most lasting things, by it: not growing oats in land where you can grow wheat, nor putting fine embroidery on a stuff that will not wear. Secondly, preserving its produce carefully; that is to say, laying up your wheat wisely in storehouses for the time of famine, and keeping your embroidery watchfully from the moth: and lastly, distributing its produce seasonably; that is to say, being able to carry your corn at once to the place where the people are hungry, and your embroideries to the places where they are gay; so fulfilling in all ways the Wise Man's description, whether of the queenly housewife or queenly nation: "She riseth while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple. Strength and honour are in her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come."[1]

10. Now, you will observe that in this description of the perfect economist, or mistress of a household, there is a studied expression of the balanced division of her care between the two great objects of utility and splendour: in her right hand, food and flax, for life and clothing; in her left hand, the purple and the needlework, for honour and for beauty. All perfect housewifery or national economy is known by these two divisions; wherever either is wanting, the economy is imperfect. If the motive of pomp prevails, and the care of the national economist is directed only to the accumulation of gold, and of pictures, and of silk and marble, you know at once that the time must soon come when all these treasures shall be scattered and blasted in national ruin. If, on the contrary, the element of utility prevails, and the nation disdains to occupy itself in any wise with the arts of beauty or delight, not only a certain quantity of its energy calculated for exercise in those arts

[1] [Proverbs xxxi. 15, 22, 25. For other references to the chapter, see *Sesame and Lilies*, preface (1871), § 11; § 130; *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. p. 70); and below, pp. 55, 56. See also below, p. 48.]

alone must be entirely wasted, which is bad economy, but also the passions connected with the utilities of property become morbidly strong, and a mean lust of accumulation merely for the sake of accumulation, or even of labour merely for the sake of labour, will banish at last the serenity and the morality of life, as completely, and perhaps more ignobly, than even the lavishness of pride, and the likeness of pleasure. And similarly, and much more visibly, in private and household economy, you may judge always of its perfectness by its fair balance between the use and the pleasure of its possessions. You will see the wise cottager's garden trimly divided between its well-set vegetables, and its fragrant flowers; you will see the good housewife taking pride in her pretty table-cloth, and her glittering shelves, no less than in her well-dressed dish, and her full storeroom; the care in her countenance will alternate with gaiety, and though you will reverence her in her seriousness, you will know her best by her smile.

11. Now, as you will have anticipated, I am going to address you, on this and our succeeding evening, chiefly on the subject of that economy which relates rather to the garden than the farm-yard. I shall ask you to consider with me the kind of laws by which we shall best distribute the beds of our national garden, and raise in it the sweetest succession of trees pleasant to the sight, and (in no forbidden sense) to be desired to make us wise.[1] But, before proceeding to open this specialty of our subject, let me pause for a few moments to plead with you for the acceptance of that principle of government or authority which must be at the root of all economy, whether for use or for pleasure. I said, a few minutes ago, that a nation's labour, well applied, was amply sufficient to provide its whole population with good food, comfortable clothing, and pleasant luxury. But the good, instant, and constant application is everything. We must not, when our strong hands are thrown out of work, look wildly about for want of something to do with

[1] [Genesis iii. 6.]

them. If ever we feel that want, it is a sign that all our household is out of order. Fancy a farmer's wife, to whom one or two of her servants should come at twelve o'clock at noon, crying that they had got nothing to do; that they did not know what to do next: and fancy still farther, the said farmer's wife looking hopelessly about her rooms and yard, they being all the while considerably in disorder, not knowing where to set the spare handmaidens to work, and at last complaining bitterly that she had been obliged to give them their dinner for nothing. That's the type of the kind of political economy we practise too often in England. Would you not at once assert of such a mistress that she knew nothing of her duties? and would you not be certain, if the household were rightly managed, the mistress would be only too glad at any moment to have the help of any number of spare hands; that she would know in an instant what to set them to;—in an instant what part of to-morrow's work might be most serviceably forwarded, what part of next month's work most wisely provided for, or what new task of some profitable kind undertaken; and when the evening came, and she dismissed her servants to their recreation or their rest, or gathered them to the reading round the work-table, under the eaves in the sunset, would you not be sure to find that none of them had been overtasked by her, just because none had been left idle; that everything had been accomplished because all had been employed; that the kindness of the mistress had aided her presence of mind, and the slight labour had been entrusted to the weak, and the formidable to the strong; and that as none had been dishonoured by inactivity, so none had been broken by toil?

12. Now, the precise counterpart of such a household would be seen in a nation in which political economy was rightly understood. You complain of the difficulty of finding work for your men. Depend upon it, the real difficulty rather is to find men for your work. The serious question for you is not how many you have to feed, but how much

you have to do; it is our inactivity, not our hunger, that ruins us: let us never fear that our servants should have a good appetite—our wealth is in their strength, not in their starvation. Look around this island of yours, and see what you have to do in it. The sea roars against your harbourless cliffs—you have to build the breakwater, and dig the port of refuge; the unclean pestilence ravins in your streets—you have to bring the full stream from the hills, and to send the free winds through the thoroughfare; the famine blanches your lips and eats away your flesh—you have to dig the moor and dry the marsh, to bid the morass give forth instead of engulfing, and to wring the honey and oil out of the rock. These things, and thousands such, we have to do, and shall have to do constantly, on this great farm of ours; for do not suppose that it is anything else than that. Precisely the same laws of economy which apply to the cultivation of a farm or an estate, apply to the cultivation of a province or of an island. Whatever rebuke you would address to the improvident master of an ill-managed patrimony, precisely that rebuke we should address to ourselves, so far as we leave our population in idleness and our country in disorder. What would you say to the lord of an estate who complained to you of his poverty and disabilities, and when you pointed out to him that his land was half of it overrun with weeds, and that his fences were all in ruin, and that his cattle-sheds were roofless, and his labourers lying under the hedges faint for want of food, he answered to you that it would ruin him to weed his land or to roof his sheds—that those were too costly operations for him to undertake, and that he knew not how to feed his labourers nor pay them? Would you not instantly answer, that instead of ruining him to weed his fields, it would save him; that his inactivity was his destruction, and that to set his labourers to work was to feed them? Now, you may add acre to acre, and estate to estate, as far as you like, but you will never reach a compass of ground which shall escape from the authority

of these simple laws. The principles which are right in the administration of a few fields, are right also in the administration of a great country from horizon to horizon: idleness does not cease to be ruinous because it is extensive, nor labour to be productive because it is universal.

18. Nay, but you reply, there is one vast difference between the nation's economy and the private man's: the farmer has full authority over his labourers; he can direct them to do what is needed to be done, whether they like it or not; and he can turn them away if they refuse to work, or impede others in their working, or are disobedient, or quarrelsome. There *is* this great difference; it is precisely this difference on which I wish to fix your attention, for it is precisely this difference which you have to do away with. We know the necessity of authority in farm, or in fleet, or in army; but we commonly refuse to admit it in the body of the nation. Let us consider this point a little.

14. In the various awkward and unfortunate efforts which the French have made at the development of a social system, they have at least stated one true principle, that of fraternity or brotherhood. Do not be alarmed; they got all wrong in their experiments, because they quite forgot that this fact of fraternity implied another fact quite as important—that of paternity, or fatherhood.[1] That is to say, if they were to regard the nation as one family, the condition of unity in that family consisted no less in their having a head, or a father, than in their being faithful and affectionate members, or brothers. But we must not forget this, for we have long confessed it with our lips, though we refuse to confess it in our lives. For half an hour every Sunday we expect a man in a black gown, supposed to be telling us truth, to address us as brethren, though we should be shocked at the notion of any brotherhood existing among us out of church. And we can hardly read a few sentences on any political subject without running

[1] [On this subject, compare *Time and Tide*, § 177.]

a chance of crossing the phrase "paternal government,"[1] though we should be utterly horror-struck at the idea of governments claiming anything like a father's authority over us. Now, I believe those two formal phrases are in both instances perfectly binding and accurate, and that the image of the farm and its servants which I have hitherto used, as expressing a wholesome national organization, fails only of doing so, not because it is too domestic, but because it is not domestic enough; because the real type of a well-organized nation must be presented, not by a farm cultivated by servants who wrought for hire, and might be turned away if they refused to labour, but by a farm in which the master was a father, and in which all the servants were sons; which implied, therefore, in all its regulations, not merely the order of expediency, but the bonds of affection and responsibilities of relationship; and in which all acts and services were not only to be sweetened by brotherly concord, but to be enforced by fatherly authority.*

15. Observe, I do not mean in the least that we ought to place such an authority in the hands of any one person, or of any class or body of persons. But I do mean to say that as an individual who conducts himself wisely must make laws for himself which at some time or other may appear irksome or injurious, but which, precisely at the time they appear most irksome, it is most necessary he should obey, so a nation which means to conduct itself wisely, must establish authority over itself, vested either in kings, councils, or laws, which it must resolve to obey, even at times when the law or authority appears irksome to the body of the people, or injurious to certain masses of it. And this kind of national law has hitherto been only judicial; contented, that is, with an endeavour to

* See note 1st, in Addenda [p. 105].

[1] [See, for instance, Macaulay's Essay on Gladstone's *Church and State:* "Mr. Gladstone conceives that the duties of governments are paternal; a doctrine which we shall not believe till he can show us some government which loves its subjects as a father loves a child."]

prevent and punish violence and crime: but, as we advance in our social knowledge, we shall endeavour to make our government paternal as well as judicial; that is, to establish such laws and authorities as may at once direct us in our occupations, protect us against our follies, and visit us in our distresses: a government which shall repress dishonesty, as now it punishes theft; which shall show how the discipline of the masses may be brought to aid the toils of peace, as discipline of the masses has hitherto knit the sinews of battle; a government which shall have its soldiers of the ploughshare as well as its soldiers of the sword,[1] and which shall distribute more proudly its golden crosses of industry—golden as the glow of the harvest, than now it grants its bronze crosses of honour—bronzed with the crimson of blood.

16. I have not, of course, time to insist on the nature or details of government of this kind; only I wish to plead for your several and future consideration of this one truth, that the notion of Discipline and Interference lies at the very root of all human progress or power; that the "Let-alone" principle is, in all things which man has to do with, the principle of death;[2] that it is ruin to him, certain and total, if he lets his land alone—if he lets his fellow-men alone—if he lets his own soul alone. That his whole life, on the contrary, must, if it is healthy life, be continually one of ploughing and pruning, rebuking and helping, governing and punishing; and that therefore it is only in the concession of some great principle of restraint and interference in national action that he can ever hope to find the secret of protection against national degradation. I believe that the masses have a right to claim education from their government; but only so far as they acknowledge the duty

[1] [See *Unto this Last*, § 54, where Ruskin says that in this single phrase his "principles of Political Economy were all involved." So also in *Aratra Pentelici*, § 1, he quotes it as "the watchword of all my earnest writings." See further *Time and Tide*, § 179, and *Lectures on Art*, § 29.]

[2] [On the "let-alone" principle, compare *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 71), and *Munera Pulveris*, § 158 and appendix i.]

of yielding obedience to their government. I believe they have a right to claim employment from their governors; but only so far as they yield to the governor the direction and discipline of their labour; and it is only so far as they grant to the men whom they may set over them the father's authority to check the childishnesses of national fancy, and direct the waywardnesses of national energy, that they have a right to ask that none of their distresses should be unrelieved, none of their weaknesses unwatched; and that no grief, nor nakedness, nor peril, should exist for them, against which the father's hand was not outstretched, or the father's shield uplifted.*

17. Now, I have pressed this upon you at more length than is needful or proportioned to our present purposes of inquiry, because I would not for the first time speak to you on this subject of political economy without clearly stating what I believe to be its first grand principle. But its bearing on the matter in hand is chiefly to prevent you from at once too violently dissenting from me when what I may state to you as advisable economy in art appears to imply too much restraint or interference with the freedom of the patron or artist. We are a little apt, though on the whole a prudent nation, to act too immediately on our

* Compare Wordsworth's Essay on the Poor Law Amendment Bill.[1] I quote one important passage: "But, if it be not safe to touch the abstract question of man's right in a social state to help himself even in the last extremity, may we not still contend for the duty of a Christian government, standing *in loco parentis* towards all its subjects, to make such effectual provision that no one shall be in danger of perishing either through the neglect or harshness of its legislation? Or, waiving this, is it not indisputable that the claim of the State to the allegiance involves the protection of the subject? And, as all rights in one party impose a correlative duty upon another, it follows that the right of the State to require the services of its members, even to the jeoparding of their lives in the common defence, establishes a right in the people (not to be gainsaid by utilitarians and economists) to public support when, from any cause, they may be unable to support themselves."—(See note 2nd, in Addenda [p. 110].)

[1] [This is the "Postscript" first published as an appendix to *Yarrow Revisited and other Poems* in 1835, and now included in most "complete editions" of his Poetical Works. In it Wordsworth discussed legislation for the Poor, the Working Classes, and the Clergy.]

impulses, even in matters merely commercial; much more in those involving continual appeals to our fancies. How far, therefore, the proposed systems or restraints may be advisable, it is for you to judge; only I pray you not to be offended with them merely because they *are* systems and restraints.

18. Do you at all recollect that interesting passage of Carlyle,[1] in which he compares, in this country and at this day, the understood and commercial value of man and horse; and in which he wonders that the horse, with its inferior brains and its awkward hoofiness, instead of handiness, should be always worth so many tens or scores of pounds in the market, while the man, so far from always commanding his price in the market, would often be thought to confer a service on the community by simply killing himself out of their way? Well, Carlyle does not answer his own question, because he supposes we shall at once see the answer. The value of the horse consists simply in the fact of your being able to put a bridle on him. The value of the man consists precisely in the same thing. If you can bridle him, or, which is better, if he can bridle himself, he will be a valuable creature directly. Otherwise, in a commercial point of view, his value is either nothing, or accidental only. Only, of course, the proper bridle of man is not a leathern one: what kind of texture it is rightly made of, we find from that command, "Be ye not as the horse or as the mule which have no understanding, whose mouths must be held in with bit and bridle." You are not to be without the reins, indeed; but they are to be of another kind: "I will guide thee with mine Eye."[2] So the bridle of man is to be the Eye of God; and if he rejects that guidance, then the next best for him is the horse's

[1] [This seems to be a recollection of one or two passages in Carlyle. For the "hoofiness" instead of "handiness" of the horse, see *Past and Present*, book iii. ch. v. For the contrast between the "four-footed worker" always sure of food and shelter, and the two-footed worker pleading to be put on a level with the former, see *Chartism*, ch. iv.]

[2] [See Psalms xxxii. 8, 9.]

and the mule's, which have no understanding; and if he rejects that, and takes the bit fairly in his teeth, then there is nothing left for him than the blood that comes out of the city, up to the horse-bridles.

19. Quitting, however, at last these general and serious laws of government—or rather bringing them down to our own business in hand—we have to consider three points of discipline in that particular branch of human labour which is concerned, not with procuring of food, but the expression of emotion; we have to consider respecting art: first, how to apply our labour to it; then, how to accumulate or preserve the results of labour; and then, how to distribute them. But since in art the labour which we have to employ is the labour of a particular class of men—men who have special genius for the business—we have not only to consider how to apply the labour, but, first of all, how to produce the labourer; and thus the question in this particular case becomes fourfold: first, how to get your man of genius; then, how to employ your man of genius; then, how to accumulate and preserve his work in the greatest quantity; and, lastly, how to distribute his work to the best national advantage. Let us take up these questions in succession.

20. I. DISCOVERY. — How are we to get our men of genius: that is to say, by what means may we produce among us, at any given time, the greatest quantity of effective art-intellect? A wide question, you say, involving an account of all the best means of art education. Yes, but I do not mean to go into the consideration of those; I want only to state the few principles which lie at the foundation of the matter. Of these, the first is that you have always to find your artist, not to make him;[1] you can't manufacture him, any more than you can manufacture gold. You can find him, and refine him: you dig him out as he lies nugget-fashion in the mountain-stream; you bring him

[1] [Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 68).]

home; and you make him into current coin, or household plate, but not one grain of him can you originally produce. A certain quantity of art-intellect is born annually in every nation, greater or less according to the nature and cultivation of the nation, or race of men; but a perfectly fixed quantity annually, not increasable by one grain. You may lose it, or you may gather it; you may let it lie loose in the ravine, and buried in the sands, or you may make kings' thrones of it, and overlay temple gates with it, as you choose: but the best you can do with it is always merely sifting, melting, hammering, purifying—never creating.

21. And there is another thing notable about this artistical gold; not only is it limited in quantity, but in use. You need not make thrones or golden gates with it unless you like, but assuredly you can't do anything else with it. You can't make knives of it, nor armour, nor railroads. The gold won't cut you, and it won't carry you: put it to a mechanical use, and you destroy it at once. It is quite true that, in the greatest artists, their proper artistical faculty is united with every other; and you may make use of the other faculties, and let the artistical one lie dormant. For aught I know, there may be two or three Leonardo da Vincis employed at this moment in your harbours and railroads:[1] but you are not employing their Leonardesque or golden faculty there,—you are only oppressing and destroying it. And the artistical gift in average men is not joined with others: your born painter, if you don't make a painter of him, won't be a first-rate merchant, or lawyer; at all events, whatever he turns out, his own special gift is unemployed by you; and in no wise helps him in that other business. So here you have a certain quantity of a particular sort of intelligence, produced for you annually by providential laws, which you can only make use of by setting it to its own proper work, and

[1] [For references to Leonardo's work as an engineer, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Vol. XI. pp. 70–71); *Queen of the Air*, § 157; and *Verona and its Rivers*, § 31.]

which any attempt to use otherwise involves the dead loss of so much human energy.

22. Well then, supposing we wish to employ it, how is it to be best discovered and refined? It is easily enough discovered. To wish to employ it is to discover it. All that you need is, a school of trial * in every important town, in which those idle farmers' lads whom their masters never can keep out of mischief, and those stupid tailors' 'prentices who are always stitching the sleeves in wrong way upwards, may have a try at this other trade; only this school of trial must not be entirely regulated by formal laws of art education, but must ultimately be the workshop of a good master painter, who will try the lads with one kind of art and another, till he finds out what they are fit for.

23. Next, after your trial school, you want your easy and secure employment, which is the matter of chief importance. For, even on the present system, the boys who have really intense art capacity, generally make painters of themselves; but then, the best half of their early energy is lost in the battle of life. Before a good painter can get employment, his mind has always been embittered, and his genius distorted. A common mind usually stoops, in plastic chill, to whatever is asked of it, and scrapes or daubs its way complacently into public favour.† But your great men quarrel with you, and you revenge yourselves by starving them for the first half of their lives. Precisely in the degree in which any painter possesses original genius, is at present the increase of moral certainty that during his early years he will have a hard battle to fight; and that just at the time when his conceptions ought to be full and happy, his temper gentle, and his hopes enthusiastic—just at that most critical period, his heart is full of anxieties and household cares; he is chilled by disappointments, and vexed by injustice; he becomes obstinate in his errors, no less than

* See note 3rd, in Addenda [p. 115].[1]
† See note 4th, in Addenda [p. 122].

[1] [See also *Cambridge Address*, § 3, below, p. 179.]

in his virtues, and the arrows of his aims are blunted, as the reeds of his trust[1] are broken.[2]

24. What we mainly want, therefore, is a means of sufficient and unagitated employment: not holding out great prizes for which young painters are to scramble; but furnishing all with adequate support, and opportunity to display such power as they possess without rejection or mortification. I need not say that the best field of labour of this kind would be presented by the constant progress of public works involving various decoration; and we will presently examine what kind of public works may thus, advantageously for the nation, be in constant progress. But a more important matter even than this of steady employment, is the kind of criticism with which you, the public, receive the works of the young men submitted to you. You may do much harm by indiscreet praise and by indiscreet blame; but remember the chief harm is always done by blame. It stands to reason that a young man's work cannot be perfect. It *must* be more or less ignorant; it must be more or less feeble; it is likely that it may be more or less experimental, and if experimental, here and there mistaken. If, therefore, you allow yourself to launch out into sudden barking at the first faults you see, the probability is that you are abusing the youth for some defect naturally and inevitably belonging to that stage of his progress; and that you might just as rationally find fault with a child for not being as prudent as a privy councillor, or with a kitten for not being as grave as a cat.[3]

25. But there is one fault which you may be quite sure is unnecessary, and therefore a real and blamable fault: that

[1] [See 2 Kings xviii. 21; Isaiah xxxvi. 6.]

[2] [Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. xii. § 10.]

[3] [The principle of criticism here laid down was often enforced by Ruskin; see, for instance, the letter on criticisms of Turner in Vol. III. at p. 644. On the need for "quick sympathy" in criticism, see Vol. V. p. 43; and for praise in education, *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 144. On the distinction between "qualified" and "faint" praise, see *Art of England*, § 192. Ruskin in several places claims that in this matter he always practised what he preached; see, for example, Vol. XV. p. 225 *n.*, and below, *Two Paths*, Appendix i., p. 415.]

is haste, involving negligence. Whenever you see that a young man's work is either bold or slovenly, then you may attack it firmly; sure of being right. If his work is bold, it is insolent; repress his insolence: if it is slovenly, it is indolent; spur his indolence. So long as he works in that dashing or impetuous way, the best hope for him is in your contempt: and it is only by the fact of his seeming not to seek your approbation that you may conjecture he deserves it.

26. But if he does deserve it, be sure that you give it him, else you not only run a chance of driving him from the right road by want of encouragement, but you deprive yourselves of the happiest privilege you will ever have of rewarding his labour. For it is only the young who can receive much reward from men's praise: the old, when they are great, get too far beyond and above you to care what you think of them. You may urge them then with sympathy, and surround them then with acclamation; but they will doubt your pleasure, and despise your praise. You might have cheered them in their race through the asphodel meadows of their youth;[1] you might have brought the proud, bright scarlet into their faces, if you had but cried once to them "Well done," as they dashed up to the first goal of their early ambition. But now, their pleasure is in memory, and their ambition is in heaven. They can be kind to you, but you nevermore can be kind to them. You may be fed with the fruit and fulness of their old age, but you were as the nipping blight to them in their blossoming, and your praise is only as the warm winds of autumn to the dying branches.

27. There is one thought still, the saddest of all, bearing

[1] [Ruskin's use of "asphodel" in this passage is explained by *Queen of the Air*, § 38, where he speaks of it as "the great sign, to the Greeks, of the coming of spring in the pastures": see again *ibid.*, §§ 43, 81–83. For the common use of it, as by the poets who make it an immortal flower, covering the Elysian fields, see also *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 6. It may be that Ruskin here meant to imply that the asphodel flowers of honour should be enjoyed during youth, and not only after death. On the importance of encouragement, see *Lectures on Art*, § 11.]

on this withholding of early help. It is possible, in some noble natures, that the warmth and the affections of childhood may remain unchilled, though unanswered; and that the old man's heart may still be capable of gladness, when the long-withheld sympathy is given at last. But in these noble natures it nearly always happens that the chief motive of earthly ambition has not been to give delight to themselves, but to their parents. Every noble youth looks back, as to the chiefest joy which this world's honour ever gave him, to the moment when first he saw his father's eyes flash with pride, and his mother turn away her head, lest he should take her tears for tears of sorrow. Even the lover's joy, when some worthiness of his is acknowledged before his mistress, is not so great as that, for it is not so pure—the desire to exalt himself in her eyes mixes with that of giving her delight; but he does not need to exalt himself in his parents' eyes: it is with the pure hope of giving them pleasure that he comes to tell them what he has done, or what has been said of him; and therefore he has a purer pleasure of his own. And this purest and best of rewards you keep from him if you can: you feed him in his tender youth with ashes and dishonour; and then you come to him, obsequious, but too late, with your sharp laurel crown, the dew all dried from off its leaves; and you thrust it into his languid hand, and he looks at you wistfully. What shall he do with it? What can he do, but go and lay it on his mother's grave?

28. Thus, then, you see that you have to provide for your young men: first, the searching or discovering school; then the calm employment; then the justice of praise: one thing more you have to do for them in preparing them for full service — namely, to make, in the noble sense of the word, gentlemen of them; that is to say, to take care that their minds receive such training, that in all they paint they shall see and feel the noblest things. I am sorry to say that, of all parts of an artist's education, this is the most neglected among us; and that even where the

natural taste and feeling of the youth have been pure and true, where there was the right stuff in him to make a gentleman of, you may too frequently discern some jarring rents in his mind, and elements of degradation in his treatment of subject, owing to want of gentle training, and of the liberal influence of literature.[1] This is quite visible in our greatest artists, even in men like Turner and Gainsborough; while in the common grade of our second-rate painters the evil attains a pitch which is far too sadly manifest to need my dwelling upon it. Now, no branch of art economy is more important than that of making the intellect at your disposal pure as well as powerful; so that it may always gather for you the sweetest and fairest things. The same quantity of labour from the same man's hand, will, according as you have trained him, produce a lovely and useful work, or a base and hurtful one; and depend upon it, whatever value it may possess, by reason of the painter's skill, its chief and final value, to any nation, depends upon its being able to exalt and refine, as well as to please; and that the picture which most truly deserves the name of an art-treasure is that which has been painted by a good man.[2]

29. You cannot but see how far this would lead, if I were to enlarge upon it. I must take it up as a separate subject some other time: only noticing at present that no money could be better spent by a nation than in providing a liberal and disciplined education for its painters, as they advance into the critical period of their youth; and that, also, a large part of their power during life depends upon the kind of subjects which you, the public, ask them for, and therefore the kind of thoughts with which you require them to be habitually familiar. I shall have more to say on this head when we come to consider what employment they should have in public buildings.[3]

[1] [On the effects of want of liberal education in the artist, compare *Queen of the Air*, § 147.]

[2] [See further on this subject below, p. 310 (*Two Paths*, § 66).]

[3] [See below, p. 89.]

30. There are many other points of nearly as much importance as these, to be explained with reference to the development of genius; but I should have to ask you to come and hear six lectures instead of two if I were to go into their detail. For instance, I have not spoken of the way in which you ought to look for those artificers in various manual trades, who, without possessing the order of genius which you would desire to devote to higher purposes, yet possess wit, and humour, and sense of colour, and fancy for form—all commercially valuable as quantities of intellect, and all more or less expressible in the lower arts of iron-work, pottery, decorative sculpture, and such like. But these details, interesting as they are, I must commend to your own consideration, or leave for some future inquiry.[1] I want just now only to set the bearings of the entire subject broadly before you, with enough of detailed illustration to make it intelligible; and therefore I must quit the first head of it here, and pass to the second—namely, how best to employ the genius we discover. A certain quantity of able hands and heads being placed at our disposal, what shall we most advisably set them upon?

31. II. APPLICATION.—There are three main points the economist has to attend to in this.

First, To set his men to various work.

Secondly, To easy work.

Thirdly, To lasting work.

I shall briefly touch on the first two, for I want to arrest your attention on the last.

32. I say first to various work. Supposing you have two men of equal power as landscape painters—and both of them have an hour at your disposal. You would not set them both to paint the same piece of landscape. You

[1] [See, for instance, *Two Paths*, Lecture iii. and §§ 158 *seq.* For "a school of pottery," see *Lectures on Art*, § 120; for the scope for good work in decorative sculpture, see the *Oxford Museum*, below.]

would, of course, rather have two subjects than a repetition of one.

Well, supposing them sculptors, will not the same rule hold? You naturally conclude at once that it will; but you will have hard work to convince your modern architects of that. They will put twenty men to work, to carve twenty capitals; and all shall be the same. If I could show you the architects' yards in England just now, all open at once, perhaps you might see a thousand clever men, all employed in carving the same design. Of the degradation and deathfulness to the art-intellect of the country involved in such a habit, I have more or less been led to speak before now;[1] but I have not hitherto marked its definite tendency to increase the price of *work*, as such. When men are employed continually in carving the same ornaments, they get into a monotonous and methodical habit of labour—precisely correspondent to that in which they would break stones, or paint house-walls. Of course, what they do so constantly, they do easily; and if you excite them temporarily by an increase of wages, you may get much work done by them in a little time. But, unless so stimulated, men condemned to a monotonous exertion, work —and always, by the laws of human nature, *must* work— only at a tranquil rate, not producing by any means a maximum result in a given time. But if you allow them to vary their designs, and thus interest their heads and hearts in what they are doing, you will find them become eager, first, to get their ideas expressed, and then to finish the expression of them; and the moral energy thus brought to bear on the matter quickens, and therefore cheapens, the production in a most important degree. Sir Thomas Deane, the architect of the new Museum at Oxford,[2] told me, as I passed through Oxford on my way here, that he found that,

[1] [See, for instance, *Seven Lamps* (Vol. VIII. pp. 214, 218), and *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. pp. 204–207).]

[2] [See above, Introduction, pp. xlii. *seq.*]

owing to this cause alone, capitals of various design could be executed cheaper than capitals of similar design (the amount of hand labour in each being the same) by about 30 per cent.

33. Well, that is the first way, then, in which you will employ your intellect well; and the simple observance of this plain rule of political economy will effect a noble revolution in your architecture, such as you cannot at present so much as conceive. Then the second way in which we are to guard against waste is by setting our men to the easiest, and therefore the quickest, work which will answer the purpose. Marble, for instance, lasts quite as long as granite, and is much softer to work; therefore, when you get hold of a good sculptor, give him marble to carve—not granite.

34. That, you say, is obvious enough. Yes; but it is not so obvious how much of your workmen's time you waste annually in making them cut glass, after it has got hard, when you ought to make them mould it while it is soft.[1] It is not so obvious how much expense you waste in cutting diamonds and rubies, which are the hardest things you can find, into shapes that mean nothing, when the same men might be cutting sandstone and freestone into shapes that meant something. It is not so obvious how much of the artists' time in Italy you waste, by forcing them to make wretched little pictures for you out of crumbs of stone glued together at enormous cost, when the tenth of the time would make good and noble pictures for you out of water-colour.

35. I could go on giving you almost numberless instances of this great commercial mistake; but I should only weary and confuse you. I therefore commend also this head of our subject to your own meditation, and proceed

[1] [Compare the argument that "all cut glass is barbarous" in *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. Appendix 12 (Vol. X. p. 456). For the waste and "slavery" of labour involved in cut jewellery, see *Seven Lamps* (Vol. VIII. p. 265), and *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 198), and for mosaic work, Vol. I. p. 380, and *Lectures on Art*, § 128.]

to the last I named—the last I shall task your patience with to-night. You know we are now considering how to apply our genius; and we were to do it as economists, in three ways:—

To *various* work;

To *easy* work;

To *lasting* work.

86. This lasting of the work, then, is our final question.

Many of you may perhaps remember that Michael Angelo was once commanded by Pietro di Medici to mould a statue out of snow, and that he obeyed the command.* I am glad, and we have all reason to be glad, that such a fancy ever came into the mind of the unworthy prince, and for this cause: that Pietro di Medici then gave, at the period of one great epoch of consummate power in the arts, the perfect, accurate, and intensest possible type of the greatest error which nations and princes can commit, respecting the power of genius entrusted to their guidance. You had there, observe, the strongest genius in the most perfect obedience; capable of iron independence, yet wholly submissive to the patron's will; at once the most highly accomplished and the most original, capable of doing as much as man could do, in any direction that man could ask. And its governor, and guide, and patron sets it to build a statue in snow—to put itself into the service of annihilation—to make a cloud of itself, and pass away from the earth.

87. Now this, so precisely and completely done by Pietro di Medici, is what we are all doing, exactly in the degree in which we direct the genius under our patronage to work

* See the noble passage on this tradition in *Casa Guidi Windows*.[1]

[1] [Vasari is the authority for the story: "It is said that Piero de' Medici, the heir of Lorenzo, who had long been intimate with Michelagnolo, often sent for him when about to purchase cameos or other antiques; and that, one winter, when much snow fell in Florence, he caused Michelagnolo to make in his court a Statue of Snow, which was exceedingly beautiful" (*Lives*, vol. v. p. 235, in Bohn's ed.). Mrs. Browning's passage on the incident is at vol. iii. p. 241 (the 1873 ed. of her poems). For another reference to *Casa Guidi Windows*, see below, p. 68 *n.*, and compare *Academy Notes*, 1855 (Supplement), Vol. XIV. p. 33.]

in more or less perishable materials. So far as we induce painters to work in fading colours, or architects to build with imperfect structure, or in any other way consult only immediate ease and cheapness in the production of what we want, to the exclusion of provident thought as to its permanence and serviceableness in after ages; so far we are forcing our Michael Angelos to carve in snow. The first duty of the economist in art is, to see that no intellect shall thus glitter merely in the manner of hoar-frost; but that it shall be well vitrified, like a painted window, and shall be set so between shafts of stone and bands of iron, that it shall bear the sunshine upon it, and send the sunshine through it, from generation to generation.

38. I can conceive, however, some political economist to interrupt me here, and say, "If you make your art wear too well, you will soon have too much of it; you will throw your artists quite out of work. Better allow for a little wholesome evanescence—beneficent destruction: let each age provide art for itself, or we shall soon have so many good pictures that we shall not know what to do with them."

Remember, my dear hearers, who are thus thinking, that political economy, like every other subject, cannot be dealt with effectively if we try to solve two questions at a time instead of one. It is one question, how to get plenty of a thing; and another, whether plenty of it will be good for us. Consider these two matters separately; never confuse yourself by interweaving one with the other. It is one question, how to treat your fields so as to get a good harvest; another, whether you wish to have a good harvest, or would rather like to keep up the price of corn. It is one question, how to graft your trees so as to grow most apples; and quite another, whether having such a heap of apples in the storeroom will not make them all rot.

39. Now, therefore, that we are talking only about grafting and growing, pray do not vex yourselves with thinking what you are to do with the pippins. It may be

desirable for us to have much art, or little—we will examine that by-and-bye; but just now, let us keep to the simple consideration how to get plenty of good art if we want it. Perhaps it might be just as well that a man of moderate income should be able to possess a good picture, as that any work of real merit should cost £500 or £1,000;[1] at all events, it is certainly one of the branches of political economy to ascertain how, if we like, we can get things in quantities—plenty of corn, plenty of wine, plenty of gold, or plenty of pictures.

It has just been said, that the first great secret is to produce work that will last. Now, the conditions of work lasting are twofold: it must not only be in materials that will last, but it must be itself of a quality that will last—it must be good enough to bear the test of time. If it is not good, we shall tire of it quickly, and throw it aside—we shall have no pleasure in the accumulation of it. So that the first question of a good art-economist respecting any work is, Will it lose its flavour by keeping? It may be very amusing now, and look much like a work of genius; but what will be its value a hundred years hence?

You cannot always ascertain this. You may get what you fancy to be work of the best quality, and yet find to your astonishment that it won't keep. But of one thing you may be sure, that art which is produced hastily will also perish hastily; and that what is cheapest to you now, is likely to be dearest in the end.

40. I am sorry to say, the great tendency of this age is to expend its genius in perishable art of this kind, as if it were a triumph to burn its thoughts away in bonfires. There is a vast quantity of intellect and of labour consumed annually in our cheap illustrated publications; you triumph in them; and you think it so grand a thing to get so many woodcuts for a penny. Why, woodcuts, penny and all, are as much lost to you as if you had invested your money in

[1] [For some further remarks on picture prices, see below, pp. 60, 82, 87 *n.*]

gossamer.[1] More lost, for the gossamer could only tickle your face, and glitter in your eyes; it could not catch your feet and trip you up: but the bad art can, and does; for you can't like good woodcuts as long as you look at the bad ones. If we were at this moment to come across a Titian woodcut, or a Dürer woodcut, we should not like it —those of us at least who are accustomed to the cheap work of the day. We don't like, and can't like, *that* long; but when we are tired of one bad cheap thing, we throw it aside and buy another bad cheap thing; and so keep looking at bad things all our lives. Now, the very men who do all that quick bad work for us are capable of doing perfect work. Only, perfect work can't be hurried, and therefore it can't be cheap beyond a certain point. But suppose you pay twelve times as much as you do now, and you have one woodcut for a shilling instead of twelve; and the one woodcut for a shilling is as good as art can be, so that you will never tire of looking at it; and is struck on good paper with good ink, so that you will never wear it out by handling it; while you are sick of your penny-each cuts by the end of the week, and have torn them mostly in half too. Isn't your shilling's worth the best bargain?

41. It is not, however, only in getting prints or woodcuts of the best kind that you will practise economy. There is a certain quality about an original drawing which you cannot get in a woodcut, and the best part of the genius of many men is only expressible in original work, whether with pen or ink—pencil or colours. This is not always the case; but in general, the best men are those who can only express themselves on paper or canvas; and you will therefore, in the long run, get most for your money by buying original work; proceeding on the principle already laid down, that the best is likely to be the cheapest in the end. Of course, original work cannot be produced under a certain cost. If you want a man

[1] [For fuller discussions of this subject, see *Cestus of Aglaia*, §§ 64 *seq.*, and *Ariadne Florentina*, § 231.]

to make you a drawing which takes him six days, you must, at all events, keep him for six days in bread and water, fire and lodging; that is the lowest price at which he can do it for you, but that is not very dear: and the best bargain which can possibly be made honestly in art—the very ideal of a cheap purchase to the purchaser—is the original work of a great man fed for as many days as are necessary on bread and water, or perhaps we may say with as many onions as will keep him in good humour. That is the way by which you will always get most for your money; no mechanical multiplication or ingenuity of commercial arrangements will ever get you a better penny's worth of art than that.

42. Without, however, pushing our calculations quite to this prison-discipline extreme, we may lay it down as a rule in art-economy, that original work is, on the whole, cheapest and best worth having. But precisely in proportion to the value of it as a production, becomes the importance of having it executed in permanent materials. And here we come to note the second main error of the day, that we not only ask our workmen for bad art, but we make them put it into bad substance. We have, for example, put a great quantity of genius, within the last twenty years, into water-colour drawing, and we have done this with the most reckless disregard whether either the colours or the paper will stand. In most instances, neither will. By accident, it may happen that the colours in a given drawing have been of good quality, and its paper uninjured by chemical processes. But you take not the least care to ensure these being so; I have myself seen the most destructive changes take place in water-colour drawings within twenty years after they were painted; and from all I can gather respecting the recklessness of modern paper manufacture, my belief is, that though you may still handle an Albert Dürer engraving, two hundred years old, fearlessly, not one-half of that time will have passed over your modern water-colours, before most

of them will be reduced to mere white or brown rags;[1] and your descendants, twitching them contemptuously into fragments between finger and thumb, will mutter against you, half in scorn and half in anger, "Those wretched nineteenth century people! they kept vapouring and fuming about the world, doing what they called business, and they couldn't make a sheet of paper that wasn't rotten."

48. And note that this is no unimportant portion of your art economy at this time. Your water-colour painters are becoming every day capable of expressing greater and better things; and their material is especially adapted to the turn of your best artists' minds. The value which you could accumulate in work of this kind would soon become a most important item in the national art-wealth, if only you would take the little pains necessary to secure its permanence. I am inclined to think, myself, that water-colour ought not to be used on paper at all, but only on vellum, and then, if properly taken care of, the drawing would be almost imperishable. Still, paper is a much more convenient material for rapid work; and it is an infinite absurdity not to secure the goodness of its quality, when we could do so without the slightest trouble. Among the many favours which I am going to ask from our paternal government, when we get it, will be that it will supply its little boys with good paper. You have nothing to do but to let the government establish a paper manufactory, under the superintendence of any of our leading chemists, who should be answerable for the safety and completeness of all the processes of the manufacture. The government stamp on the corner of your sheet of drawing-paper, made in the perfect way, should cost you a shilling, which would add something to the revenue; and when you bought a water-colour drawing for fifty or a hundred guineas, you would have merely to look in the

[1] [For the permanence, on the other hand, of "pure water-colour painting, on pure old paper, made of honest old rags," see Vol. XIII. p. 590. Information on the subject of defects in water-colour drawing-paper may be found in Redgrave's *Century of Painters*, 1890, p. 460, and J. L. Roget's *History of the Old Water-Colour Society*, 1891, vol. i. p. 91 *n.*]

corner for your stamp, and pay your extra shilling for the security that your hundred guineas were given really for a drawing, and not for a coloured rag. There need be no monopoly or restriction in the matter; let the paper manufacturers compete with the government, and if people liked to save their shilling, and take their chance, let them; only, the artist and purchaser might then be sure of good material, if they liked, and now they cannot be.

44. I should like also to have a government colour manufactory; though that is not so necessary, as the quality of colour is more within the artist's power of testing, and I have no doubt that any painter may get permanent colour from the respectable manufacturers, if he chooses. I will not attempt to follow the subject out at all as it respects architecture, and our methods of modern building; respecting which I have had occasion to speak before now.[1]

45. But I cannot pass without some brief notice our habit—continually, as it seems to me, gaining strength—of putting a large quantity of thought and work, annually, into things which are either in their nature necessarily perishable, as dress; or else into compliances with the fashion of the day, in things not necessarily perishable, as plate. I am afraid almost the first idea of a young rich couple setting up house in London, is, that they must have new plate. Their father's plate may be very handsome, but the fashion is changed. They will have a new service from the leading manufacturer, and the old plate, except a few apostle spoons, and a cup which Charles the Second drank a health in to their pretty ancestress, is sent to be melted down, and made up with new flourishes and fresh lustre. Now, so long as this is the case—so long, observe, as fashion has influence on the manufacture of plate—so long *you cannot have a goldsmith's art in this country.* Do you suppose any workman worthy the name will put his brains into a cup, or an urn, which he knows is to go to the melting-pot in half a

[1] [See, for instance, Vol. XII. p. 22.]

score years? He will not; you don't ask or expect it of him. You ask of him nothing but a little quick handicraft —a clever twist of a handle here, and a foot there, a convolvulus from the newest school of design, a pheasant from Landseer's game cards;[1] a couple of sentimental figures for supporters, in the style of the signs of insurance offices, then a clever touch with the burnisher, and there's your epergne, the admiration of all the footmen at the wedding-breakfast, and the torment of some unfortunate youth who cannot see the pretty girl opposite to him, through its tyrannous branches.

46. But you don't suppose that *that's* goldsmith's work? Goldsmith's work is made to last, and made with the men's whole heart and soul in it; true goldsmith's work, when it exists, is generally the means of education of the greatest painters and sculptors of the day. Francia was a goldsmith; Francia was not his own name, but that of his master the jeweller; and he signed his pictures almost always, "Francia, the goldsmith,"[2] for love of his master; Ghirlandajo was a goldsmith, and was the master of Michael Angelo; Verrocchio was a goldsmith, and was the master of Leonardo da Vinci. Ghiberti was a goldsmith, and beat out the bronze gates[3] which Michael Angelo said might serve for gates of Paradise.* But if ever you want work like theirs again,

* Several reasons may account for the fact that goldsmith's work is so wholesome for young artists: first, that it gives great firmness of hand to deal for some time with a solid substance; again, that it induces caution and steadiness—a boy trusted with chalk and paper suffers an immediate temptation to scrawl upon it and play with it, but he dares not scrawl on gold, and he cannot play with it; and, lastly, that it gives great delicacy and precision of touch to work upon minute forms, and to aim at producing richness and finish of design correspondent to the preciousness of the material.

[1] [In 1825 Landseer painted for Woburn Abbey two game cards, which he afterwards etched and published.]

[2] [Thus his great picture in the National Gallery (No. 179) is signed "Francia Aurifex Bononiesis"; his family name, Francesco Raibolini, he did not use.]

[3] [For other references to the bronze gates of the Baptistery at Florence by Lorenzo Ghiberti, see Vol. VIII. pp. 149, 154; Vol. IX. p. 260; Vol. XI. p. 171. Michael Angelo's saying—"They are so beautiful that they might fittingly stand at the gates

you must keep it, though it should have the misfortune to become old-fashioned. You must not break it up, nor melt it any more. There is no economy in that; you could not easily waste intellect more grievously. Nature may melt her goldsmith's work at every sunset if she chooses; and beat it out into chased bars again at every sunrise; but you must not. The way to have a truly noble service of plate, is to keep adding to it, not melting it. At every marriage, and at every birth, get a new piece of gold or silver if you will, but with noble workmanship on it, done for all time, and put it among your treasures; that is one of the chief things which gold was made for, and made incorruptible for.[1] When we know a little more of political economy, we shall find that none but partially savage nations need, imperatively, gold for their currency;* but gold has been given us, among other things, that we might put beautiful work into its imperishable splendour, and that the artists who have the most wilful fancies may have a material which will drag out, and beat out, as their dreams require, and will hold itself together with fantastic tenacity, whatever rare and delicate service they set it upon.

47. So here is one branch of decorative art in which rich people may indulge themselves unselfishly; if they ask for good art in it, they may be sure in buying gold and silver plate that they are enforcing useful education on young artists. But there is another branch of decorative art in which I am sorry to say we cannot, at least under existing circumstances, indulge ourselves, with the hope of doing good to anybody: I mean the great and subtle art of dress.

48. And here I must interrupt the pursuit of our subject for a moment or two, in order to state one of the principles of political economy, which, though it is, I believe, now

* See note in Addenda on the nature of property [p. 136].

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of Paradise"—is given by Vasari (see vol. i. p. 382 in Bohn's translation). On the educational value of goldsmith's work, compare *Ariadne Florentina*, §§ 123, 188, and *Lectures on Art*, § 141.]

[1] [On "the true use of gold in this world," compare *Aratra Pentelici*, § 152.]

sufficiently understood and asserted by the leading masters of the science, is not yet, I grieve to say, acted upon by the plurality of those who have the management of riches. Whenever we spend money, we of course set people to work: that is the meaning of spending money; we may, indeed, lose it without employing anybody; but, whenever we spend it, we set a number of people to work, greater or less, of course, according to the rate of wages, but, in the long run, proportioned to the sum we spend. Well, your shallow people, because they see that however they spend money they are always employing somebody, and, therefore, doing some good, think and say to themselves, that it is all one *how* they spend it—that all their apparently selfish luxury is, in reality, unselfish, and is doing just as much good as if they gave all their money away, or perhaps more good; and I have heard foolish people even declare it as a principle of political economy, that whoever invented a new want * conferred a good on the community. I have not words strong enough—at least, I could not, without shocking you, use the words which would be strong enough—to express my estimate of the absurdity and the mischievousness of this popular fallacy. So, putting a great restraint upon myself, and using no hard words, I will simply try to state the nature of it, and the extent of its influence.[1]

49. Granted, that whenever we spend money for whatever purpose, we set people to work; and passing by, for the moment, the question whether the work we set them to is all equally healthy and good for them, we will assume that whenever we spend a guinea we provide an equal

* See note 5th, in Addenda [p. 123].

[1] [On the fallacy of extravagance in dress being good for trade, see also *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 38 (Notes and Correspondence), and *Munera Pulveris*, preface, § 16; and compare *Two Paths*, § 96 *n.*, below, p. 343. For other references to passages where Ruskin dwells, however, on the importance of beautiful dress, see Vol. XI. p. 223 *n.* And for the ethics of dress generally, see a letter in the *Monthly Packet* for November 1863, reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. i. pp. 226–228, and in a later volume of this edition.]

number of people with healthy maintenance for a given time. But, by the way in which we spend it, we entirely direct the labour of those people during that given time. We become their masters or mistresses, and we compel them to produce, within a certain period, a certain article. Now, that article may be a useful and lasting one, or it may be a useless and perishable one—it may be one useful to the whole community, or useful only to ourselves. And our selfishness and folly, or our virtue and prudence, are shown, not by our spending money, but by our spending it for the wrong or the right thing; and we are wise and kind, not in maintaining a certain number of people for a given period, but only in requiring them to produce during that period, the kind of things which shall be useful to society, instead of those which are only useful to ourselves.

50. Thus, for instance: if you are a young lady, and employ a certain number of sempstresses for a given time, in making a given number of simple and serviceable dresses —suppose, seven; of which you can wear one yourself for half the winter, and give six away to poor girls who have none, you are spending your money unselfishly. But if you employ the same number of sempstresses for the same number of days, in making four, or five, or six beautiful flounces for your own ball-dress—flounces which will clothe no one but yourself, and which you will yourself be unable to wear at more than one ball—you are employing your money selfishly. You have maintained, indeed, in each case, the same number of people; but in the one case you have directed their labour to the service of the community; in the other case you have consumed it wholly upon yourself. I don't say you are never to do so; I don't say you ought not sometimes to think of yourselves only, and to make yourselves as pretty as you can; only do not confuse coquettishness with benevolence, nor cheat yourselves into thinking that all the finery you can wear is so much put into the hungry mouths of those beneath

you: it is not so; it is what you yourselves, whether you will or no, must sometimes instinctively feel it to be—it is what those who stand shivering in the streets, forming a line to watch you as you step out of your carriages, *know* it to be; those fine dresses do not mean that so much has been put into their mouths, but that so much has been taken out of their mouths.

51. The real politico-economical signification of every one of those beautiful toilettes, is just this: that you have had a certain number of people put for a certain number of days wholly under your authority, by the sternest of slave-masters—hunger and cold; and you have said to them, "I will feed you, indeed, and clothe you, and give you fuel for so many days; but during those days you shall work for me only: your little brothers need clothes, but you shall make none for them: your sick friend needs clothes, but you shall make none for her: you yourself will soon need another and a warmer dress, but you shall make none for yourself. You shall make nothing but lace and roses for me; for this fortnight to come, you shall work at the patterns and petals, and then I will crush and consume them away in an hour." You will perhaps answer—"It may not be particularly benevolent to do this, and we won't call it so; but at any rate we do no wrong in taking their labour when we pay them their wages: if we pay for their work, we have a right to it."

52. No;—a thousand times no. The labour which you have paid for, does indeed become, by the act of purchase, your own labour: you have bought the hands and the time of those workers; they are, by right and justice, your own hands, your own time. But have you a right to spend your own time, to work with your own hands, only for your own advantage?—much more, when, by purchase, you have invested your own person with the strength of others; and added to your own life, a part of the life of others? You may, indeed, to a certain extent, use their labour for your delight: remember, I am making no general assertions

against splendour of dress, or pomp of accessories of life; on the contrary, there are many reasons for thinking that we do not at present attach enough importance to beautiful dress, as one of the means of influencing general taste and character. But I *do* say, that you must weigh the value of what you ask these workers to produce for you in its own distinct balance; that on its own worthiness or desirableness rests the question of your kindness, and not merely on the fact of your having employed people in producing it: and I say further, that as long as there are cold and nakedness in the land around you, so long there can be no question at all but that splendour of dress is a crime. In due time, when we have nothing better to set people to work at, it may be right to let them make lace and cut jewels; but as long as there are any who have no blankets for their beds, and no rags for their bodies, so long it is blanket-making and tailoring we must set people to work at—not lace.

58. And it would be strange, if at any great assembly which, while it dazzled the young and the thoughtless, beguiled the gentler hearts that beat beneath the embroidery, with a placid sensation of luxurious benevolence—as if by all that they wore in waywardness of beauty, comfort had been first given to the distressed, and aid to the indigent; it would be strange, I say, if, for a moment, the spirits of Truth and of Terror, which walk invisibly among the masques of the earth, would lift the dimness from our erring thoughts, and show us how—inasmuch as the sums exhausted for that magnificence would have given back the failing breath to many an unsheltered outcast on moor and street—they who wear it have literally entered into partnership with Death; and dressed themselves in his spoils. Yes, if the veil could be lifted not only from your thoughts, but from your human sight, you would see—the angels do see—on those gay white dresses of yours, strange dark spots, and crimson patterns that you knew not of—spots of the inextinguishable red that all the seas cannot

wash away;[1] yes, and among the pleasant flowers that crown your fair heads, and glow on your wreathed hair, you would see that one weed was always twisted which no one thought of—the grass that grows on graves.

54. It was not, however, this last, this clearest and most appalling view of our subject, that I intended to ask you to take this evening; only it is impossible to set any part of the matter in its true light, until we go to the root of it. But the point which it is our special business to consider is, not whether costliness of dress is contrary to charity; but whether it is not contrary to mere worldly wisdom: whether, even supposing we knew that splendour of dress did not cost suffering or hunger, we might not put the splendour better in other things than dress. And, supposing our mode of dress were really graceful or beautiful, this might be a very doubtful question; for I believe true nobleness of dress to be an important means of education, as it certainly is a necessity to any nation which wishes to possess living art, concerned with portraiture of human nature.[2] No good historical painting ever yet existed, or ever can exist, where the dresses of the people of the time are not beautiful: and had it not been for the lovely and fantastic dressing of the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries, neither French, nor Florentine, nor Venetian art could have risen to anything like the rank it reached. Still, even then, the best dressing was never the costliest; and its effect depended much more on its beautiful and, in early times, modest, arrangement, and on the simple and lovely masses of its colour, than on gorgeousness of clasp or embroidery.

55. Whether we can ever return to any of those more perfect types of form, is questionable; but there can be no more question that all the money we spend on the forms of dress at present worn, is, so far as any good purpose is

[1] [See *Macbeth*, ii. 2.]

[2] [On this subject, compare *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. p. 189); *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Vol. XI. p. 223 *n.*); and *Cambridge Address*, § 10, below, p. 185.]

concerned, wholly lost. Mind, in saying this, I reckon among good purposes the purpose which young ladies are said sometimes to entertain—of being married; but they would be married quite as soon (and probably to wiser and better husbands) by dressing quietly, as by dressing brilliantly: and I believe it would only be needed to lay fairly and largely before them the real good which might be effected by the sums they spend in toilettes, to make them trust at once only to their bright eyes and braided hair for all the mischief they have a mind to. I wish we could, for once, get the statistics of a London season. There was much complaining talk in Parliament, last week, of the vast sum the nation has given for the best Paul Veronese in Venice—£14,000:[1] I wonder what the nation meanwhile has given for its ball-dresses! Suppose we could see the London milliners' bills, simply for unnecessary breadths of slip and flounce, from April to July; I wonder whether £14,000 would cover *them*. But the breadths of slip and flounce are by this time as much lost and vanished as last year's snow; only they have done less good: but the Paul Veronese will last for centuries, if we take care of it; and yet, we grumble at the price given for the painting, while no one grumbles at the price of pride.

56. Time does not permit me to go into any farther illustration of the various modes in which we build our statue out of snow, and waste our labour on things that vanish. I must leave you to follow out the subject for yourselves, as I said I should, and proceed, in our next lecture, to examine the two other branches of our subject—namely, how to accumulate our art, and how to distribute it. But, in closing, as we have been much on the topic of good government, both of ourselves and others, let me just give you one more illustration of what it means, from that old art of which, next evening, I shall try to convince you

[1] [See Ruskin's letter on this purchase of "The Family of Darius" in Vol. XIII. p. 88.]

that the value, both moral and mercantile, is greater than we usually suppose.

57. One of the frescoes by Ambrogio Lorenzetti, in the town-hall of Siena, represents, by means of symbolical figures, the principles of Good Civic Government and of Good Government in general.[1] The figure representing this noble Civic Government is enthroned, and surrounded by figures representing the Virtues, variously supporting or administering its authority. Now, observe what work is given to each of these virtues. Three winged ones—Faith, Hope, and Charity—surround the head of the figure; not in mere compliance with the common and heraldic laws of precedence among Virtues, such as we moderns observe habitually, but with peculiar purpose on the part of the painter. Faith, as thus represented ruling the thoughts of the Good Governor, does not mean merely religious faith, understood in those times to be necessary to all persons—governed no less than governors—but it means the faith which enables work to be carried out steadily, in spite of adverse appearances and expediencies; the faith in great principles, by which a civic ruler looks past all the immediate checks and shadows that would daunt a common man, knowing that what is rightly done will have a right issue, and holding his way in spite of pullings at his cloak and whisperings in his ear, enduring, as having in him a faith which is evidence of things unseen.[2]

58. And Hope, in like manner, is here not the heavenward hope which ought to animate the hearts of all men; but she attends upon Good Government, to show that all such government is *expectant* as well as *conservative;* that if it ceases to be hopeful of better things, it ceases to be a wise guardian of present things: that it ought never, as

[1] [For an incidental reference to these frescoes in the Sala della Pace of the Palazzo Pubblico, see *Mornings in Florence,* § 134. The portion of the fresco described by Ruskin in the text is here reproduced. Ambrogio began the frescoes in 1337. Their historical significance is discussed by J. A. Symonds in his *Renaissance in Italy,* vol. iii. pp. 153–156 (ed. 1897).]

[2] [Hebrews xi. 1.]

I

P. Lombardi, Photo.

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Good Civic Government

From the fresco by Ambrogio Lorenzetti in the Palazzo Pubblico at Siena

long as the world lasts, to be wholly content with any existing state of institution or possession, but to be hopeful still of more wisdom and power; not clutching at it restlessly or hastily, but feeling that its real life consists in steady ascent from high to higher: conservative, indeed, and jealously conservative of old things, but conservative of them as pillars, not as pinnacles—as aids, but not as idols; and hopeful chiefly, and active, in times of national trial or distress, according to those first and notable words describing the queenly nation: "She riseth, *while it is yet night*."[1]

59. And again, the winged Charity which is attendant on Good Government has, in this fresco, a peculiar office. Can you guess what? If you consider the character of contest which so often takes place among kings for their crowns, and the selfish and tyrannous means they commonly take to aggrandize or secure their power, you will, perhaps, be surprised to hear that the office of Charity is to crown the King. And yet, if you think of it a little, you will see the beauty of the thought which sets her in this function: since, in the first place, all the authority of a good governor should be desired by him only for the good of his people, so that it is only Love that makes him accept or guard his crown: in the second place, his chief greatness consists in the exercise of this love, and he is truly to be revered only so far as his acts and thoughts are those of kindness; so that Love is the light of his crown, as well as the giver of it: lastly, because his strength depends on the affections of his people, and it is only their love which can securely crown him, and for ever. So that Love is the strength of his crown as well as the light of it.

60. Then, surrounding the King, or in various obedience to him, appear the dependent virtues, as Fortitude, Temperance, Truth, and other attendant spirits, of all which I cannot now give account, wishing you only to notice the

[1] [Proverbs xxxi.: see above, p. 20.]

one to whom are entrusted the guidance and administration of the public revenues. Can you guess which it is likely to be? Charity, you would have thought, should have something to do with the business; but not so, for she is too hot to attend carefully to it. Prudence, perhaps, you think of in the next place. No, she is too timid, and loses opportunities in making up her mind. Can it be Liberality then? No: Liberality is entrusted with some small sums; but she is a bad accountant, and is allowed no important place in the exchequer. But the treasures are given in charge to a virtue of which we hear too little in modern times, as distinct from others; Magnanimity: largeness of heart: not softness or weakness of heart, mind you —but capacity of heart—the great *measuring* virtue, which weighs in heavenly balances all that may be given, and all that may be gained; and sees how to do noblest things in noblest ways: which of two goods comprehends and therefore chooses the greater: which of two personal sacrifices dares and accepts the larger: which, out of the avenues of beneficence, treads always that which opens farthest into the blue fields of futurity: that character, in fine, which, in those words taken by us at first for the description of a Queen among the nations, looks less to the present power than to the distant promise; "Strength and honour are in her clothing,—and she shall rejoice IN TIME TO COME."[1]

[1] [Proverbs xxxi. 25: see again above, p. 20.]

LECTURE II

THE ACCUMULATION AND DISTRIBUTION OF ART

Continuation of the previous Lecture; delivered July 18, 1857

61. THE heads of our subject which remain for our consideration this evening are, you will remember, the accumulation and the distribution of works of art. Our complete inquiry fell into four divisions—first, how to get our genius; then, how to apply our genius; then, how to accumulate its results; and lastly, how to distribute them. We considered, last evening, how to discover and apply it;—we have to-night to examine the modes of its preservation and distribution.

62. III. ACCUMULATION.—And now, in the outset, it will be well to face that objection which we put aside a little while ago;[1] namely, that perhaps it is not well to have a great deal of good art; and that it should not be made too cheap.

"Nay," I can imagine some of the more generous among you exclaiming, "we will not trouble you to disprove that objection; of course it is a selfish and base one: good art, as well as other good things, ought to be made as cheap as possible, and put as far as we can within the reach of everybody."

68. Pardon me, I am not prepared to admit that. I rather side with the selfish objectors, and believe that art ought not to be made cheap, beyond a certain point; for the amount of pleasure that you can receive from any great work, depends wholly on the quantity of attention and energy of mind you can bring to bear upon it. Now, that

[1] [See above, § 38, p. 40.]

attention and energy depend much more on the freshness of the thing than you would at all suppose; unless you very carefully studied the movements of your own minds. If you see things of the same kind and of equal value very frequently, your reverence for them is infallibly diminished, your powers of attention get gradually wearied, and your interest and enthusiasm worn out; and you cannot in that state bring to any given work the energy necessary to enjoy it. If, indeed, the question were only between enjoying a great many pictures each a little, or one picture very much, the sum of enjoyment being in each case the same, you might rationally desire to possess rather the larger quantity than the small; both because one work of art always in some sort illustrates another, and because quantity diminishes the chances of destruction.

64. But the question is not a merely arithmetical one of this kind. Your fragments of broken admirations will not, when they are put together, make up one whole admiration; two and two, in this case, do not make four, nor anything like four. Your good picture, or book, or work of art of any kind, is always in some degree fenced and closed about with difficulty. You may think of it as of a kind of cocoanut, with very often rather an unseemly shell, but good milk and kernel inside. Now, if you possess twenty cocoanuts, and being thirsty, go impatiently from one to the other, giving only a single scratch with the point of your knife to the shell of each, you will get no milk from all the twenty. But if you leave nineteen of them alone, and give twenty cuts to the shell of one, you will get through it, and at the milk of it. And the tendency of the human mind is always to get tired before it has made its twenty cuts; and to try another nut: and moreover, even if it has perseverance enough to crack its nuts, it is sure to try to eat too many, and to choke itself. Hence, it is wisely appointed for us that few of the things we desire can be had without considerable labour, and at considerable intervals of time. We cannot generally get

our dinner without working for it, and that gives us appetite for it; we cannot get our holiday without waiting for it, and that gives us zest for it; and we ought not to get our picture without paying for it, and that gives us a mind to look at it.

65. Nay, I will even go so far as to say that we ought not to get books too cheaply. No book, I believe, is ever worth half so much to its reader as one that has been coveted for a year at a bookstall, and bought out of saved halfpence; and perhaps a day or two's fasting. That's the way to get at the cream of a book. And I should say more on this matter, and protest as energetically as I could against the plague of cheap literature,[1] with which we are just now afflicted, but that I fear your calling me to order, as being unpractical, because I don't quite see my way at present to making everybody fast for their books. But one may see that a thing is desirable and possible, even though one may not at once know the best way to it,—and in my island of Barataria,[2] when I get it well into order, I assure you no book shall be sold for less than a pound sterling;[3] if it can be published cheaper than that, the surplus shall all go into my treasury, and save my subjects taxation in other directions; only people really poor, who cannot pay the pound, shall be supplied with the books they want for nothing, in a certain limited quantity. I haven't made up my mind about the number yet,[4] and there are several other points in the system yet unsettled; when they are all determined, if you will allow me, I will

[1] [Compare *Art of England*, § 186; and with the preceding words here, *Sesame and Lilies*, § 82.]

[2] [For Sancho Panza's island-city over which he was appointed governor, see *Don Quixote*.]

[3] [In scheming the re-issue of his books, in the "Works" Series, which began with the republication of *Sesame and Lilies* in 1871, Ruskin fixed a guinea as the full normal price for a volume: see the "Advertisement" then issued, and reprinted in the volume of this edition containing *Sesame*. For his reasons for not making his books very cheap, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 6 (June 1871).]

[4] [See in a later volume Ruskin's contribution to a newspaper discussion (1886) upon "The Best Hundred Books," where in striking out nearly a half of a suggested list, he still left "enough for a life's liberal reading." "We none of us need many books," he says (*Sesame*, 1871 preface, § 4); and so in *Cestus of Aglaia*, § 75.]

come and give you another lecture, on the political economy of literature.*

66. Meantime, returning to our immediate subject, I say to my generous hearers, who want to shower Titians and Turners upon us, like falling leaves, "Pictures ought not to be too cheap"; but in much stronger tone I would say to those who want to keep up the prices of pictorial property, that pictures ought not to be too dear—that is to say, not as dear as they are.[1] For, as matters at present stand, it is wholly impossible for any man in the ordinary circumstances of English life to possess himself of a piece of great art. A modern drawing of average merit, or a first-class engraving, may, perhaps, not without some self-reproach, be purchased out of his savings by a man of narrow income; but a satisfactory example of first-rate art —masterhands' work—is wholly out of his reach. And we are so accustomed to look upon this as the natural course and necessity of things, that we never set ourselves in any wise to diminish the evil; and yet it is an evil perfectly capable of diminution.

67. It is an evil precisely similar in kind to that which existed in the Middle Ages, respecting good books, and which everybody then, I suppose, thought as natural as we do now our small supply of good pictures. You could not then study the work of a great historian, or great poet, any more than you can now study that of a great painter, but at heavy cost. If you wanted a book, you had to get it written out for you, or to write it out for yourself. But printing came, and the poor man may read his Dante and his Homer; and Dante and Homer are none the worse for that. But it is only in literature that private persons of moderate fortune can possess and study greatness: they can study at home no greatness in art; and the object of that accumulation which we are at present aiming at, as our

* See note 6th, in Addenda [p. 125].

[1] [On the prices of pictures, see above, § 39, p. 41.]

third object in political economy, is to bring great art in some degree within the reach of the multitude; and, both in larger and more numerous galleries than we now possess, and by distribution, according to his wealth and wish, in each man's home, to render the influence of art somewhat correspondent in extent to that of literature. Here, then, is the subtle balance which your economist has to strike: to accumulate so much art as to be able to give the whole nation a supply of it, according to its need, and yet to regulate its distribution so that there shall be no glut of it, nor contempt.

68. A difficult balance, indeed, for us to hold, if it were left merely to our skill to poise; but the just point between poverty and profusion has been fixed for us accurately by the wise laws of Providence. If you carefully watch for all the genius you can detect, apply it to good service, and then reverently preserve what it produces, you will never have too little art; and if, on the other hand, you never force an artist to work hurriedly, for daily bread, nor imperfectly, because you would rather have showy works than complete ones, you will never have too much. Do not force the multiplication of art, and you will not have it too cheap; do not wantonly destroy it, and you will not have it too dear.

69. "But who wantonly destroys it?" you will ask. Why, we all do. Perhaps you thought, when I came to this part of our subject, corresponding to that set forth in our housewife's economy by the "keeping her embroidery from the moth,"[1] that I was going to tell you only how to take better care of pictures, how to clean them, and varnish them, and where to put them away safely when you went out of town. Ah, not at all. The utmost I have to ask of you is, that you will not pull them to pieces, and trample them under your feet. "What!" you will say, "when do we do such things? Haven't we built a perfectly beautiful

[1] [Above, § 9, p. 20.]

gallery for all the pictures we have to take care of?"[1] Yes, you have, for the pictures which are definitely sent to Manchester to be taken care of. But there are quantities of pictures out of Manchester which it is your business, and mine too, to take care of no less than of these, and which we are at this moment employing ourselves in pulling to pieces by deputy. I will tell you what they are, and where they are, in a minute; only first let me state one more of those main principles of political economy on which the matter hinges.

70. I must begin a little apparently wide of the mark, and ask you to reflect if there is any way in which we waste money more in England than in building fine tombs. Our respect for the dead, when they are *just* dead, is something wonderful, and the way we show it more wonderful still. We show it with black feathers and black horses; we show it with black dresses[2] and bright heraldries; we show it with costly obelisks and sculptures of sorrow, which spoil half of our most beautiful cathedrals. We show it with frightful gratings and vaults, and lids of dismal stone, in the midst of the quiet grass; and last, and not least, we show it by permitting ourselves to tell any number of lies we think amiable or credible, in the epitaph. This feeling is common to the poor as well as the rich; and we all know how many a poor family will nearly ruin themselves, to testify their respect for some member of it in his coffin, whom they never much cared for when he was out of it; and how often it happens that a poor old woman will starve herself to death, in order that she may be respectably buried.

71. Now, this being one of the most complete and special ways of wasting money,—no money being less productive of good, or of any percentage whatever, than that which we shake away from the ends of undertakers' plumes,—it

[1] [This refers to the "crystal palace" built in Old Trafford Park for the Art Treasures Exhibition of 1857.]

[2] [Ruskin hated "mourning," which he thought inconsistent with the faith that the dead are with God (see *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 14). "Why," he asks, "should we ever wear black for the guests of God?" (Letter to Miss Beever, October 26, 1874, in *Hortus Inclusus*).]

is of course the duty of all good economists, and kind persons, to prove and proclaim continually, to the poor as well as the rich, that respect for the dead is not really shown by laying great stones on them to tell us where they are laid; but by remembering where they are laid, without a stone to help us; trusting them to the sacred grass and saddened flowers; and still more, that respect and love are shown to them, not by great monuments to them which we build with *our* hands, but by letting the monuments stand, which they built with *their own*. And this is the point now in question.

72. Observe, there are two great reciprocal duties concerning industry, constantly to be exchanged between the living and the dead. We, as we live and work, are to be always thinking of those who are to come after us; that what we do may be serviceable, as far as we can make it so, to them, as well as to us. Then, when we die, it is the duty of those who come after us to accept this work of ours with thanks and remembrance, not thrusting it aside or tearing it down the moment they think they have no use for it. And each generation will only be happy or powerful to the pitch that it ought to be, in fulfilling these two duties to the Past and the Future. Its own work will never be rightly done, even for itself—never good, or noble, or pleasurable to its own eyes—if it does not prepare it also for the eyes of generations yet to come. And its own possessions will never be enough for it, and its own wisdom never enough for it, unless it avails itself gratefully and tenderly of the treasures and the wisdom bequeathed to it by its ancestors.

73. For, be assured, that all the best things and treasures of this world are not to be produced by each generation for itself; but we are all intended, not to carve our work in snow that will melt, but each and all of us to be continually rolling a great white gathering snowball, higher and higher—larger and larger—along the Alps of human power. Thus the science of nations is to be accumulative from father

to son: each learning a little more and a little more; each receiving all that was known, and adding its own gain: the history and poetry of nations are to be accumulative; each generation treasuring the history and the songs of its ancestors, adding its own history and its own songs: and the art of nations is to be accumulative, just as science and history are; the work of living men is not superseding, but building itself upon the work of the past. Nearly every great and intellectual race of the world has produced, at every period of its career, an art with some peculiar and precious character about it, wholly unattainable by any other race, and at any other time; and the intention of Providence concerning that art, is evidently that it should all grow together into one mighty temple; the rough stones and the smooth all finding their place, and rising, day by day, in richer and higher pinnacles to heaven.

74. Now, just fancy what a position the world, considered as one great workroom—one great factory in the form of a globe—would have been in by this time, if it had in the least understood this duty, or been capable of it. Fancy what we should have had around us now, if, instead of quarrelling and fighting over their work, the nations had aided each other in their work, or if even in their conquests, instead of effacing the memorials of those they succeeded and subdued, they had guarded the spoils of their victories. Fancy what Europe would have been now, if the delicate statues and temples of the Greeks—if the broad roads and massy walls of the Romans—if the noble and pathetic architecture of the Middle Ages, had not been ground to dust by mere human rage. You talk of the scythe of Time, and the tooth of Time: I tell you, Time is scytheless and toothless; it is we who gnaw like the worm—we who smite like the scythe. It is ourselves who abolish—ourselves who consume: we are the mildew, and the flame; and the soul of man is to its own work as the moth that frets when it cannot fly, and as the hidden flame that blasts where it cannot illuminate. All these lost treasures of human intellect

have been wholly destroyed by human industry of destruction; the marble would have stood its two thousand years as well in the polished statue as in the Parian cliff; but we men have ground it to powder, and mixed it with our own ashes. The walls and the ways would have stood—it is we who have left not one stone upon another,[1] and restored its pathlessness to the desert; the great cathedrals of old religion would have stood—it is we who have dashed down the carved work with axes and hammers, and bid the mountain-grass bloom upon the pavement, and the sea-winds chant in the galleries.

75. You will perhaps think all this was somehow necessary for the development of the human race. I cannot stay now to dispute that, though I would willingly; but do you think it is *still* necessary for that development? Do you think that in this nineteenth century it is still necessary for the European nations to turn all the places where their principal art-treasures are into battle-fields? For that is what they are doing even while I speak;[2] the great firm of the world is managing its business at this moment, just as it has done in past time. Imagine what would be the thriving circumstances of a manufacturer of some delicate produce—suppose glass, or china—in whose workshop and exhibition rooms all the workmen and clerks began fighting at least once a day, first blowing off the steam, and breaking all the machinery they could reach; and then making fortresses of all the cupboards, and attacking and defending the show-tables, the victorious party finally throwing everything they could get hold of out of the window, by way of showing their triumph, and the poor manufacturer picking up and putting away at last a cup here and a handle there. A fine prosperous business that would be, would it not? and yet that is precisely the way the great manufacturing firm of the world carries on its business.

76. It has so arranged its political squabbles for the

[1] [Matthew xxiv. 2.]

[2] [Not that any fighting was going on at the moment, but that the Austrians were strengthening the defences of Verona: see below, p. 67 *n.*]

last six or seven hundred years, that not one of them could be fought out but in the midst of its most precious art; and it so arranges them to this day. For example, if I were asked to lay my finger, in a map of the world, on the spot of the world's surface which contained at this moment the most singular concentration of art-teaching and art-treasure, I should lay it on the name of the town of Verona.[1] Other cities, indeed, contain more works of carriageable art, but none contain so much of the glorious local art, and of the springs and sources of art, which can by no means be made subjects of package or porterage, nor, I grieve to say, of salvage. Verona possesses, in the first place, not the largest, but the most perfect and intelligible Roman amphitheatre that exists, still unbroken in circle of step, and strong in succession of vault and arch: it contains minor Roman monuments, gateways, theatres, baths, wrecks of temples, which give the streets of its suburbs a character of antiquity unexampled elsewhere, except in Rome itself. But it contains, in the next place, what Rome does not contain — perfect examples of the great twelfth-century Lombardic architecture, which was the root of all the mediæval art of Italy, without which no Giottos, no Angelicos, no Raphaels would have been possible: it contains that architecture, not in rude forms, but in the most perfect and loveliest types it ever attained—contains those, not in ruins, nor in altered and hardly decipherable fragments, but in churches perfect from porch to apse, with all their carving fresh, their pillars firm, their joints unloosened. Besides these, it includes examples of the great thirteenth and fourteenth century Gothic of Italy, not merely perfect, but elsewhere unrivalled. At Rome, the Roman—at Pisa, the Lombard—architecture may be seen in greater or in equal nobleness; but not at Rome, nor Pisa, nor Florence, nor in any city of the world, is there a great mediæval Gothic like the Gothic of Verona. Elsewhere, it is either less pure in type or less lovely in

[1] [For Ruskin's admiration of Verona, and for references to his other descriptions of it, see Vol. XII. p. 15 *n.*]

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Landscape from the heights above Verona

completion: only at Verona may you see it in the simplicity of its youthful power, and the tenderness of its accomplished beauty. And Verona possesses, in the last place, the loveliest Renaissance architecture of Italy, not disturbed by pride, nor defiled by luxury, but rising in fair fulfilment of domestic service, serenity of effortless grace, and modesty of home seclusion; its richest work given to the windows that open on the narrowest streets and most silent gardens. All this she possesses, in the midst of natural scenery such as assuredly exists nowhere else in the habitable globe—a wild Alpine river foaming at her feet, from whose shore the rocks rise in a great crescent, dark with cypress, and misty with olive: illimitably, from before her southern gates, the tufted plains of Italy sweep and fade in golden light; around her, north and west, the Alps crowd in crested troops, and the winds of Benacus bear to her the coolness of their snows.

77. And this is the city—such, and possessing such things as these—at whose gates the decisive battles of Italy are fought continually: three days her towers trembled with the echo of the cannon of Arcola;[1] heaped pebbles of the Mincio divide her fields to this hour with lines of broken rampart, whence the tide of war rolled back to Novara; and now on that crescent of her eastern cliffs, whence the full moon used to rise through the bars of the cypresses in her burning summer twilights, touching with soft increase of silver light the rosy marbles of her balconies, —along the ridge of that encompassing rock, other circles are increasing now, white and pale; walled towers of cruel strength, sable-spotted with cannon-courses.[2] I tell you, I

[1] [Arcola, a few miles south-east of Verona, was the scene of the battles of November 15–17, 1796, between the Austrians under Alvinczy and the French under Bonaparte, Masséna, Augereau, and Lannes. For the following reference (to the battle of Custozza, 1848), see Vol. X. p. 10 n.]

[2] [Verona was fortified by the Austrians, to form with Peschiera, Mantua, and Legnago the famous "quadrilateral." The "breath of Italian life" stirred again in the war of 1859, but fighting at Verona was stayed by the peace of Villafranca. In the war of 1866 the Italians were again defeated at Custozza, but Venetia and the quadrilateral were afterwards surrendered by Austria. By the Italians Verona has been retained as a first-class fortress, and the walled towers on the heights still frown as Ruskin describes.]

have seen, when the thunderclouds came down on those Italian hills, and all their crags were dipped in the dark, terrible purple, as if the winepress of the wrath of God[1] had stained their mountain-raiment—I have seen the hail fall in Italy till the forest branches stood stripped and bare as if blasted by the locust; but the white hail never fell from those clouds of heaven as the black hail will fall from the clouds of hell, if ever one breath of Italian life stirs again in the streets of Verona.

78. Sad as you will feel this to be, I do not say that you can directly prevent it; you cannot drive the Austrians out of Italy, nor prevent them from building forts where they choose. But I do say,* that you, and I, and all of us, ought to be both acting and feeling with a full knowledge and understanding of these things; and that, without trying to excite revolutions or weaken governments, we may give our own thoughts and help, so as in a measure to prevent needless destruction. We should do this, if we only realized the thing thoroughly. You drive out day by day through your own pretty suburbs, and you think only of making, with what money you

* The reader can hardly but remember Mrs. Browning's beautiful appeal for Italy, made on the occasion of the first great Exhibition of Art in England:[2]—

> O Magi of the east and of the west,
> Your incense, gold, and myrrh are excellent!—
> What gifts for Christ, then, bring ye with the rest?
> Your hands have worked well. Is your courage spent
> In handwork only? Have you nothing best,
> Which generous souls may perfect and present,
> And He shall thank the givers for? no light
> Of teaching, liberal nations, for the poor,
> Who sit in darkness when it is not night?
> No cure for wicked children? Christ,—no cure!
> No help for women, sobbing out of sight
> Because men made the laws? no brothel-lure
> Burnt out by popular lightnings? Hast thou found
> No remedy, my England, for such woes?

[1] [Revelation xix. 15.]

[2] [From *Casa Guidi Windows* (vol. iii. p. 305 of the ed. of 1873), published in 1851, the year of the great Exhibition. For another reference to the poem, see above, p. 39 *n.*]

have to spare, your gateways handsomer, and your carriage-drives wider — and your drawing-rooms more splendid, having a vague notion that you are all the while patronizing and advancing art; and you make no effort to conceive the fact that, within a few hours' journey of you, there are gateways and drawing-rooms which might just as well be yours as these, all built already; gateways built by the greatest masters of sculpture that ever struck marble; drawing-rooms, painted by Titian and Veronese; and you won't accept nor save these as they are, but you will rather fetch the house-painter from over the way, and let Titian and Veronese house the rats.

79. "Yes," of course, you answer; "we want nice houses here, not houses in Verona. What should we do with houses in Verona?" And I answer, do precisely what you do with the most expensive part of your possessions here: take pride in them—only a noble pride. You know well, when you examine your own hearts, that the greater part of the sums you spend on possessions is spent for pride. Why are your carriages nicely painted and finished outside? You don't see the outsides as you sit in them—the outsides are for other people to see. Why are your exteriors of houses so well finished, your furniture so polished and costly, but for other people to see? You are just as comfortable yourselves, writing on your old friend of a desk, with the white cloudings in his leather, and using the light

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No outlet, Austria, for the scourged and bound,
No call back for the exiled? no repose,
Russia, for knouted Poles worked underground,
And gentle ladies bleached among the snows?
No mercy for the slave, America?
No hope for Rome, free France, chivalric France?
Alas, great nations have great shames, I say.
No pity, O world, no tender utterance
Of benediction, and prayers stretched this way
For poor Italia, baffled by mischance?
O gracious nations, give some ear to me!
You all go to your Fair, and I am one
Who at the roadside of humanity
Beseech your alms,—God's justice to be done.
So, prosper!

of a window which is nothing but a hole in the brick wall. And all that is desirable to be done in this matter is merely to take pride in preserving great art, instead of in producing mean art; pride in the possession of precious and enduring things, a little way off, instead of slight and perishing things near at hand. You know, in old English times, our kings liked to have lordships and dukedoms abroad: and why should not your merchant princes like to have lordships and estates abroad? Believe me, rightly understood, it would be a prouder, and in the full sense of our English word, more "respectable" thing to be lord of a palace at Verona, or of a cloister full of frescoes at Florence, than to have a file of servants dressed in the finest liveries that ever tailor stitched, as long as would reach from here to Bolton:—yes, and a prouder thing to send people to travel in Italy, who would have to say every now and then, of some fair piece of art, "Ah! this was *kept* here for us by the good people of Manchester," than to bring them travelling all the way here, exclaiming of your various art treasures, "These were *brought* here for us, (not altogether without harm[1]) by the good people of Manchester."

80. "Ah!" but you say, "the Art Treasures Exhibition will pay; but Veronese palaces won't." Pardon me. They *would* pay, less directly, but far more richly. Do you suppose it is in the long run good for Manchester, or good for England, that the Continent should be in the state it is? Do you think the perpetual fear of revolution, or the perpetual repression of thought and energy that clouds and encumbers the nations of Europe, is eventually profitable for *us?* Were we any the better of the course of affairs in '48? or has the stabling of the dragoon horses in the great houses of Italy any distinct effect in the promotion of the cotton-trade? Not so. But every stake that you could hold in the stability of the Continent, and every effort that you could make to give example of English habits and principles on the Continent, and every kind deed that you could

[1] [For the damage done to some of the Turner water-colours, see Vol. XIII. pp. 591–592.]

do in relieving distress and preventing despair on the Continent, would have tenfold reaction on the prosperity of England, and open and urge, in a thousand unforeseen directions, the sluices of commerce and the springs of industry.

81. I could press, if I chose, both these motives upon you, of pride and self-interest, with more force, but these are not motives which ought to be urged upon you at all. The only motive that I ought to put before you is simply that it would be right to do this; that the holding of property abroad, and the personal efforts of Englishmen to redeem the condition of foreign nations, are among the most direct pieces of duty which our wealth renders incumbent upon us. I do not—and in all truth and deliberateness I say this—I do not know anything more ludicrous among the self-deceptions of well-meaning people than their notion of patriotism,[1] as requiring them to limit their efforts to the good of their own country;—the notion that charity is a geographical virtue, and that what it is holy and righteous to do for people on one bank of a river, it is quite improper and unnatural to do for people on the other. It will be a wonderful thing, some day or other, for the Christian world to remember, that it went on thinking for two thousand years that neighbours were neighbours at Jerusalem, but not at Jericho; a wonderful thing for us English to reflect, in after-years, how long it was before we could shake hands with anybody across that shallow salt wash, which the very chalk-dust of its two shores whitens from Folkestone to Ambleteuse.

82. Nor ought the motive of gratitude, as well as that of mercy, to be without its influence on you, who have been the first to ask to see, and the first to show to us, the treasures which this poor lost Italy has given to England. Remember, all these things that delight you here were hers—hers either in fact or in teaching; hers, in fact, are all the most powerful and most touching paintings of old time that now glow upon your walls; hers in teaching

[1] [For Ruskin's views on patriotism, see Vol. XII. p. 42 *n.*]

are all the best and greatest of descendant souls—your Reynolds and your Gainsborough never could have painted but for Venice; and the energies which have given the only true life to your existing art were first stirred by voices of the dead that haunted the Sacred Field of Pisa.[1]

Well, all these motives for some definite course of action on our part towards foreign countries rest upon very serious facts; too serious, perhaps you will think, to be interfered with; for we are all of us in the habit of leaving great things alone, as if Providence would mind them, and attending ourselves only to little things which we know, practically, Providence doesn't mind unless we do. We are ready enough to give care to the growing of pines and lettuces, knowing that they don't grow Providentially sweet or large unless we look after them; but we don't give any care to the good of Italy or Germany, because we think that they will grow Providentially happy without any of our meddling.

88. Let us leave the great things, then, and think of little things; not of the destruction of whole provinces in war, which it may not be any business of ours to prevent; but of the destruction of poor little pictures in peace, from which it surely would not be much out of our way to save them. You know I said, just now, we were all of us engaged in pulling pictures to pieces by deputy, and you did not believe me. Consider, then, this similitude of ourselves. Suppose you saw (as I doubt not you often do see) a prudent and kind young lady sitting at work, in the corner of a quiet room, knitting comforters for her cousins, and that just outside, in the hall, you saw a cat and her kittens at play among the family pictures; amusing themselves especially with the best Vandykes, by getting on the tops of the frames, and then scrambling down the canvases by their claws; and on some one's informing the young lady of these proceedings of the cat and kittens, suppose she answered that it wasn't her cat, but her sister's, and the pictures weren't hers, but her uncle's, and

[1] [The reference is to the book of engravings of the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa which is said to have inspired the Pre-Raphaelites: see Vol. XII. p. xliv.]

she couldn't leave her work, for she had to make so many pairs of comforters before dinner. Would you not say that the prudent and kind young lady was, on the whole, answerable for the additional touches of claw on the Vandykes?

84. Now, that is precisely what we prudent and kind English are doing, only on a larger scale. Here we sit in Manchester, hard at work, very properly, making comforters for our cousins all over the world. Just outside there in the hall—that beautiful marble hall of Italy—the cats and kittens and monkeys are at play among the pictures: I assure you, in the course of the fifteen years in which I have been working in those places in which the most precious remnants of European art exist, a sensation, whether I would or no, was gradually made distinct and deep in my mind, that I was living and working in the midst of a den of monkeys;—sometimes amiable and affectionate monkeys, with all manner of winning ways and kind intentions,—more frequently selfish and malicious monkeys; but, whatever their disposition, squabbling continually about nuts, and the best places on the barren sticks of trees; and that all this monkeys' den was filled, by mischance, with precious pictures, and the witty and wilful beasts were always wrapping themselves up and going to sleep in pictures, or tearing holes in them to grin through; or tasting them and spitting them out again, or twisting them up into ropes and making swings of them; and that sometimes only, by watching one's opportunity, and bearing a scratch or a bite, one could rescue the corner of a Tintoret, or Paul Veronese, and push it through the bars into a place of safety.

85. Literally, I assure you, this was, and this is, the fixed impression on my mind of the state of matters in Italy. And see how. The professors of art in Italy, having long followed a method of study peculiar to themselves, have at last arrived at a form of art peculiar to themselves; very different from that which was arrived at by Correggio and Titian. Naturally, the professors like their own form

the best;[1] and, as the old pictures are generally not so startling to the eye as the modern ones, the dukes and counts who possess them, and who like to see their galleries look new and fine (and are persuaded also that a celebrated chef-d'œuvre ought always to catch the eye at a quarter of a mile off), believe the professors who tell them their sober pictures are quite faded, and good for nothing, and should all be brought bright again; and, accordingly, give the sober pictures to the professors, to be put right by rules of art. Then, the professors repaint the old pictures in all the principal places, leaving perhaps only a bit of background to set off their own work. And thus the professors come to be generally figured, in my mind, as the monkeys who tear holes in the pictures, to grin through. Then the picture-dealers, who live by the pictures, cannot sell them to the English in their old and pure state; all the good work must be covered with new paint, and varnished so as to look like one of the professorial pictures in the great gallery, before it is saleable. And thus the dealers come to be imaged, in my mind, as the monkeys who make ropes of the pictures, to swing by. Then, every now and then at some old stable, or wine-cellar, or timber-shed, behind some forgotten vats or faggots, somebody finds a fresco of Perugino's or Giotto's, but doesn't think much of it, and has no idea of having people coming into his cellar, or being obliged to move his faggots; and so he whitewashes the fresco, and puts the faggots back again; and these kind of persons,[2] therefore, come generally to be imaged, in my mind, as the monkeys who taste the pictures, and spit them out, not finding them nice. While, finally, the squabbling for nuts and apples (called in Italy "bella libertà") goes on all day long.

86. Now, all this might soon be put an end to, if we English, who are so fond of travelling in the body, would also travel a little in soul! We think it a great triumph

[1] [For the "restoration" of pictures in Italy, see *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 3, 24, 25, 60; *Val d'Arno*, § 291; and in France, Vol. XII. p. 398 *n.*]

[2] [For this usage, compare *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 178, line 16), and *Elements of Drawing*, § 93 (Vol. XV. p. 81); Ruskin was familiar with it in Shakespeare (see *Lear*, ii. 2, l. 107).]

to get our packages and our persons carried at a fast pace, but we never take the slightest trouble to put any pace into our perceptions; we stay usually at home in thought, or if we ever mentally see the world, it is at the old stage-coach or waggon rate. Do but consider what an odd sight it would be, if it were only quite clear to you how things are really going on—how, here in England, we are making enormous and expensive efforts to produce new art of all kinds, knowing and confessing all the while that the greater part of it is bad, but struggling still to produce new patterns of wall-papers, and new shapes of teapots, and new pictures, and statues, and architecture; and pluming and cackling if ever a teapot or a picture has the least good in it;—all the while taking no thought whatever of the best possible pictures, and statues, and wall-patterns already in existence, which require nothing but to be taken common care of, and kept from damp and dust: but we let the walls fall that Giotto patterned, and the canvases rot that Tintoret painted, and the architecture be dashed to pieces that St. Louis built, while we are furnishing our drawing-rooms with prize upholstery, and writing accounts of our handsome warehouses to the country papers. Don't think I use my words vaguely or generally: I speak of literal facts. Giotto's frescoes at Assisi are perishing at this moment for want of decent care; Tintoret's pictures in San Sebastian, at Venice, are at this instant rotting piecemeal into grey rags; St. Louis's chapel, at Carcassonne, is at this moment lying in shattered fragments in the market-place.[1] And here we are all cawing and crowing, poor little half-fledged daws as we are, about the pretty sticks and wool in our own nests. There's hardly a day passes, when I am at home, but I get a letter from some well-meaning country clergyman, deeply anxious about the state of his parish church, and breaking his heart to get money together that he may hold up some

[1] [Ruskin had not at this time himself seen the frescoes of Giotto at Assisi (see *Giotto and his Works at Padua*, § 19); nor did he do so until 1874 and 1877 (see the numerous references to them in *Fors Clavigera*). He was here speaking on the authority, no doubt, of his friend Sir Austen Layard, who, in a letter written to Mrs. Austen a year later, thus describes the state of things: "I have been very busy

wretched remnant of Tudor tracery, with one niche in the corner and no statue—when all the while the mightiest piles of religious architecture and sculpture that ever the world saw are being blasted and withered away, without one glance of pity or regret. The country clergyman does not care for *them*—he has a sea-sick imagination that cannot cross channel. What is it to him, if the angels of Assisi fade from its vaults, or the queens and kings of Chartres[1] fall from their pedestals? They are not in his parish.

87. "What!" you will say, "are we not to produce any new art, nor take care of our parish churches?" No, certainly not, until you have taken proper care of the art you have got already, and of the best churches out of the parish. Your first and proper standing is not as churchwardens and parish overseers, in an English county, but as members of the great Christian community of Europe. And as members of that community (in which alone, observe, pure and precious ancient art exists, for there is none in America, none in Asia, none in Africa), you conduct yourselves precisely as a manufacturer would, who attended to his looms, but left his warehouse without a roof. The rain floods your warehouse, the rats frolic in it, the spiders spin in it, the choughs build in it, the wall-plague frets and festers in it; and still you keep weave, weave, weaving at your wretched webs, and thinking you are growing rich,

making fresh plans for the Arundel Society, and endeavouring to find some means of preserving records of the great works of art with which the sanctuary of St. Francis at Assisi abounds, but which are fast perishing. The neglect and wilful destruction to which they are exposed is truly lamentable. Every time I return to Italy I find fresh progress in the work of decay. In a very few years but little will be left of the frescoes which covered the walls of the Church of Assisi" (*Autobiography of Sir Austen Layard*, 1903, vol. ii. p. 220). "San Sebastian" must here be a slip for "San Rocco" (see *Munera Pulveris*, preface, § 3, where Ruskin recalls how he had seen the pictures of Tintoret in San Rocco "hanging down in ragged fragments"; the principal pictures at San Sebastian are by Paolo Veronese (see *Stones of Venice*, Vol. XI. p. 432). Louis IX. (died 1270) did a great deal of reconstruction in the Cité of Carcassonne, and about 1260 a chapel was added to the Cathedral there, containing the tomb of Bishop Radulph; it is presumably to this that Ruskin refers as "St. Louis's chapel," as it was built in his time, and the reconstruction of the Cité was undertaken at his instance. The Cathedral underwent a "complete restoration" at the hands of Viollet le Duc from 1850 onwards, and Ruskin's reference is no doubt to "restoration" which was in progress at the time. For other passages where Ruskin enumerates facts of the kind, see Vol. IV. pp. 37–41.]

[1] [For "the kings and queens of Chartres," see below, pp. 279 *seq.*]

while more is gnawed out of your warehouse in an hour than you can weave in a twelvemonth.

88. Even this similitude is not absurd enough to set us rightly forth. The weaver would, or might, at least, hope that his new woof was as stout as the old ones, and that, therefore, in spite of rain and ravage, he would have something to wrap himself in when he needed it. But *our* webs rot as we spin. The very fact that we despise the great art of the past shows that we cannot produce great art now. If we could do it, we should love it when we saw it done—if we really cared for it, we should recognize it and keep it; but we don't care for it. It is not art that we want; it is amusement, gratification of pride, present gain—anything in the world but art: let it rot, we shall always have enough to talk about and hang over our sideboards.

89. You will (I hope) finally ask me what is the outcome of all this, practicable to-morrow morning by us who are sitting here? These are the main practical outcomes of it: In the first place, don't grumble when you hear of a new picture being bought by Government at a large price. There are many pictures in Europe now in danger of destruction which are, in the true sense of the word, priceless; the proper price is simply that which it is necessary to give to get and to save them. If you can get them for fifty pounds, do; if not for less than a hundred, do; if not for less than five thousand, do; if not for less than twenty thousand, do; never mind being imposed upon: there is nothing disgraceful in being imposed upon; the only disgrace is in imposing; and you can't in general get anything much worth having, in the way of Continental art, but it must be with the help or connivance of numbers of people who, indeed, ought to have nothing to do with the matter, but who practically have, and always will have, everything to do with it; and if you don't choose to submit to be cheated by them out of a ducat here and a zecchin there, you will be cheated by them out of your picture; and whether you are most imposed upon in losing that, or the zecchins, I think I may leave you to judge;

though I know there are many political economists, who would rather leave a bag of gold on a garret-table, than give a porter sixpence extra to carry it downstairs.

That, then, is the first practical outcome of the matter. Never grumble, but be glad when you hear of a new picture being bought at a large price. In the long run, the dearest pictures are always the best bargains; and, I repeat, (for else you might think I said it in mere hurry of talk, and not deliberately,) there are some pictures which are without price. You should stand, nationally, at the edge of Dover cliffs—Shakespeare's—and wave blank cheques in the eyes of the nations on the other side of the sea, freely offered, for such and such canvases of theirs.

90. Then the next practical outcome of it is—Never buy a copy of a picture, under any circumstances whatever. All copies are bad;[1] because no painter who is worth a straw ever *will* copy. He will make a study of a picture he likes, for his own use, in his own way; but he won't and can't copy. Whenever you buy a copy, you buy so much misunderstanding of the original, and encourage a dull person in following a business he is not fit for, besides increasing ultimately chances of mistake and imposture, and farthering, as directly as money *can* farther, the cause of ignorance in all directions. You may, in fact, consider yourself as having purchased a certain quantity of mistakes; and, according to your power, being engaged in disseminating them.

91. I do not mean, however, that copies should never be made. A certain number of dull persons should always be employed by a Government in making the most accurate copies possible of all good pictures; these copies, though artistically valueless, would be historically and documentarily valuable, in the event of the destruction of the original

[1] [For other places where Ruskin discourages the purchase of copies, see Vol. X. p. 197 *n.* At a later date, however, he came to attach great importance to training copyists—both for the multiplication and study of pictures whose "excellence greatly consists in colour" (*Ariadne Florentina*, § 227 *n.*, and Vol. XIII. pp. 530–531), and for the record of works of art liable to destruction (see below, pp. 448, 456). It should be remembered that in both cases Ruskin distinguished between copies and copies, taking care to train copyists and certify copies.]

picture. The studies also made by great artists for their own use, should be sought after with the greatest eagerness; they are often to be bought cheap; and in connection with the mechanical copies, would become very precious: tracings from frescoes and other large works are also of great value; for though a tracing is liable to just as many mistakes as a copy, the mistakes in a tracing are of one kind only, which may be allowed for, but the mistakes of a common copyist are of all conceivable kinds: finally, engravings, in so far as they convey certain facts about the pictures, without pretending adequately to represent or give an idea of the pictures, are often serviceable and valuable. I can't, of course, enter into details in these matters just now; only this main piece of advice I can safely give you —never to buy copies of pictures (for your private possession) which pretend to give a facsimile that shall be in any wise representative of, or equal to, the original. Whenever you do so, you are only lowering your taste, and wasting your money. And if you are generous and wise, you will be ready rather to subscribe as much as you would have given for a copy of a great picture towards its purchase, or the purchase of some other like it, by the nation. There ought to be a great National Society instituted for the purchase of pictures;[1] presenting them to the various galleries in our great cities, and watching there over their safety: but in the meantime, you can always act safely and beneficially by merely allowing your artist friends to buy pictures for you, when they see good ones. Never buy for yourselves, nor go to the foreign dealers; but let any painter whom you know be entrusted, when he finds a neglected old picture in an old house, to try if he cannot get it for you; then, if you like it, keep it; if not, send it to the hammer, and you will find that you do not lose money on pictures so purchased.

[1] [Ruskin's suggestion was carried out in 1903 by the formation of a "National Art Collections Fund"; the object of the Society being "to raise money by private subscription and donation in order to supplement the support given by the State to our national galleries and museums."]

92. And the third and chief practical outcome of the matter is this general one: Wherever you go, whatever you do, act more for *preservation* and less for *production.* I assure you, the world is, generally speaking, in calamitous disorder, and just because you have managed to thrust some of the lumber aside, and get an available corner for yourselves, you think you should do nothing but sit spinning in it all day long—while, as householders and economists, your first thought and effort should be, to set things more square all about you. Try to set the ground floors in order, and get the rottenness out of your granaries. *Then* sit and spin, but not till then.

93. IV. DISTRIBUTION.—And now, lastly, we come to the fourth great head of our inquiry, the question of the wise distribution of the art we have gathered and preserved. It must be evident to us, at a moment's thought, that the way in which works of art are on the whole most useful to the nation to which they belong, must be by their collection in public galleries, supposing those galleries properly managed. But there is one disadvantage attached necessarily to gallery exhibition—namely, the extent of mischief which may be done by one foolish curator. As long as the pictures which form the national wealth are disposed in private collections, the chance is always that the people who buy them will be just the people who are fond of them; and that the sense of exchangeable value in the commodity they possess, will induce them, even if they do not esteem it themselves, to take such care of it as will preserve its value undiminished. At all events, so long as works of art are scattered through the nation, no universal destruction of them is possible; a certain average only are lost by accidents from time to time. But when they are once collected in a large public gallery, if the appointment of curator becomes in any way a matter of formality, or the post is so lucrative as to be disputed by place-hunters, let but one foolish or careless person get possession of it, and perhaps you may have all your fine pictures repainted,

and the national property destroyed, in a month. That is actually the case at this moment, in several great foreign galleries. They are the places of execution of pictures: over their doors you only want the Dantesque inscription, "Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che entrate."[1]

94. Supposing, however, this danger properly guarded against, as it would be always by a nation which either knew the value, or understood the meaning, of painting,* arrangement in a public gallery is the safest, as well as the most serviceable, method of exhibiting pictures; and it is the only mode in which their historical value can be brought out, and their historical meaning made clear. But great good is also to be done by encouraging the private possession of pictures; partly as a means of study, (much more being always discovered in any work of art by a person who has it perpetually near him than by one who only sees it from time to time,) and also as a means of refining the habits and touching the hearts of the masses of the nation in their domestic life.

95. For these last purposes, the most serviceable art is the living art of the time; the particular tastes of the people will be best met, and their particular ignorances best corrected, by painters labouring in the midst of them, more or less guided to the knowledge of what is wanted by the degree of sympathy with which their work is received. So then, generally, it should be the object of government, and of all patrons of art, to collect, as far as may be, the works of dead masters in public galleries, arranging them so as to illustrate the history of nations, and the progress and influence of their arts; and to encourage the private possession of the works of *living* masters. And the first and best way

* It would be a great point gained towards the preservation of pictures if it were made a rule that at every operation they underwent, the exact spots in which they have been repainted should be recorded in writing.

[1] [*Inferno*, iii. 9.]

in which to encourage such private possession is, of course, to keep down the prices of them as far as you can.

I hope there are not a great many painters in the room; if there are, I entreat their patience for the next quarter of an hour: if they will bear with me for so long, I hope they will not, finally, be offended by what I am going to say.

96. I repeat, trusting to their indulgence in the interim, that the first object of our national economy, as respects the distribution of modern art, should be steadily and rationally to limit its prices, since by doing so, you will produce two effects: you will make the painters produce more pictures, two or three instead of one, if they wish to make money; and you will, by bringing good pictures within the reach of people of moderate income, excite the general interest of the nation in them, increase a thousandfold the demand for the commodity, and therefore its wholesome and natural production.

97. I know how many objections must arise in your minds at this moment to what I say; but you must be aware that it is not possible for me in an hour to explain all the moral and commercial bearings of such a principle as this. Only, believe me, I do not speak lightly; I think I have considered all the objections which could be rationally brought forward, though I have time at present only to glance at the main one—namely, the idea that the high prices paid for modern pictures are either honourable, or serviceable, to the painter. So far from this being so, I believe one of the principal obstacles to the progress of modern art to be the high prices given for good modern pictures. For observe first the action of this high remuneration on the artist's mind. If he "gets on," as it is called, catches the eye of the public, and especially of the public of the upper classes, there is hardly any limit to the fortune he may acquire; so that, in his early years, his mind is naturally led to dwell on this worldly and wealthy eminence as the main thing to be reached by his art; if he finds that he is not gradually rising towards it,

he thinks there is something wrong in his work; or, if he is too proud to think that, still the bribe of wealth and honour warps him from his honest labour into efforts to attract attention; and he gradually loses both his power of mind and his rectitude of purpose. This, according to the degree of avarice or ambition which exists in any painter's mind, is the necessary influence upon him of the hope of great wealth and reputation. But the harm is still greater, in so far as the possibility of attaining fortune of this kind tempts people continually to become painters who have no real gift for the work; and on whom these motives of mere worldly interest have exclusive influence;—men who torment and abuse the patient workers, eclipse or thrust aside all delicate and good pictures by their own gaudy and coarse ones, corrupt the taste of the public, and do the greatest amount of mischief to the schools of art in their day which it is possible for their capacities to effect; and it is quite wonderful how much mischief may be done even by small capacity. If you could by any means succeed in keeping the prices of pictures down, you would throw all these disturbers out of the way at once.

98. You may perhaps think that this severe treatment would do more harm than good, by withdrawing the wholesome element of emulation, and giving no stimulus to exertion; but I am sorry to say that artists will always be sufficiently jealous of one another, whether you pay them large or low prices; and as for stimulus to exertion, believe me, no good work in this world was ever done for money,[1] nor while the slightest thought of money affected the painter's mind.[2] Whatever idea of pecuniary value enters into his thoughts as he works, will, in proportion to the distinctness of its presence, shorten his power. A real painter will work for you exquisitely, if you give him, as I told

[1] [For other places where this statement is enforced, see *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. xii. § 7; *Unto this Last*, § 52 *n.*; *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 41.]

[2] [Compare the test which Ruskin bids an artist apply to himself in this matter, in *Two Paths*, § 135, below, p. 370. See also p. 439.]

you a little while ago, bread and water and salt;[1] and a bad painter will work badly and hastily, though you give him a palace to live in, and a princedom to live upon. Turner got, in his earlier years, half a crown a day and his supper (not bad pay, neither); and he learned to paint upon that. And I believe that there is no chance of art's truly flourishing in any country, until you make it a simple and plain business, providing its masters with an easy competence, but rarely with anything more. And I say this, not because I despise the great painter, but because I honour him; and I should no more think of adding to his respectability or happiness by giving him riches, than, if Shakespeare or Milton were alive, I should think we added to *their* respectability, or were likely to get better work from them, by making them millionaires.

99. But, observe, it is not only the painter himself whom you injure, by giving him too high prices; you injure all the inferior painters of the day. If they are modest, they will be discouraged and depressed by the feeling that their doings are worth so little, comparatively, in your eyes;—if proud, all their worst passions will be aroused, and the insult or opprobrium which they will try to cast on their successful rival will not only afflict and wound him, but at last sour and harden him: he cannot pass through such a trial without grievous harm.

100. That, then, is the effect you produce on the painter of mark, and on the inferior ones of his own standing. But you do worse than this; you deprive yourselves, by what you give for the fashionable picture, of the power of helping the younger men who are coming forward. Be it admitted, for argument's sake, if you are not convinced by what I have said, that you do no harm to the great man by paying him well; yet certainly you do him no special good. His reputation is established, and his fortune made; he does not care whether you buy or not; he thinks he is rather doing

[1] [See above, § 41, p. 43.]

you a favour than otherwise by letting you have one of his pictures at all. All the good you do him is to help him to buy a new pair of carriage horses; whereas, with that same sum which thus you cast away, you might have relieved the hearts and preserved the health of twenty young painters; and if, among those twenty, you but chanced on one in whom a true latent power had been hindered by his poverty, just consider what a far-branching, far-embracing good you have wrought with that lucky expenditure of yours. I say, "Consider it," in vain; you cannot consider it, for you cannot conceive the sickness of heart with which a young painter of deep feeling toils through his first obscurity;—his sense of the strong voice within him, which you will not hear;—his vain, fond, wondering witness to the things you will not see;—his far-away perception of things that he could accomplish if he had but peace, and time, all unapproachable and vanishing from him, because no one will leave him peace or grant him time: all his friends falling back from him; those whom he would most reverently obey rebuking and paralysing him; and, last and worst of all, those who believe in him the most faithfully suffering by him the most bitterly;—the wife's eyes, in their sweet ambition, shining brighter as the cheek wastes away; and the little lips at his side parched and pale, which one day, he knows, though he may never see it, will quiver so proudly when they call his name, calling him "our father." You deprive yourselves, by your large expenditure for pictures of mark, of the power of relieving and redeeming *this* distress; you injure the painter whom you pay so largely;—and what, after all, have you done for yourselves or got for yourselves? It does not in the least follow that the hurried work of a fashionable painter will contain more for your money than the quiet work of some unknown man. In all probability, you will find, if you rashly purchase what is popular at a high price, that you have got one picture you don't care for, for a sum which would have bought twenty you would have delighted in.

101. For remember always, that the price of a picture by a living artist never represents, never *can* represent, the quantity of labour or value in it. Its price represents, for the most part, the degree of desire which the rich people of the country have to possess it. Once get the wealthy classes to imagine that the possession of pictures by a given artist adds to their "gentility," and there is no price which his work may not immediately reach, and for years maintain; and in buying at that price, you are not getting value for your money, but merely disputing for victory in a contest of ostentation. And it is hardly possible to spend your money in a worse or more wasteful way; for though you may not be doing it for ostentation yourself, you are, by your pertinacity, nourishing the ostentation of others; you meet them in their game of wealth, and continue it for them; if they had not found an opposite player, the game would have been done; for a proud man can find no enjoyment in possessing himself of what nobody disputes with him. So that by every farthing you give for a picture beyond its fair price—that is to say, the price which will pay the painter for his time—you are not only cheating yourself and buying vanity, but you are stimulating the vanity of others; paying, literally, for the cultivation of pride. You may consider every pound that you spend above the just price of a work of art, as an investment in a cargo of mental quick-lime or guano, which, being laid on the fields of human nature, is to grow a harvest of pride. You are in fact ploughing and harrowing, in a most valuable part of your land, in order to reap the whirlwind; you are setting your hand stoutly to Job's agriculture—"Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley."[1]

102. Well, but you will say, there is one advantage in high prices, which more than counterbalances all this mischief, namely, that by great reward we both urge and enable a painter to produce rather one perfect picture than many inferior ones: and one perfect picture (so you tell

[1] [Job xxxi. 40.]

us, and we believe it) is worth a great number of inferior ones.

It is so; but you cannot get it by paying for it. A great work is only done when the painter gets into the humour for it, likes his subject, and determines to paint it as well as he can, whether he is paid for it or not;[1] but bad work, and generally the worst sort of bad work, is done when he is trying to produce a showy picture, or one that shall appear to have as much labour in it as shall be worth a high price.*

103. There is, however, another point, and a still more important one, bearing on this matter of purchase, than the keeping down of prices to a rational standard. And that is, that you pay your prices into the hands of living men, and do not pour them into coffins.

For observe that, as we arrange our payment of pictures

* When this lecture was delivered, I gave here some data for approximate estimates of the average value of good modern pictures of different classes;[2] but the subject is too complicated to be adequately treated in writing, without introducing more detail than the reader will have patience for. But I may state, roughly, that prices above a hundred guineas are in general extravagant for water-colours, and above five hundred for oils. An artist almost always does wrong who puts more work than these prices will remunerate him for into any single canvas—his talent would be better employed in painting two pictures than one so elaborate. The water-colour painters also are getting into the habit of making their drawings too large, and in a measure attaching their price rather to breadth and extent of touch than to thoughtful labour. Of course marked exceptions occur here and there, as in the case of John Lewis, whose drawings are wrought with unfailing precision throughout, whatever their scale. Hardly any price can be remunerative for such work.[3]

[1] [For enjoyment as a necessary condition to good work, see *Seven Lamps*, Vol. VIII. p. 218; *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. vii. § 23 *n.*; and *Art of England*, § 179.]

[2] [The report of this passage in the *Manchester Guardian* is as follows:—

"He believed that there was a certain maximum price beyond which we ought never to go in payment for a picture. He said it seriously, and he meant it, that we might buy pictures by the yard, or by the square foot. Turner, in his greatest power, when he was an old man of seventy-two, made drawings 18 inches by 12 inches, for which he received 75 guineas. This was at the rate of about 50 guineas per square foot, for drawings by the greatest artist in the country. Large drawings should not be paid for at a proportionate rate. If we went beyond 200 guineas, 50 guineas per square yard was sufficient."]

[3] [For the conscientious workmanship of Lewis in this connexion, see Vol. XIV. p. 74.]

at present, no artist's work is worth half its proper value while he is alive. The moment he dies, his pictures, if they are good, reach double their former value; but, that rise of price represents simply a profit made by the intelligent dealer or purchaser on his past purchases. So that the real facts of the matter are, that the British public, spending a certain sum annually in art, determines that, of every thousand it pays, only five hundred shall go to the painter, or shall be at all concerned in the production of art; and that the other five hundred shall be paid merely as a testimonial to the intelligent dealer, who knew what to buy. Now, testimonials are very pretty and proper things, within due limits; but testimonial to the amount of a hundred per cent. on the total expenditure is not good political economy. Do not, therefore, in general, unless you see it to be necessary for its preservation, buy the picture of a dead artist. If you fear that it may be exposed to contempt or neglect, buy it; its price will then, probably, not be high: if you want to put it into a public gallery, buy it; you are sure, then, that you do not spend your money selfishly: or, if you loved the man's work while he was alive, and bought it then, buy it also now, if you can see no living work equal to it. But if you did not buy it while the man was living, never buy it after he is dead: you are then doing no good to him, and you are doing some shame to yourself. Look around you for pictures that you really like, and in buying which you can help some genius yet unperished—that is the best atonement you can make to the one you have neglected—and give to the living and struggling painter at once wages, and testimonial.

104. So far then of the motives which should induce us to keep down the prices of modern art, and thus render it, as a private possession, attainable by greater numbers of people than at present. But we should strive to render it accessible to them in other ways also—chiefly by the permanent decoration of public buildings; and it is in this field that I think we may look for the profitable means of

providing that constant employment for young painters of which we were speaking last evening.[1]

The first and most important kind of public buildings which we are always sure to want, are schools: and I would ask you to consider very carefully, whether we may not wisely introduce some great changes in the way of school decoration.[2] Hitherto, as far as I know, it has either been so difficult to give all the education we wanted to our lads, that we have been obliged to do it, if at all, with cheap furniture and bare walls; or else we have considered that cheap furniture and bare walls are a proper part of the means of education; and supposed that boys learned best when they sat on hard forms, and had nothing but blank plaster about and above them whereupon to employ their spare attention; also, that it was as well they should be accustomed to rough and ugly conditions of things, partly by way of preparing them for the hardships of life, and partly that there might be the least possible damage done to floors and forms, in the event of their becoming, during the master's absence, the fields or instruments of battle. All this is so far well and necessary, as it relates to the training of country lads, and the first training of boys in general. But there certainly comes a period in the life of a well-educated youth, in which one of the principal elements of his education is, or ought to be, to give him refinement of habits; and not only to teach him the strong exercises of which his frame is capable, but also to increase his bodily sensibility and refinement, and show him such small matters as the way of handling things properly, and treating them considerately.

105. Not only so; but I believe the notion of fixing the attention by keeping the room empty, is a wholly mistaken one: I think it is just in the emptiest room that the

[1] [*i.e.*, on the evening of the preceding lecture, July 10th, the present lecture being delivered on the 13th; see above, p. 35.]

[2] [Practical steps in the direction thus indicated were afterwards taken by the "Art for Schools Association," of which Ruskin was the first President, and by the Kyrle Society.]

mind wanders most; for it gets restless, like a bird, for want of a perch, and casts about for any possible means of getting out and away. And even if it be fixed, by an effort, on the business in hand, that business becomes itself repulsive, more than it need be, by the vileness of its associations; and many a study appears dull or painful to a boy, when it is pursued on a blotted deal desk, under a wall with nothing on it but scratches and pegs, which would have been pursued pleasantly enough in a curtained corner of his father's library, or at the lattice window of his cottage. Now, my own belief is, that the best study of all is the most beautiful; and that a quiet glade of forest, or the nook of a lake shore, are worth all the schoolrooms in Christendom, when once you are past the multiplication table; but be that as it may, there is no question at all but that a time ought to come in the life of a well-trained youth, when he can sit at a writing-table without wanting to throw the inkstand at his neighbour; and when also he will feel more capable of certain efforts of mind with beautiful and refined forms about him than with ugly ones. When that time comes, he ought to be advanced into the decorated schools; and this advance ought to be one of the important and honourable epochs of his life.

106. I have not time, however, to insist on the mere serviceableness to our youth of refined architectural decoration, as such; for I want you to consider the probable influence of the particular kind of decoration which I wish you to get for them, namely, historical painting.[1] You know we have hitherto been in the habit of conveying all our historical knowledge, such as it is, by the ear only, never by the eye; all our notion of things being ostensibly derived from verbal description, not from sight. Now, I have no doubt that, as we grow gradually wiser—and we are doing so every day—we shall discover at last that the eye is a nobler organ than the ear; and that through the eye we must, in reality, obtain, or put into form, nearly

[1] [On this subject, see Vol. IV. pp. 382–383; Vol. XII. p. 151 *seq.*; and compare below, *Cambridge Address*, § 24, p. 198.]

all the useful information we are to have about this world. Even as the matter stands, you will find that the knowledge which a boy is supposed to receive from verbal description is only available to him so far as in any underhand way he gets a sight of the thing you are talking about. I remember well that, for many years of my life, the only notion I had of the look of a Greek knight was complicated between recollection of a small engraving in my pocket Pope's Homer,[1] and reverent study of the Horse Guards. And though I believe that most boys collect their ideas from more varied sources and arrange them more carefully than I did; still, whatever sources they seek must always be ocular: if they are clever boys, they will go and look at the Greek vases and sculptures in the British Museum, and at the weapons in our armouries—they will see what real armour is like in lustre, and what Greek armour was like in form, and so put a fairly true image together, but still not, in ordinary cases, a very living or interesting one.

107. Now, the use of your decorative painting would be, in myriads of ways, to animate their history for them, and to put the living aspect of past things before their eyes as faithfully as intelligent invention can; so that the master shall have nothing to do but once to point to the schoolroom walls, and for ever afterwards the meaning of any word would be fixed in a boy's mind in the best possible way. Is it a question of classical dress—what a tunic was like, or a chlamys, or a peplus? At this day, you have to point to some vile woodcut, in the middle of a dictionary page, representing the thing hung upon a stick; but then, you would point to a hundred figures, wearing the actual dress, in its fiery colours, in all actions of various stateliness or strength; you would understand at once how it fell round the people's limbs as they stood, how it drifted from their shoulders as they went, how it veiled their faces as they wept, how it covered their heads in the day of battle. *Now*,

[1] [Probably the pocket edition of Pope's *Iliad* first issued in 1822, by Rivington. On the title-page is a vignette with a figure of a mounted knight (representing Hercules).]

if you want to see what a weapon is like, you refer, in like manner, to a numbered page, in which there are spear-heads in rows, and sword-hilts in symmetrical groups; and gradually the boy gets a dim mathematical notion how one scimitar is hooked to the right and another to the left, and one javelin has a knob to it and another none: while one glance at your good picture would show him,—and the first rainy afternoon in the schoolroom would for ever fix in his mind,—the look of the sword and spear as they fell or flew; and how they pierced, or bent, or shattered—how men wielded them, and how men died by them.

108. But far more than all this, is it a question not of clothes or weapons, but of men? how can we sufficiently estimate the effect on the mind of a noble youth, at the time when the world opens to him, of having faithful and touching representations put before him of the acts and presences of great men—how many a resolution, which would alter and exalt the whole course of his after-life, might be formed, when in some dreamy twilight he met, through his own tears, the fixed eyes of those shadows of the great dead, unescapable and calm, piercing to his soul; or fancied that their lips moved in dread reproof or soundless exhortation? And if but for one out of many this were true—if yet, in a few, you could be sure that such influence had indeed changed their thoughts and destinies, and turned the eager and reckless youth, who would have cast away his energies on the race-horse or the gambling-table, to that noble life-race, that holy life-hazard, which should win all glory to himself and all good to his country,—would not that, to some purpose, be "political economy of art"?

109. And observe, there could be no monotony, no exhaustibleness, in the scenes required to be thus portrayed. Even if there were, and you wanted for every school in the kingdom, one death of Leonidas:[1] one battle of Marathon;

[1] [Compare *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, § 112 (Vol. XII. p. 138). For the story of Cleobis and Bito (again mentioned in § 183, below, p. 167), see Herodotus, i. 31.]

one death of Cleobis and Bito; there need not therefore be more monotony in your art than there was in the repetition of a given cycle of subjects by the religious painters of Italy. But we ought not to admit a cycle at all. For though we had as many great schools as we have great cities (one day I hope we *shall* have), centuries of painting would not exhaust, in all the number of them, the noble and pathetic subjects which might be chosen from the history of even one noble nation. But, beside this, you will not, in a little while, limit your youths' studies to so narrow fields as you do now. There will come a time—I am sure of it—when it will be found that the same practical results, both in mental discipline and in political philosophy, are to be attained by the accurate study of mediæval and modern as of ancient history; and that the facts of mediæval and modern history are, on the whole, the most important to us. And among these noble groups of constellated schools which I foresee arising in our England, I foresee also that there will be divided fields of thought; and that while each will give its scholars a great general idea of the world's history, such as all men should possess—each will also take upon itself, as its own special duty, the closer study of the course of events in some given place or time. It will review the rest of history, but it will exhaust its own special field of it; and found its moral and political teaching on the most perfect possible analysis of the results of human conduct in one place, and at one epoch. And then, the galleries of that school will be painted with the historical scenes belonging to the age which it has chosen for its special study.

110. So far, then, of art as you may apply it to that great series of public buildings which you devote to the education of youth. The next large class of public buildings in which we should introduce it, is one which I think a few years more of national progress will render more serviceable to us than they have been lately. I mean, buildings for the meetings of guilds of trades.

And here, for the last time, I must again interrupt the

course of our chief inquiry, in order to state one other principle of political economy, which is perfectly simple and indisputable; but which, nevertheless, we continually get into commercial embarrassments for want of understanding; and not only so, but suffer much hindrance in our commercial discoveries, because many of our business men do not practically admit it.

Supposing half a dozen or a dozen men were cast ashore from a wreck on an uninhabited island, and left to their own resources, one of course, according to his capacity, would be set to one business and one to another; the strongest to dig and cut wood, and to build huts for the rest: the most dexterous to make shoes out of bark and coats out of skins; the best educated to look for iron or lead in the rocks, and to plan the channels for the irrigation of the fields. But though their labours were thus naturally severed, that small group of shipwrecked men would understand well enough that the speediest progress was to be made by helping each other,—not by opposing each other: and they would know that this help could only be properly given so long as they were frank and open in their relations, and the difficulties which each lay under properly explained to the rest. So that any appearance of secrecy or separateness in the actions of any of them would instantly, and justly, be looked upon with suspicion by the rest, as the sign of some selfish or foolish proceeding on the part of the individual. If, for instance, the scientific man were found to have gone out at night, unknown to the rest, to alter the sluices, the others would think, and in all probability rightly think, that he wanted to get the best supply of water to his own field; and if the shoemaker refused to show them where the bark grew which he made the sandals of, they would naturally think, and in all probability rightly think, that he didn't want them to see how much there was of it, and that he meant to ask from them more corn and potatoes in exchange for his sandals than the trouble of making them deserved. And

thus, although each man would have a portion of time to himself in which he was allowed to do what he chose without let or inquiry,—so long as he was working in that particular business which he had undertaken for the common benefit, any secrecy on his part would be immediately supposed to mean mischief; and would require to be accounted for, or put an end to: and this all the more because, whatever the work might be, certainly there would be difficulties about it which, when once they were well explained, might be more or less done away with by the help of the rest; so that assuredly every one of them would advance with his labour not only more happily, but more profitably and quickly, by having no secrets, and by frankly bestowing, and frankly receiving, such help as lay in his way to get or to give.

111. And, just as the best and richest result of wealth and happiness to the whole of them would follow on their perseverance in such a system of frank communication and of helpful labour;—so precisely the worst and poorest result would be obtained by a system of secrecy and of enmity; and each man's happiness and wealth would assuredly be diminished in proportion to the degree in which jealousy and concealment became their social and economical principles. It would not, in the long run, bring good, but only evil, to the man of science, if, instead of telling openly where he had found good iron, he carefully concealed every new bed of it, that he might ask, in exchange for the rare ploughshare, more corn from the farmer, or, in exchange for the rude needle, more labour from the sempstress: and it would not ultimately bring good, but only evil, to the farmers, if they sought to burn each other's cornstacks, that they might raise the value of their grain, or if the sempstresses tried to break each other's needles, that each might get all the stitching to herself.

112. Now, these laws of human action are precisely as authoritative in their application to the conduct of a million of men, as to that of six or twelve. All enmity, jealousy,

opposition, and secrecy are wholly, and in all circumstances, destructive in their nature—not productive; and all kindness, fellowship, and communicativeness are invariably productive in their operation,—not destructive; and the evil principles of opposition and exclusiveness are not rendered less fatal, but more fatal, by their acceptance among large masses of men; more fatal, I say, exactly in proportion as their influence is more secret. For though the opposition does always its own simple, necessary, direct quantity of harm, and withdraws always its own simple, necessary, measurable quantity of wealth from the sum possessed by the community, yet, in proportion to the size of the community, it does another and more refined mischief than this, by concealing its own fatality under aspects of mercantile complication and expediency, and giving rise to multitudes of false theories based on a mean belief in narrow and immediate appearances of good done here and there by things which have the universal and everlasting nature of evil. So that the time and powers of the nation are wasted, not only in wretched struggling against each other, but in vain complaints, and groundless discouragements, and empty investigations, and useless experiments in laws, and elections, and inventions; with hope always to pull wisdom through some new-shaped slit in a ballot-box, and to drag prosperity down out of the clouds along some new knot of electric wire; while all the while Wisdom stands calling at the corners of the streets,[1] and the blessing of Heaven waits ready to rain down upon us, deeper than the rivers and broader than the dew, if only we will obey the first plain principles of humanity, and the first plain precepts of the skies:[2] "Execute true judgment, and show mercy and compassion, every man to his brother; and let none of you imagine evil against his brother in your heart." *

* It would be well if, instead of preaching continually about the doctrine of faith and good works, our clergymen would simply explain to their people a little what good works mean. There is not a chapter in all the book we

[1] [See Proverbs i. 20.]
[2] [Zechariah vii. 9, 10.]

118. Therefore, I believe most firmly, that as the laws of national prosperity get familiar to us, we shall more and more cast our toil into social and communicative systems; and that one of the first means of our doing so, will be the re-establishing guilds[1] of every important trade in a vital, not formal, condition; — that there will be a great council or government house for the members of every trade, built in whatever town of the kingdom occupies itself principally in such trade, with minor council-halls in other cities; and to each council-hall, officers attached, whose first business may be to examine into the circumstances of every operative, in that trade, who chooses to report himself to them when out of work, and to set him to work, if he is indeed able and willing, at a fixed rate of wages, determined at regular periods in the council-meetings; and whose next duty may be to bring reports before the council of all improvements made in the business, and means of its extension: not allowing private patents of any kind, but making all improvements available to every member of the guild, only allotting, after successful trial of them, a certain reward to the inventors.

profess to believe, more specially and directly written for England than the second of Habakkuk, and I never in all my life heard one of its practical texts preached from. I suppose the clergymen are all afraid, and know their flocks, while they will sit quite politely to hear syllogisms out of the epistle to the Romans, would get restive directly if they ever pressed a practical text home to them. But we should have no mercantile catastrophes, and no distressful pauperism, if we only read often, and took to heart, those plain words:—"Yea, also, because he is a proud man, neither keepeth at home, who enlargeth his desire as hell, and cannot be satisfied,—Shall not all these take up a parable against him, and a taunting proverb against him, and say, 'Woe to him that increaseth that which is not his: and to him that *ladeth himself with thick clay*'?" (What a glorious history in one metaphor, of the life of a man greedy of fortune!) "Woe to him that coveteth an evil covetousness that he may set his nest on high. Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood, and stablisheth a city by iniquity. Behold, is it not of the Lord of Hosts that the people shall labour in the very fire, and the people shall weary themselves for very vanity?"

The Americans, who have been sending out ships with sham bolt-heads on their timbers, and only half their bolts, may meditate on that "buildeth a town with blood."

[1] [Compare *Cambridge Address*, § 3, below, p. 179, and *Time and Tide*, § 78.]

114. For these, and many other such purposes, such halls will be again, I trust, fully established, and then, in the paintings and decorations of them, especial effort ought to be made to express the worthiness and honourableness of the trade for whose members they are founded. For I believe one of the worst symptoms of modern society to be, its notion of great inferiority, and ungentlemanliness, as necessarily belonging to the character of a tradesman.[1] I believe tradesmen may be, ought to be—often are, more gentlemen than idle and useless people: and I believe that art may do noble work by recording in the hall of each trade, the services which men belonging to that trade have done for their country, both preserving the portraits, and recording the important incidents in the lives, of those who have made great advances in commerce and civilization. I cannot follow out this subject—it branches too far, and in too many directions; besides, I have no doubt you will at once see and accept the truth of the main principle, and be able to think it out for yourselves. I would fain also have said something of what might be done, in the same manner, for almshouses and hospitals, and for what, as I shall try to explain in notes to this lecture,[2] we may hope to see, some day, established with a different meaning in their name than that they now bear—workhouses; but I have detained you too long already, and cannot permit myself to trespass further on your patience except only to recapitulate, in closing, the simple principles respecting wealth which we have gathered during the course of our inquiry; principles which are nothing more than the literal and practical acceptance of the saying which is in all good men's mouths—namely, that they are stewards or ministers of whatever talents are entrusted to them.[3]

115. Only, is it not a strange thing, that while we more

[1] [Compare *Pre-Raphaelitism*, § 2 (Vol. XII. p. 342).]

[2] [See below, p. 113.]

[3] [With the following paragraphs on the Parable of the Talents (Matthew xxv. 14–29; Luke xix. 12–26), compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 53.]

or less accept the meaning of that saying, so long as it is considered metaphorical we never accept its meaning in its own terms? You know the lesson is given us under the form of a story about money. Money was given to the servants to make use of: the unprofitable servant dug in the earth, and hid his lord's money. Well, we, in our political and spiritual application of this, say, that of course money doesn't mean money: it means wit, it means intellect, it means influence in high quarters, it means everything in the world except itself. And do not you see what a pretty and pleasant come-off there is for most of us, in this spiritual application? Of course, if we had wit, we would use it for the good of our fellow-creatures. But we haven't wit. Of course, if we had influence with the bishops, we would use it for the good of the Church; but we haven't any influence with the bishops. Of course, if we had political power, we would use it for the good of the nation; but we have no political power; we have no talents entrusted to *us* of any sort or kind. It is true we have a little money, but the parable can't possibly mean anything so vulgar as money; our money's our own.

116. I believe, if you think seriously of this matter, you will feel that the first and most literal application is just as necessary a one as any other—that the story does very specially mean what it says—plain money; and that the reason we don't at once believe it does so, is a sort of tacit idea that while thought, wit, and intellect, and all power of birth and position, are indeed *given* to us, and, therefore, to be laid out for the Giver—our wealth has not been given to us; but we have worked for it, and have a right to spend it as we choose. I think you will find that is the real substance of our understanding in this matter. Beauty, we say, is given by God—it is a talent; strength is given by God—it is a talent; position is given by God—it is a talent; but money is proper wages for our day's work—it is not a talent, it is a due. We may justly spend it on ourselves, if we have worked for it.

117. And there would be some shadow of excuse for this, were it not that the very power of making the money is itself only one of the applications of that intellect or strength which we confess to be talents. Why is one man richer than another? Because he is more industrious, more persevering, and more sagacious. Well, who made him more persevering or more sagacious than others? That power of endurance, that quickness of apprehension, that calmness of judgment, which enable him to seize the opportunities that others lose, and persist in the lines of conduct in which others fail—are these not talents?—are they not, in the present state of the world, among the most distinguished and influential of mental gifts? And is it not wonderful, that while we should be utterly ashamed to use a superiority of body, in order to thrust our weaker companions aside from some place of advantage, we unhesitatingly use our superiorities of mind to thrust them back from whatever good that strength of mind can attain? You would be indignant if you saw a strong man walk into a theatre or a lecture-room, and, calmly choosing the best place, take his feeble neighbour by the shoulder, and turn him out of it into the back seats, or the street. You would be equally indignant if you saw a stout fellow thrust himself up to a table where some hungry children were being fed, and reach his arm over their heads and take their bread from them. But you are not the least indignant if, when a man has stoutness of thought and swiftness of capacity, and, instead of being long-armed only, has the much greater gift of being long-headed—you think it perfectly just that he should use his intellect to take the bread out of the mouths of all the other men in the town who are of the same trade with him; or use his breadth and sweep of sight to gather some branch of the commerce of the country into one great cobweb, of which he is himself to be the central spider, making every thread vibrate with the points of his claws, and commanding every avenue with the facets of his eyes. You see no injustice in this.

118. But there is injustice; and, let us trust, one of which honourable men will at no very distant period disdain to be guilty. In some degree, however, it is indeed not unjust; in some degree, it is necessary and intended. It is assuredly just that idleness should be surpassed by energy; that the widest influence should be possessed by those who are best able to wield it; and that a wise man, at the end of his career, should be better off than a fool. But for that reason, is the fool to be wretched, utterly crushed down, and left in all the suffering which his conduct and capacity naturally inflict?—Not so. What do you suppose fools were made for? That you might tread upon them, and starve them, and get the better of them in every possible way? By no means. They were made that wise people might take care of them. That is the true and plain fact concerning the relations of every strong and wise man to the world about him. He has his strength given him, not that he may crush the weak, but that he may support and guide them. In his own household he is to be the guide and the support of his children; out of his household he is still to be the father—that is, the guide and support—of the weak and the poor; not merely of the meritoriously weak and the innocently poor, but of the guiltily and punishably poor; of the men who ought to have known better—of the poor who ought to be ashamed of themselves. It is nothing to give pension and cottage to the widow who has lost her son; it is nothing to give food and medicine to the workman who has broken his arm, or the decrepit woman wasting in sickness. But it is something to use your time and strength to war with the waywardness and thoughtlessness of mankind; to keep the erring workman in your service till you have made him an unerring one; and to direct your fellow-merchant to the opportunity which his dulness would have lost. This is much; but it is yet more, when you have fully achieved the superiority which is due to you, and acquired the wealth which is the fitting reward of your sagacity, if you solemnly

accept the responsibility of it, as it is the helm and guide of labour far and near.

119. For you who have it in your hands are in reality the pilots of the power and effort of the State.[1] It is entrusted to you as an authority to be used for good or evil, just as completely as kingly authority was ever given to a prince, or military command to a captain. And, according to the quantity of it that you have in your hands, you are the arbiters of the will and work of England; and the whole issue, whether the work of the State shall suffice for the State or not, depends upon you. You may stretch out your sceptre over the heads of the English labourers, and say to them, as they stoop to its waving, "Subdue this obstacle that has baffled our fathers, put away this plague that consumes our children; water these dry places, plough these desert ones, carry this food to those who are in hunger; carry this light to those who are in darkness; carry this life to those who are in death"; or on the other side you may say to her labourers: "Here am I; this power is in my hand; come, build a mound here for me to be throned upon, high and wide; come, make crowns for my head, that men may see them shine from far away; come, weave tapestries for my feet, that I may tread softly on the silk and purple;[2] come, dance before me, that I may be gay; and sing sweetly to me, that I may slumber; so shall I live in joy, and die in honour." And better than such an honourable death it were that the day had perished wherein we were born,[3] and the night in which it was said there is a child conceived.

120. I trust that in a little while there will be few of our rich men who, through carelessness or covetousness, thus forfeit the glorious office which is intended for their hands. I said, just now,[4] that wealth ill-used was as the net

[1] [See note in the Addenda, p. 127.]
[2] [See note in the Addenda, p. 129.]
[3] [Job iii. 3.]
[4] [See above, § 117 *ad fin.*]

of the spider, entangling and destroying: but wealth well used is as the net of the sacred fisher who gathers souls of men out of the deep. A time will come—I do not think even now it is far from us—when this golden net of the world's wealth will be spread abroad as the flaming meshes of morning cloud are over the sky; bearing with them the joy of light and the dew of the morning, as well as the summons to honourable and peaceful toil. What less can we hope from your wealth than this, rich men of England, when once you feel fully how, by the strength of your possessions — not, observe, by the exhaustion, but by the administration of them and the power,—you can direct the acts—command the energies—inform the ignorance—prolong the existence, of the whole human race; and how, even of worldly wisdom, which man employs faithfully, it is true, not only that her ways are pleasantness, but that her paths are peace; and that, for all the children of men, as well as for those to whom she is given, Length of days is in her right hand, as in her left hand Riches and Honour?[1]

[1] [Proverbs iii. 16, 17. The verses were often quoted by Ruskin to enforce the same lesson; see, for instance, *Unto this Last*, §§ 45 *n.*, 84, and *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 84.]

ADDENDA

NOTE, P. 25.—"FATHERLY AUTHORITY"

121. THIS statement could not, of course, be heard without displeasure by a certain class of politicians; and in one of the notices of these lectures given in the Manchester journals at the time, endeavour was made to get quit of it by referring to the Divine authority, as the only Paternal power with respect to which men were truly styled "brethren."[1] Of course it is so, and, equally of course, all human government is nothing else than the executive expression of this Divine authority. The moment government ceases to be the practical enforcement of Divine law, it is tyranny; and the meaning which I attach to the words "paternal government," is, in more extended terms, simply this—"The executive fulfilment, by formal human methods, of the will of the Father of mankind respecting His children." I could not give such a definition of Government as this in a popular lecture; and even in written form, it will necessarily suggest many objections, of which I must notice and answer the most probable.

Only, in order to avoid the recurrence of such tiresome phrases as "it may be answered in the second place," and "it will be objected in the third place," etc., I will ask the reader's leave to arrange the discussion in the form of simple dialogue, letting *O.* stand for objector, and *R.* for response.

122. *O.*—You define your paternal government to be the executive fulfilment, by formal human methods, of the

[1] [The reference is to a leading article in the *Manchester Daily Examiner and Times*, July 14, 1857; compare the Introduction, above, p. xxv.]

Divine will. But, assuredly, that will cannot stand in need of aid or expression from human laws. It cannot fail of its fulfilment.

R.—In the final sense it cannot; and in that sense, men who are committing murder and stealing are fulfilling the will of God as much as the best and kindest people in the world. But in the limited and present sense, the only sense with which *we* have anything to do, God's will concerning man is fulfilled by some men, and thwarted by others. And those men who either persuade or enforce the doing of it, stand towards those who are rebellious against it exactly in the position of faithful children in a family, who, when the father is out of sight, either compel or persuade the rest to do as their father would have them, were he present; and in so far as they are expressing and maintaining, for the time, the paternal authority, they exercise, in the exact sense in which I mean the phrase to be understood, paternal government over the rest.

O.—But, if Providence has left a liberty to man in many things in order to prove him, why should human law abridge that liberty, and take upon itself to compel what the great Lawgiver does not compel?

128. *R.*—It is confessed, in the enactment of any law whatsoever, that human lawgivers have a right to do this. For, if you have no right to abridge any of the liberty which Providence has left to man, you have no right to punish any one for committing murder or robbery. You ought to leave them to the punishment of God and Nature. But if you think yourself under obligation to punish, as far as human laws can, the violation of the will of God by these great sins, you are certainly under the same obligation to punish, with proportionately less punishment, the violation of His will in less sins.

O.—No; you must not attempt to punish less sins by law, because you cannot properly define nor ascertain them. Everybody can determine whether murder has been committed or not, but you cannot determine how far people

have been unjust or cruel in minor matters, and therefore cannot make or execute laws concerning minor matters.[1]

R.—If I propose to you to punish faults which cannot be defined, or to execute laws which cannot be made equitable, reject the laws I propose. But do not generally object to the principle of law.

O.—Yes; I generally object to the principle of law as applied to minor things; because, if you could succeed (which you cannot) in regulating the entire conduct of men by law in little things as well as great, you would take away from human life all its probationary character, and render many virtues and pleasures impossible. You would reduce virtue to the movement of a machine, instead of the act of a spirit.

124. *R.*—You have just said, parenthetically, and I fully and willingly admit it, that it is impossible to regulate all minor matters by law. Is it not probable, therefore, that the degree in which it is *possible* to regulate them by it, is also the degree in which it is *right* to regulate them by it? Or what other means of judgment will you employ, to separate the things which ought to be formally regulated from the things which ought not? You admit that great sins should be legally repressed; but you say that small sins should not be legally repressed. How do you distinguish between great and small sins? and how do you intend to determine, or do you in practice of daily life determine, on what occasions you should compel people to do right, and on what occasions you should leave them the option of doing wrong?

O.—I think you cannot make any accurate or logical distinction in such matters; but that common sense and instinct have, in all civilised nations, indicated certain crimes of great social harmfulness, such as murder, theft, adultery, slander, and such like, which it is proper to repress legally; and that common sense and instinct indicate also the kind

[1] [On this distinction, compare *Munera Pulveris*, § 112.]

of crimes which it is proper for laws to let alone, such as miserliness, ill-natured speaking, and many of those commercial dishonesties which I have a notion you want your paternal government to interfere with.

R.—Pray do not alarm yourself about what my paternal government is likely to interfere with, but keep to the matter in hand. You say that "common sense and instinct" have, in all civilised nations, distinguished between the sins that ought to be legally dealt with and that ought not. Do you mean that the laws of all civilised nations are perfect?

O.—No; certainly not.

R.—Or that they are perfect at least in their discrimination of what crimes they should deal with, and what crimes they should let alone?

O.—No; not exactly.

R.—What *do* you mean, then?

125. *O.*—I mean that the general tendency is right in the laws of civilised nations; and that, in due course of time, natural sense and instinct point out the matters they should be brought to bear upon. And each question of legislation must be made a separate subject of inquiry as it presents itself: you cannot fix any general principles about what should be dealt with legally, and what should not.

R.—Supposing it to be so, do you think there are any points in which our English legislation is capable of amendment, as it bears on commercial and economical matters, in this present time?

O.—Of course I do.

R.—Well, then, let us discuss these together quietly; and if the points that I want amended seem to you incapable of amendment, or not in need of amendment, say so: but don't object, at starting, to the mere proposition of applying law to things which have not had law applied to them before. You have admitted the fitness of my expression, "paternal government": it only has been, and remains, a question between us, how far such government

should extend. Perhaps you would like it only to regulate, among the children, the length of their lessons; and perhaps I should like it also to regulate the hardness of their cricket-balls: but cannot you wait quietly till you know what I want it to do, before quarrelling with the thing itself?

O.—No; I cannot wait quietly; in fact, I don't see any use in beginning such a discussion at all, because I am quite sure from the first, that you want to meddle with things that you have no business with, and to interfere with healthy liberty of action in all sorts of ways; and I know that you can't propose any laws that would be of real use.*

126. *R.*—If you indeed know that, you would be wrong to hear me any farther. But if you are only in painful doubt about me, which makes you unwilling to run the risk of wasting your time, I will tell you beforehand what I really do think about this same liberty of action, namely, that whenever we can make a perfectly equitable law about any matter, or even a law securing, on the whole, more just conduct than unjust, we ought to make that law; and that there will yet, on these conditions, always remain a number of matters respecting which legalism and formalism are impossible; enough, and more than enough, to exercise all human powers of individual judgment, and afford all kinds of scope to individual character. I think this; but of course it can only be proved by separate examination of the possibilities of formal restraint in each given field of action; and these two lectures are nothing more than a sketch of such a detailed examination in one field, namely, that of art. You will find, however, one or two other remarks on such possibilities in the next note.

* If the reader is displeased with me for putting this foolish speech into his mouth, I entreat his pardon; but he may be assured that it is a speech which would be made by many people, and the substance of which would be tacitly felt by many more, at this point of the discussion. I have really tried, up to this point, to make the objector as intelligent a person as it is possible for an author to imagine anybody to be who differs with him.

NOTE 2ND, P. 27.—"RIGHT TO PUBLIC SUPPORT"

127. It did not appear to me desirable, in the course of the spoken lecture, to enter into details or offer suggestions on the questions of the regulation of labour and distribution of relief, as it would have been impossible to do so without touching on many disputed or disputable points, not easily handled before a general audience. But I must now supply what is wanting to make my general statement clear.

I believe, in the first place, that no Christian nation has any business to see one of its members in distress without helping him, though, perhaps, at the same time punishing him: help, of course—in nine cases out of ten—meaning guidance, much more than gift, and, therefore, interference with liberty. When a peasant mother sees one of her careless children fall into a ditch, her first proceeding is to pull him out; her second, to box his ears; her third, ordinarily, to lead him carefully a little way by the hand, or send him home for the rest of the day. The child usually cries, and very often would clearly prefer remaining in the ditch; and if he understood any of the terms of politics, would certainly express resentment at the interference with his individual liberty: but the mother has done her duty. Whereas the usual call of the mother nation to any of her children, under such circumstances, has lately been nothing more than the foxhunter's,—"Stay still there; I shall clear you." And if we always *could* clear them, their requests to be left in muddy independence might be sometimes allowed by kind people, or their cries for help disdained by unkind ones. But we can't clear them. The whole nation is, in fact, bound together, as men are by ropes on a glacier—if one falls, the rest must either lift him or drag him along with them* as dead weight, not without much increase of danger to themselves. And the

* It is very curious to watch the efforts of two shopkeepers to ruin each other, neither having the least idea that his ruined neighbour must eventually be supported at his own expense, with an increase of poor

law of right being manifestly in this—as, whether manifestly or not, it is always, the law of prudence—the only question is, how this wholesome help and interference are to be administered.

128. The first interference should be in education. In order that men may be able to support themselves when they are grown, their strength must be properly developed while they are young; and the State should always see to this—not allowing their health to be broken by too early labour, nor their powers to be wasted for want of knowledge. Some questions connected with this matter are noticed farther on under the head "trial schools": one point I must notice here, that I believe all youths, of whatever rank, ought to learn some manual trade thoroughly; for it is quite wonderful how much a man's views of life are cleared by the attainment of the capacity of doing any one thing well with his hands and arms. For a long time, what right life there was in the upper classes of Europe depended in no small degree on the necessity which each man was under of being able to fence; at this day, the most useful things which boys learn at public schools are, I believe, riding, rowing, and cricketing. But it would be far better that members of Parliament should be able to plough straight, and make a horseshoe, than only to feather oars neatly or point their toes prettily in stirrups.[1] Then, in literary and scientific teaching, the great point of economy is to give the discipline of it through knowledge which will immediately bear on practical life. Our literary work has long been economically useless to us because too much concerned with dead languages; and our scientific work will yet, for some time, be a good deal lost, because scientific men are too fond or too vain of their systems, and waste the student's time in endeavouring to give him

rates; and that the contest between them is not in reality which shall get everything for himself, but which shall first take upon himself and his customers the gratuitous maintenance of the other's family.

[1] [Compare *Pre-Raphaelitism*, § 4 (Vol. XII. p. 344).]

large views, and make him perceive interesting connections of facts; when there is not one student, no, nor one man, in a thousand, who can feel the beauty of a system, or even take it clearly into his head; but nearly all men can understand, and most will be interested in, the facts which bear on daily life. Botanists have discovered some wonderful connection between nettles and figs,[1] which a cowboy who will never see a ripe fig in his life need not be at all troubled about; but it will be interesting to him to know what effect nettles have on hay, and what taste they will give to porridge; and it will give him nearly a new life if he can be got but once, in a spring time, to look well at the beautiful circlet of white nettle blossom, and work out with his schoolmaster the curves of its petals, and the way it is set on its central mast. So, the principle of chemical equivalents, beautiful as it is, matters far less to a peasant boy, and even to most sons of gentlemen, than their knowing how to find whether the water is wholesome in the back-kitchen cistern, or whether the seven-acre field wants sand or chalk.

129. Having, then, directed the studies of our youth so as to make them practically serviceable men at the time of their entrance into life, that entrance should always be ready for them in cases where their private circumstances present no opening. There ought to be government establishments for every trade, in which all youths who desired it should be received as apprentices on their leaving school; and men thrown out of work received at all times. At these government manufactories the discipline should be strict, and the wages steady, not varying at all in proportion to the demand for the article, but only in proportion to the price of food; the commodities produced being laid up in store to meet sudden demands, and sudden fluctuations in prices prevented:—that gradual and necessary fluctuation only being allowed which is properly consequent on larger or more limited

[1] [Both belong to the natural order of *Urticaceæ* (flowers unisexual, ovary one-celled, with one erect ovule): see *Lessons in Elementary Botany*, by Daniel Oliver, F.R.S. (pp. 206–209 of the edition of 1881).]

supply of raw material and other natural causes. When there was a visible tendency to produce a glut of any commodity, that tendency should be checked by directing the youth at the government schools into other trades; and the yearly surplus of commodities should be the principal means of government provisions for the poor. That provision should be large, and not disgraceful to them. At present there are very strange notions in the public mind respecting the receiving of alms: most people are willing to take them in the form of a pension from government, but unwilling to take them in the form of a pension from their parishes. There may be some reason for this singular prejudice, in the fact of the government pension being usually given as a definite acknowledgment of some service done to the country; —but the parish pension is, or ought to be, given precisely on the same terms. A labourer serves his country with his spade, just as a man in the middle ranks of life serves it with his sword, pen, or lancet: if the service is less, and therefore the wages during health less, then the reward, when health is broken, may be less, but not, therefore, less honourable; and it ought to be quite as natural and straightforward a matter for a labourer to take his pension from his parish, because he has deserved well of his parish, as for a man in higher rank to take his pension from his country, because he has deserved well of his country.[1]

180. If there be any disgrace in coming to the parish, because it may imply improvidence in early life, much more is there disgrace in coming to the government: since improvidence is far less justifiable in a highly educated than in an imperfectly educated man; and far less justifiable in a high rank, where extravagance must have been luxury, than in a low rank, where it may only have been comfort. So that the real fact of the matter is, that people will take alms

[1] [Compare *Unto this Last*, Preface, where Ruskin cites and confirms this passage. Compare also *Sesame and Lilies*, § 37. And on the general principle of the claim of the poor to help, see *ibid.*, §§ 135 *seq.*; *Time and Tide*, § 110; and *Two Paths*, § 183 (below, p. 399).]

delightedly, consisting of a carriage and footmen, because those do not look like alms to the people in the street; but they will not take alms consisting only of bread and water and coals, because everybody would understand what those meant. Mind, I do not want any one to refuse the carriage who ought to have it; but neither do I want them to refuse the coals. I should indeed be sorry if any change in our views on these subjects involved the least lessening of self-dependence in the English mind: but the common shrinking of men from the acceptance of public charity is not self-dependence, but mere base and selfish pride. It is not that they are unwilling to live at their neighbours' expense, but that they are unwilling to confess they do: it is not dependence they wish to avoid, but gratitude. They will take places in which they know there is nothing to be done—they will borrow money they know they cannot repay —they will carry on a losing business with other people's capital—they will cheat the public in their shops, or sponge on their friends at their houses; but to say plainly they are poor men, who need the nation's help and go into an almshouse,—this they loftily repudiate, and virtuously prefer being thieves to being paupers.

181. I trust that these deceptive efforts of dishonest men to appear independent, and the agonizing efforts of unfortunate men to remain independent, may both be in some degree checked by a better administration and understanding of laws respecting the poor. But the ordinances for relief and the ordinances for labour must go together; otherwise distress caused by misfortune will always be confounded, as it is now, with distress caused by idleness, unthrift, and fraud. It is only when the State watches and guides the middle life of men, that it can, without disgrace to them, protect their old age, acknowledging in that protection that they have done their duty, or at least some portion of their duty, in better days.

I know well how strange, fanciful, or impracticable these suggestions will appear to most of the business men of this

day; men who conceive the proper state of the world to be simply that of a vast and disorganized mob, scrambling each for what he can get, trampling down its children and old men in the mire, and doing what work it finds *must* be done with any irregular squad of labourers it can bribe or inveigle together, and afterwards scatter to starvation. A great deal may, indeed, be done in this way by a nation strong-elbowed and strong-hearted as we are — not easily frightened by pushing, nor discouraged by falls. But it is still not the right way of doing things, for people who call themselves Christians. Every so named soul of man claims from every other such soul, protection and education in childhood,— help or punishment in middle life,—reward or relief, if needed, in old age; all of these should be completely and unstintingly given; and they can only be given by the organization of such a system as I have described.

NOTE 3RD, P. 31.—"TRIAL SCHOOLS"

132. It may be seriously questioned by the reader how much of painting talent we really lose on our present system,* and how much we should gain by the proposed

* It will be observed that, in the lecture, it is *assumed* that works of art are national treasures; and that it is desirable to withdraw all the hands capable of painting or carving from other employments, in order that they may produce this kind of wealth. I do not, in assuming this, mean that works of art add to the monetary resources of a nation, or form part of its wealth, in the vulgar sense. The result of the sale of a picture in the country itself is merely that a certain sum of money is transferred from the hands of B, the purchaser, to those of A, the producer; the sum ultimately to be distributed remaining the same, only A ultimately spending it instead of B, while the labour of A has been in the meantime withdrawn from productive channels; he has painted a picture which nobody can live upon, or live in, when he might have grown corn or built houses: when the sale therefore is effected in the country itself, it does not add to, but diminishes, the monetary resources of the country, except only so far as it may appear probable, on other grounds, that A is likely to spend the sum he receives for his picture more rationally and usefully than B would have spent it. If, indeed, the picture, or other work of art, be sold in foreign countries, either the money or the useful products of the foreign country being imported in

trial schools. For it might be thought that, as matters stand at present, we have more painters than we ought to have, having so many bad ones, and that all youths who had true painters' genius forced their way out of obscurity.

This is not so. It is difficult to analyse the characters of mind which cause youths to mistake their vocation, and to endeavour to become artists, when they have no true artist's gift. But the fact is, that multitudes of young men do this, and that by far the greater number of living artists are men who have mistaken their vocation. The peculiar circumstances of modern life, which exhibit art in almost every form to the sight of the youths in our great cities, have a natural tendency to fill their imaginations with borrowed ideas, and their minds with imperfect science; the mere dislike of mechanical employments, either felt to be irksome, or believed to be degrading, urges numbers of young men to become painters, in the same temper in which they would enlist or go to sea; others, the sons of

exchange for it, such sale adds to the monetary resources of the selling, and diminishes those of the purchasing nation. But sound political economy, strange as it may at first appear to say so, has nothing whatever to do with separations between national interests. Political economy means the management of the affairs of *citizens;* and it either regards exclusively the administration of the affairs of one nation, or the administration of the affairs of the world considered as one nation. So when a transaction between individuals which enriches A impoverishes B in precisely the same degree, the sound economist considers it an unproductive transaction between the individuals; and if a trade between two nations which enriches one, impoverishes the other in the same degree, the sound economist considers it an unproductive trade between the nations. It is not a general question of political economy, but only a particular question of local expediency, whether an article, in itself valueless, may bear a value of exchange in transactions with some other nation. The economist considers only the actual value of the thing done or produced; and if he sees a quantity of labour spent, for instance, by the Swiss, in producing woodwork for sale to the English, he at once sets the commercial impoverishment of the English purchaser against the commercial enrichment of the Swiss seller; and considers the whole transaction productive only as far as the woodwork itself is a real addition to the wealth of the world. For the arrangement of the laws of a nation so as to procure the greatest advantages to itself, and leave the smallest advantages to other nations, is not a part of the science of political economy, but merely a broad

engravers or artists, taught the business of the art by their parents, and having no gift for it themselves, follow it as the means of livelihood, in an ignoble patience; or, if ambitious, seek to attract regard, or distance rivalry, by fantastic, meretricious, or unprecedented applications of their mechanical skill; while finally, many men, earnest in feeling, and conscientious in principle, mistake their desire to be useful for a love of art, and their quickness of emotion for its capacity, and pass their lives in painting moral and instructive pictures, which might almost justify us in thinking nobody could be a painter but a rogue. On the other hand, I believe that much of the best artistical intellect is daily lost in other avocations. Generally, the temper which would make an admirable artist is humble and observant, capable of taking much interest in little things, and of entertaining itself pleasantly in the dullest circumstances. Suppose, added to these characters, a steady conscientiousness which seeks to do its duty wherever it may be placed, and the power, denied to few artistical minds, of ingenious

application of the science of fraud. Considered thus in the abstract, pictures are not an *addition* to the monetary wealth of the world, except in the amount of pleasure or instruction to be got out of them day by day: but there is a certain protective effect on wealth exercised by works of high art which must always be included in the estimate of their value. Generally speaking, persons who decorate their houses with pictures will not spend so much money in papers, carpets, curtains, or other expensive and perishable luxuries as they would otherwise. Works of good art, like books, exercise a conservative effect on the rooms they are kept in; and the wall of the library or picture gallery remains undisturbed, when those of other rooms are re-papered or re-panelled. Of course this effect is still more definite when the picture is on the walls themselves, either on canvas stretched into fixed shapes on their panels, or in fresco; involving, of course, the preservation of the building from all unnecessary and capricious alteration. And, generally speaking, the occupation of a large number of hands in painting or sculpture in any nation may be considered as tending to check the disposition to indulge in perishable luxury. I do not, however, in my assumption that works of art are treasures, take much into consideration this collateral monetary result. I consider them treasures, merely as permanent means of pleasure and instruction; and having at other times tried to show the several ways in which they can please and teach, assume here that they are thus useful, and that it is desirable to make as many painters as we can.

invention in almost any practical department of human skill, and it can hardly be doubted that the very humility and conscientiousness which would have perfected the painter, have in many instances prevented his becoming one; and that in the quiet life of our steady craftsmen—sagacious manufacturers, and uncomplaining clerks—there may frequently be conccaled more genius than ever is raised to the direction of our public works, or to be the mark of our public praises.

188. It is indeed probable, that intense disposition for art will conquer the most formidable obstacles, if the surrounding circumstances are such as at all to present the idea of such conquest to the mind; but we have no ground for concluding that Giotto would ever have been more than a shepherd, if Cimabue had not by chance found him drawing;[1] or that among the shepherds of the Apennines there were no other Giottos, undiscovered by Cimabue. We are too much in the habit of considering happy accidents as what are called "special Providences"; and thinking that when any great work needs to be done, the man who is to do it will certainly be pointed out by Providence, be he shepherd or seaboy; and prepared for his work by all kinds of minor providences, in the best possible way. Whereas all the analogies of God's operations in other matters prove the contrary of this; we find that "of thousand seeds, He often brings but one to bear,"[2] often not one; and the one seed which He appoints to bear is allowed to bear crude or perfect fruit according to the dealings of the husbandman with it. And there cannot be a doubt in the mind of any person accustomed to take broad and logical views of the world's history, that its events are ruled by Providence in precisely the same manner as its harvests; that the seeds of good and evil are broadcast among men, just as the seeds

[1] [See Vol. XII. p. 213 and *n.*]

[2] [*In Memoriam*, liv. :—

"And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear."]

of thistles and fruits are; and that according to the force of our industry, and wisdom of our husbandry, the ground will bring forth to us figs or thistles. So that when it seems needed that a certain work should be done for the world, and no man is there to do it, we have no right to say that God did not wish it to be done; and therefore sent no men able to do it. The probability (if I wrote my own convictions, I should say certainty) is, that He sent many men, hundreds of men, able to do it; and that we have rejected them, or crushed them; by our previous folly of conduct or of institution, we have rendered it impossible to distinguish, or impossible to reach them; and when the need for them comes, and we suffer for the want of them, it is not that God refuses to send us deliverers, and specially appoints all our consequent sufferings; but that He has sent, and we have refused, the deliverers; and the pain is then wrought out by His eternal law, as surely as famine is wrought out by eternal law for a nation which will neither plough nor sow. No less are we in error in supposing, as we so frequently do, that if a man be found, he is sure to be in all respects fitted for the work to be done, as the key is to the lock: and that every accident which happened in the forging him, only adapted him more truly to the wards. It is pitiful to hear historians beguiling themselves and their readers, by tracing in the early history of great men the minor circumstances which fitted them for the work they did, without ever taking notice of the other circumstances which as assuredly unfitted them for it; so concluding that miraculous interposition prepared them in all points for everything, and that they did all that could have been desired or hoped for from them: whereas the certainty of the matter is that, throughout their lives, they were thwarted and corrupted by some things as certainly as they were helped and disciplined by others; and that, in the kindliest and most reverent view which can justly be taken of them, they were but poor mistaken creatures, struggling with a world more profoundly mistaken than they;—assuredly sinned

against or sinning in thousands of ways, and bringing out at last a maimed result—not what they might or ought to have done, but all that could be done against the world's resistance, and in spite of their own sorrowful falsehood to themselves.

134. And this being so, it is the practical duty of a wise nation, first to withdraw, as far as may be, its youth from destructive influences;—then to try its material as far as possible, and to lose the use of none that is good. I do not mean by "withdrawing from destructive influences" the keeping of youths out of trials; but the keeping them out of the way of things purely and absolutely mischievous. I do not mean that we should shade our green corn in all heat, and shelter it in all frost, but only that we should dyke out the inundation from it, and drive the fowls away from it. Let your youth labour and suffer; but do not let it starve, nor steal, nor blaspheme.

135. It is not, of course, in my power here to enter into details of schemes of education; and it will be long before the results of experiments now in progress will give data for the solution of the most difficult questions connected with the subject, of which the principal one is the mode in which the chance of advancement in life is to be extended to all, and yet made compatible with contentment in the pursuit of lower avocations by those whose abilities do not qualify them for the higher. But the general principle of trial schools lies at the root of the matter—of schools, that is to say, in which the knowledge offered and discipline enforced shall be all a part of a great assay of the human soul, and in which the one shall be increased, the other directed, as the tried heart and brain will best bear, and no otherwise. One thing, however, I must say, that in this trial I believe all emulation to be a false motive, and all giving of prizes a false means.[1] All that you can depend upon in a boy, as significative of true

[1] [On this subject, compare § 166, below, p. 153; and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 71 (Notes and Correspondence).]

power, likely to issue in good fruit, is his will to work for the work's sake, not his desire to surpass his school-fellows; and the aim of the teaching you give him ought to be, to prove to him and strengthen in him his own separate gift, not to puff him into swollen rivalry with those who are everlastingly greater than he: still less ought you to hang favours and ribands about the neck of the creature who is the greatest, to make the rest envy him. Try to make them love him and follow him, not struggle with him.

136. There must, of course, be examination to ascertain and attest both progress and relative capacity; but our aim should be to make the students rather look upon it as a means of ascertaining their own true positions and powers in the world, than as an arena in which to carry away a present victory. I have not, perhaps, in the course of the lecture, insisted enough on the nature of relative capacity and individual character, as the roots of all real *value* in Art. We are too much in the habit, in these days, of acting as if Art worth a price in the market were a commodity which people could be generally taught to produce, and as if the *education* of the artist, not his *capacity*, gave the sterling value to his work. No impression can possibly be more absurd or false. Whatever people can teach each other to do, they will estimate, and ought to estimate, only as common industry; nothing will ever fetch a high price but precisely that which cannot be taught,[1] and which nobody can do but the man from whom it is purchased. No state of society, nor stage of knowledge, ever does away with the natural pre-eminence of one man over another;[2] and it is that pre-eminence, and that only, which will give work high value in the market, or which ought to do so. It is a bad sign of the judgment, and bad omen for the progress, of a nation, if it supposes itself to possess many

[1] [Compare Vol. V. p. 189.]

[2] [For references to Ruskin's views on the impossibility of equality, see Vol. VIII. p. 167; Vol. XI. p. 260.]

artists of equal merit. Noble art is nothing less than the expression of a great soul;[1] and great souls are not common things. If ever we confound their work with that of others, it is not through liberality, but through blindness.

Note 4th, p. 31.—"Public Favour"

137. There is great difficulty in making any short or general statement of the difference between great and ignoble minds in their behaviour to the "public." It is by no means *universally* the case that a mean mind, as stated in the text, will bend itself to what you ask of it: on the contrary, there is one kind of mind, the meanest of all, which perpetually complains of the public, and contemplates and proclaims itself as a "genius," refuses all wholesome discipline or humble office, and ends in miserable and revengeful ruin; also, the greatest minds are marked by nothing more distinctly than an inconceivable humility, and acceptance of work or instruction in any form, and from any quarter. They will learn from everybody, and do anything that anybody asks of them, so long as it involves only toil, or what other men would think degradation. But the point of quarrel, nevertheless, assuredly rises some day between the public and them, respecting some matter, not of humiliation, but of Fact. Your great man always at last comes to see something the public don't see. This something he will assuredly persist in asserting, whether with tongue or pencil, to be as *he* sees it, not as *they* see it; and all the world in a heap on the other side, will not get him to say otherwise. Then, if the world objects to the saying, he may happen to get stoned or burnt for it, but that does not in the least matter to him; if the world has no particular objection to the saying, he may get leave to mutter it to himself till he dies, and be merely taken for an idiot; that also does not matter to him—mutter it he

[1] [See Vol. XI. p. 201, and compare the other passages cited in Vol. XIV. p. 352 *n.*]

will, according to what he perceives to be fact, and not at all according to the roaring of the walls[1] of Red Sea on the right hand or left of him. Hence the quarrel, sure at some time or other to be started between the public and him; while your mean man, though he will spit and scratch spiritedly at the public, while it does not attend to him, will bow to it for its clap in any direction, and say anything when he has got its ear, which he thinks will bring him another clap; and thus, as stated in the text, he and it go on smoothly together.

There are, however, times when the obstinacy of the mean man looks very like the obstinacy of the great one; but if you look closely into the matter, you will always see that the obstinacy of the first is in the pronunciation of "I"; and of the second, in the pronunciation of "It."

NOTE 5TH, P. 48.—"INVENTION OF NEW WANTS"

138. It would have been impossible for political economists long to have endured the error spoken of in the text,* had they not been confused by an idea, in part well

* I have given the political economist too much credit in saying this. Actually, while these sheets are passing through the press, the blunt, broad, unmitigated fallacy is enunciated, formally and precisely, by the common councilmen of New York, in their report on the present commercial crisis.[2] Here is their collective opinion, published in the *Times* of November 23rd, 1857:—"Another erroneous idea is that luxurious living, extravagant dressing, splendid turn-outs and fine houses, are the cause of distress to a nation. No more erroneous impression could exist. Every extravagance that the man of 100,000 or 1,000,000 dollars indulges in adds to the means, the support, the wealth of ten or a hundred who had little or nothing else but their labour, their intellect, or their taste. If a man of 1,000,000 dollars spends principal and interest in ten years, and finds himself beggared at the end of that time, he has actually made a hundred who have catered to his extravagance, employers or employed, so much richer by the division of his wealth. He may be ruined, but the nation is better off and richer, for one hundred minds and hands, with 10,000 dollars apiece, are far more productive than one with the whole."

Yes, gentlemen of the common council; but what has been doing in

[1] [See Isaiah li. 15.]

[2] [On this subject, see below, § 151, p. 137 *n.*]

founded, that the energies and refinements, as well as the riches of civilized life, arose from imaginary wants. It is quite true, that the savage who knows no needs but those of food, shelter, and sleep, and after he has snared his venison and patched the rents of his hut, passes the rest of his time in animal repose, is in a lower state than the man who labours incessantly that he may procure for himself the luxuries of civilization; and true also, that the difference between one and another nation in progressive power depends in great part on vain desires; but these idle motives are merely to be considered as giving exercise to the national body and mind; they are not sources of wealth, except so far as they give the habits of industry and acquisitiveness. If a boy is clumsy and lazy, we shall do good if we can persuade him to carve cherry-stones and fly kites; and this use of his fingers and limbs may eventually be the cause of his becoming a wealthy and happy man; but we must not therefore argue that cherry-stones are valuable property, or that kite-flying is a profitable mode of passing time. In like manner, a nation always wastes its time and labour *directly*, when it invents a new want of a frivolous kind, and yet the invention of such a want may be the sign of a healthy activity, and the labour

the time of the transfer? The spending of the fortune has taken a certain number of years (suppose ten), and during that time 1,000,000 dollars' worth of work has been done by the people, who have been paid that sum for it. Where is the product of that work? By your own statements, wholly consumed; for the man for whom it has been done is now a beggar. You have given therefore, as a nation, 1,000,000 dollars' worth of work, and ten years of time, and you have produced, as ultimate result, one beggar. Excellent economy, gentlemen! and sure to conduce, in due sequence, to the production of *more* than one beggar. Perhaps the matter may be made clearer to you, however, by a more familiar instance. If a schoolboy goes out in the morning with five shillings in his pocket, and comes home penniless, having spent his all in tarts, principal and interest are gone, and fruiterer and baker are enriched. So far so good. But suppose the schoolboy, instead, has bought a book and a knife; principal and interest are gone, and bookseller and cutler are enriched. But the schoolboy is enriched also, and may help his schoolfellows next day with knife and book, instead of lying in bed and incurring a debt to the doctor.

undergone to satisfy the new want may lead, *indirectly*, to useful discoveries or to noble arts; so that a nation is not to be discouraged in its fancies when it is either too weak or foolish to be moved to exertion by anything but fancies, or has attended to its serious business first. If a nation will not forge iron, but likes distilling lavender, by all means give it lavender to distil; only do not let its economists suppose that lavender is as profitable to it as oats, or that it helps poor people to live, any more than the schoolboy's kite provides him his dinner. Luxuries, whether national or personal, must be paid for by labour withdrawn from useful things; and no nation has a right to indulge in them until all its poor are comfortably housed and fed.

139. The enervating influence of luxury, and its tendencies to increase vice, are points which I keep entirely out of consideration in the present essay; but, so far as they bear on any question discussed, they merely furnish additional evidence on the side which I have taken. Thus, in the present case, I assume that the luxuries of civilized life are in possession harmless, and in acquirement serviceable as a motive for exertion; and even on those favourable terms, we arrive at the conclusion that the nation ought not to indulge in them except under severe limitations. Much less ought it to indulge in them if the temptation consequent on their possession, or fatality incident to their manufacture, more than counterbalances the good done by the effort to obtain them.[1]

NOTE 6TH, P. 60.—"ECONOMY OF LITERATURE"

140. I have been much impressed lately by one of the results of the quantity of our books; namely, the stern impossibility of getting anything understood, that required patience to understand.[2] I observe always, in the case of

[1] [For other passages in which Ruskin discusses the ethics of Luxury, see *Unto this Last*, § 85; *Munera Pulveris*, § 155; and General Index.]

[2] [Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 23), where the same observation occurs.]

my own writings, that if ever I state anything which has cost me any trouble to ascertain, and which, therefore, will probably require a minute or two of reflection from the reader before it can be accepted,—that statement will not only be misunderstood, but in all probability taken to mean something very nearly the reverse of what it does mean. Now, whatever faults there may be in my modes of expression, I know that the words I use will always be found, by Johnson's dictionary, to bear, first of all, the sense I use them in; and that the sentences, whether awkwardly turned or not, will, by the ordinary rules of grammar, bear no other interpretation than that I mean them to bear; so that the misunderstanding of them must result, ultimately, from the mere fact that their matter sometimes requires a little patience. And I see the same kind of misinterpretation put on the words of other writers, whenever they require the same kind of thought.

141. I was at first a little despondent about this; but, on the whole, I believe it will have a good effect upon our literature for some time to come; and then, perhaps, the public may recover its patience again. For certainly it is excellent discipline for an author to feel that he must say all he has to say in the fewest possible words, or his reader is sure to skip them; and in the plainest possible words, or his reader will certainly misunderstand them. Generally, also, a downright fact may be told in a plain way; and we want downright facts at present more than anything else. And though I often hear moral people complaining of the bad effects of want of thought, for my part, it seems to me that one of the worst diseases to which the human creature is liable is its disease of thinking. If it would only just *look** at a thing instead of thinking what it must be like, or *do* a thing instead of thinking it cannot be done, we should all get on far better.

* There can be no question, however, of the mischievous tendency of the hurry of the present day, in the way people undertake this very *looking*. I gave three years' close and incessant labour to the examination of the

NOTE 7TH, P. 102.—"PILOTS OF THE STATE"

142. While, however, undoubtedly, these responsibilities attach to every person possessed of wealth, it is necessary both to avoid any stringency of statement respecting the benevolent modes of spending money, and to admit and approve so much liberty of spending it for selfish pleasures as may distinctly make wealth a personal *reward* for toil, and secure in the minds of all men the right of property. For although, without doubt, the purest pleasures it can procure are not selfish, it is only as a means of personal gratification that it will be desired by a large majority of workers; and it would be no less false ethics than false policy to check their energy by any forms of public opinion which bore hardly against the wanton expenditure of honestly got wealth. It would be hard if a man who has passed the greater part of his life at the desk or counter could not at last innocently gratify a caprice; and all the best and most sacred ends of almsgiving would be at once disappointed, if the idea of a moral claim took the place of affectionate gratitude in the mind of the receiver.

chronology of the architecture of Venice; two long winters being wholly spent in the drawing of details on the spot; and yet I see constantly that architects who pass three or four days in a gondola going up and down the Grand Canal, think that their first impressions are just as likely to be true as my patiently wrought conclusions. Mr. Street, for instance, glances hastily at the façade of the Ducal Palace—so hastily that he does not even see what its pattern is, and misses the alternation of red and black in the centres of its squares—and yet he instantly ventures on an opinion on the chronology of its capitals, which is one of the most complicated and difficult subjects in the whole range of Gothic archæology.[1] It may, nevertheless, be ascertained with very fair probability of correctness by any person who will give a month's hard work to it, but it can be ascertained no otherwise.

[1] [The reference is to *Brick and Marble in the Middle Ages: Notes of a Tour in the North of Italy, by George Edmund Street*, 1855, ch. viii. Street's note on the diaper pattern of the façade is at p. 146; his discussion of the chronology of the Palace is at p. 148. In the second edition of the book (1874) Street went into greater detail, remaining however of an opinion different from Ruskin's—namely, that "the line at which alterations and additions have been made is to be looked for in a horizontal and not in a vertical direction." For another criticism on Street's book, see Vol. IX. pp. xxxii., 131 *n.*; and for other references to him, see below, pp. 461 *seq.*]

143. Some distinction is made by us naturally in this respect between earned and inherited wealth; that which is inherited appearing to involve the most definite responsibilities, especially when consisting in revenues derived from the soil. The form of taxation which constitutes rental of lands places annually a certain portion of the national wealth in the hands of the nobles, or other proprietors of the soil, under conditions peculiarly calculated to induce them to give their best care to its efficient administration. The want of instruction in even the simplest principles of commerce and economy, which hitherto has disgraced our schools and universities, has indeed been the cause of ruin or total inutility of life to multitudes of our men of estate; but this deficiency in our public education cannot exist much longer, and it appears to be highly advantageous for the State that a certain number of persons distinguished by race should be permitted to set examples of wise expenditure, whether in the advancement of science, or in patronage of art and literature; only they must see to it that they take their right standing more firmly than they have done hitherto, for the position of a rich man in relation to those around him is, in our present real life, and is also contemplated generally by political economists as being, precisely the reverse of what it ought to be. A rich man ought to be continually examining how he may spend his money for the advantage of others: at present, others are continually plotting how they may beguile him into spending it apparently for his own. The aspect which he presents to the eyes of the world is generally that of a person holding a bag of money with a staunch grasp,[1] and resolved to part with none of it unless he is forced, and all the people about him are plotting how they may force him: that is to say, how they may persuade him that he wants this thing or that; or how they may produce things that he will covet and buy. One man tries to persuade him that he wants

[1] [Compare the passage about "bag-barons" in *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 34.]

perfumes;[1] another that he wants jewellery; another that he wants sugar-plums; another that he wants roses at Christmas. Anybody who can invent a new want for him is supposed to be a benefactor to society: and thus the energies of the poorer people about him are continually directed to the production of covetable, instead of serviceable, things; and the rich man has the general aspect of a fool, plotted against by the world. Whereas the real aspect which he ought to have is that of a person wiser than others, entrusted with the management of a larger quantity of capital, which he administers for the profit of all, directing each man to the labour which is most healthy for him, and most serviceable for the community.

NOTE 8TH, P. 102.—"SILK AND PURPLE"

144. In various places throughout these lectures[2] I have had to allude to the distinction between productive and unproductive labour, and between true and false wealth. I shall here endeavour, as clearly as I can, to explain the distinction I mean.[3]

Property may be divided generally into two kinds; that which produces life, and that which produces the objects of life. That which produces or maintains life consists of food, in so far as it is nourishing; of furniture and clothing, in so far as they are protective or cherishing; of fuel; and of all land, instruments, or materials necessary to produce food, houses, clothes, and fuel. It is specially and rightly called useful property.

The property which produces the objects of life consists

[1] [Ruskin, who was fond of enforcing his teaching by appropriate passing events (see, for example, *Sesame and Lilies*, § 36 *n.*), would certainly have referred to the Marquis of Anglesey's sale, of which, while this volume is passing through the press, the following account appears in the *Standard* of October 21, 1904: "The disposal of the . . . perfumery and sweetmeats caused considerable merriment, there being hundreds of bottles of scent. . . . There were also dozens of chocolate boxes, several tins of treacle toffee, and bottles of fruit crystals."]

[2] [See above, §§ 34, 48 *seq.*]

[3] [For Ruskin's definitions of Wealth, see *Unto this Last*, Essay iv.; *Munera Pulveris*, ch. ii.; *Queen of the Air*, § 122; see also General Index.]

of all that gives pleasure or suggests and preserves thought: of food, furniture, and land, in so far as they are pleasing to the appetite or the eye; of luxurious dress, and all other kinds of luxuries; of books, pictures, and architecture. But the modes of connection of certain minor forms of property with human labour render it desirable to arrange them under more than these two heads. Property may therefore be conveniently considered as of five kinds.

145. (1) Property necessary to life, but not producible by labour, and therefore belonging of right, in a due measure, to every human being as soon as he is born, and morally inalienable. As for instance, his proper share of the atmosphere, without which he cannot breathe, and of water, which he needs to quench his thirst. As much land as he needs to feed from is also inalienable; but in well-regulated communities this quantity of land may often be represented by other possessions, or its need supplied by wages and privileges.

(2) Property necessary to life, but only producible by labour, and of which the possession is morally connected with labour, so that no person capable of doing the work necessary for its production has a right to it until he has done that work;—"he that will not work, neither should he eat."[1] It consists of simple food, clothing, and habitation, with their seeds and materials, or instruments and machinery, and animals used for necessary draught or locomotion, etc. It is to be observed of this kind of property, that its increase cannot usually be carried beyond a certain point, because it depends not on labour only, but on things of which the supply is limited by nature. The possible accumulation of corn depends on the quantity of corn-growing land possessed or commercially accessible; and that of steel, similarly on the accessible quantity of coal and iron-stone. It follows from this natural limitation of supply that the accumulation of property of this kind in large

[1] [2 Thessalonians iii. 10. Compare *Sesame and Lilies*, § 136.]

masses at one point, or in one person's hands, commonly involves, more or less, the scarcity of it at another point and in other persons' hands; so that the accidents or energies which may enable one man to procure a great deal of it, may, and in all likelihood will, partially prevent other men procuring a sufficiency of it, however willing they may be to work for it; therefore, the modes of its accumulation and distribution need to be in some degree regulated by law and by national treaties, in order to secure justice to all men.

Another point requiring notice respecting this sort of property is, that no work can be wasted in producing it, provided only the kind of it produced be preservable and distributable, since for every grain of such commodities we produce we are rendering so much more life possible on earth.* But though we are sure, thus, that we are employing people well, we cannot be sure we might not have employed them *better;* for it is possible to direct labour to the production of life, until little or none is left for that

* This point has sometimes been disputed; for instance, opening Mill's *Political Economy* the other day, I chanced on a passage in which he says that a man who makes a coat, if the person who wears the coat does nothing useful while he wears it, has done no more good to society than the man who has only raised a pineapple.[1] But this is a fallacy induced by endeavour after too much subtlety. None of us have a right to say that the life of a man is of no use to *him*, though it may be of no use to *us;* and the man who made the coat, and thereby prolonged another man's life, has done a gracious and useful work, whatever may come of the life so prolonged. We may say to the wearer of the coat, "You who are wearing coats, and doing nothing in them, are at present wasting your own life and other people's;" but we have no right to say that his existence, however wasted, is wasted *away*. It may be just dragging itself on, in its thin golden line, with nothing dependent upon it, to the point where it is to strengthen into good chain cable, and have thousands of other lives dependent on it. Meantime, the simple fact respecting the coat-maker is, that he has given so much life to the creature, the results of which he cannot calculate; they may be—in all probability will be—infinite results in some way. But the raiser of pines, who has only given a pleasant taste in the mouth to some one, may see with tolerable clearness to the end of the taste in the mouth, and of all conceivable results therefrom.

[1] [Book i. ch. iii. § 6.]

of the objects of life, and thus to increase population at the expense of civilization, learning, and morality: on the other hand, it is just as possible—and the error is one to which the world is, on the whole, more liable—to direct labour to the objects of life till too little is left for life, and thus to increase luxury or learning at the expense of population. Right political economy holds its aim poised justly between the two extremes, desiring neither to crowd its dominions with a race of savages, nor to found courts and colleges in the midst of a desert.

146. (3) The third kind of property is that which conduces to bodily pleasures and conveniences, without directly tending to sustain life; perhaps sometimes indirectly tending to destroy it. All dainty (as distinguished from nourishing) food, and means of producing it; all scents not needed for health; substances valued only for their appearance and rarity (as gold and jewels); flowers of difficult culture; animals used for delight (as horses for racing), and such like, form property of this class; to which the term "luxury," or "luxuries," ought exclusively to belong.

Respecting which we have to note, first, that all such property is of doubtful advantage even to its possessor. Furniture tempting to indolence, sweet odours, and luscious food, are more or less injurious to health: while jewels, liveries, and other such common belongings of wealthy people, certainly convey no pleasure to their owners proportionate to their cost.

Farther, such property, for the most part, perishes in the using. Jewels form a great exception—but rich food, fine dresses, horses and carriages, are consumed by the owner's use. It ought much oftener to be brought to the notice of rich men what sums of interest of money they are paying towards the close of their lives, for luxuries consumed in the middle of them. It would be very interesting, for instance, to know the exact sum which the money spent in London for ices, at its desserts and balls, during the last twenty years, had it been saved and put out at compound

interest, would at this moment have furnished for useful purposes.

Also, in most cases, the enjoyment of such property is wholly selfish, and limited to its possessor. Splendid dress and equipage, however, when so arranged as to produce real beauty of effect, may often be rather a generous than a selfish channel of expenditure. They will, however, necessarily in such cases involve some of the arts of design; and therefore take their place in a higher category than that of luxuries merely.

147. (4) The fourth kind of property is that which bestows intellectual or emotional pleasure, consisting of land set apart for purposes of delight more than for agriculture, of books, works of art, and objects of natural history.

It is, of course, impossible to fix an accurate limit between property of the last class and of this class, since things which are a mere luxury to one person are a means of intellectual occupation to another. Flowers in a London ballroom are a luxury; in a botanical garden, a delight of the intellect; and in their native fields, both; while the most noble works of art are continually made material of vulgar luxury or of criminal pride; but, when rightly used, property of this fourth class is the only kind which deserves the name of *real* property, it is the only kind which a man can truly be said to "possess." What a man eats, or drinks, or wears, so long as it is only what is needful for life, can no more be thought of as his possession than the air he breathes. The air is as needful to him as the food; but we do not talk of a man's wealth of air, and what food or clothing a man possesses more than he himself requires must be for others to use (and, to him, therefore, not a real property in itself, but only a means of obtaining some real property in exchange for it). Whereas the things that give intellectual or emotional enjoyment may be accumulated, and do not perish in using; but continually supply new pleasures and new powers of giving pleasures to others. And these, therefore, are the only things which can rightly be thought

of as giving "wealth" or "well being." Food conduces only to "being," but these to "*well* being." And there is not any broader general distinction between lower and higher orders of men than rests on their possession of this real property. The human race may be properly divided by zoologists into "men who have gardens, libraries, or works of art; and those who have none;" and the former class will include all noble persons, except only a few who make the world their garden or museum; while the people who have not, or, which is the same thing, do not care for gardens or libraries, but care for nothing but money or luxuries, will include none but ignoble persons: only it is necessary to understand that I mean by the term "garden" as much the Carthusian's plot of ground fifteen feet square between his monastery buttresses, as I do the grounds of Chatsworth or Kew; and I mean by the term "art" as much the old sailor's print of the *Arethusa* bearing up to engage the *Belle Poule*,[1] as I do Raphael's "Disputa,"[2] and even rather more; for when abundant, beautiful possessions of this kind are almost always associated with vulgar luxury, and become then anything but indicative of noble character in their possessors. The ideal of human life is a union of Spartan simplicity of manners with Athenian sensibility and imagination; but in actual results, we are continually mistaking ignorance for simplicity, and sensuality for refinement.

158. (5) The fifth kind of property is representative property, consisting of documents or money, or rather documents only — for money itself is only a transferable document, current among societies of men, giving claim, at sight, to some definite benefit or advantage, most commonly to a certain share of real property existing in those societies. The money is only genuine when the property it gives claim to is real, or the advantages it gives claim to certain;

[1] [An incident of the French war in 1778: see W. L. Clowes, *History of the Royal Navy*, vol. iv. pp. 14–15.]

[2] [See below, *Two Paths*, § 21, p. 271.]

otherwise, it is false money, and may be considered as much "forged" when issued by a government, or a bank, as when by an individual. Thus, if a dozen of men, cast ashore on a desert island, pick up a number of stones, put a red spot on each stone, and pass a law that every stone marked with a red spot shall give claim to a peck of wheat; —so long as no wheat exists, or can exist, on the island, the stones are not money. But the moment as much wheat exists as shall render it possible for the society always to give a peck for every spotted stone, the spotted stones would become money, and might be exchanged by their possessors for whatever other commodities they chose, to the value of the peck of wheat which the stones represented. If more stones were issued than the quantity of wheat could answer the demand of, the value of the stone coinage would be depreciated, in proportion to its increase above the quantity needed to answer it.

149. Again, supposing a certain number of the men so cast ashore were set aside by lot, or any other convention, to do the rougher labour necessary for the whole society, they themselves being maintained by the daily allotment of a certain quantity of food, clothing, etc. Then, if it were agreed that the stones spotted with red should be signs of a Government order for the labour of these men; and that any person presenting a spotted stone at the office of the labourers, should be entitled to a man's work for a week or a day, the red stones would be money; and might—probably would—immediately pass current in the island for as much food, or clothing, or iron, or any other article, as a man's work for the period secured by the stone was worth. But if the Government issued so many spotted stones that it was impossible for the body of men they employed to comply with the orders,—as, suppose, if they only employed twelve men, and issued eighteen spotted stones daily, ordering a day's work each,—then the six extra stones would be forged or false money; and the effect of this forgery would be the depreciation of the value of the whole coinage by

one-third, that being the period of shortcoming which would, on the average, necessarily ensue in the execution of each order. Much occasional work may be done in a state or society, by help of an issue of false money (or false promises) by way of stimulants; and the fruit of this work, if it comes into the promiser's hands, may sometimes enable the false promises at last to be fulfilled: hence the frequent issue of false money by governments and banks, and the not unfrequent escapes from the natural and proper consequences of such false issues, so as to cause a confused conception in most people's minds of what money really is. I am not sure whether some quantity of such false issue may not really be permissible in a nation, accurately proportioned to the minimum average produce of the labour it excites; but all such procedures are more or less unsound; and the notion of unlimited issue of currency is simply one of the absurdest and most monstrous that ever came into disjointed human wits.

150. The use of objects of real or supposed value for currency, as gold, jewellery, etc., is barbarous;[1] and it always expresses either the measure of the distrust in the society of its own government, or the proportion of distrustful or barbarous nations with whom it has to deal. A metal not easily corroded or imitated, it is a desirable medium of currency for the sake of cleanliness and convenience, but, were it possible to prevent forgery, the more worthless the metal itself, the better. The use of worthless media, unrestrained by the use of valuable media, has always hitherto involved, and is therefore supposed to involve necessarily, unlimited, or at least improperly extended, issue; but we might as well suppose that a man must necessarily issue unlimited promises because his words cost nothing. Intercourse with foreign nations must, indeed, for ages yet to come, at the world's present rate of progress, be carried on by valuable currencies; but such transactions are nothing more than forms of barter. The gold used at

[1] [Compare *Munera Pulveris*, §§ 74 *seq.*]

present as a currency is not, in point of fact, currency at all, but the real property * which the currency gives claim to, stamped to measure its quantity, and mingling with the real currency occasionally by barter.

151. The evils necessarily resulting from the use of baseless currencies have been terribly illustrated while these sheets have been passing through the press; I have not had time to examine the various conditions of dishonest or absurd trading which have led to the late "panic" in America and England;[1] this only I know, that no merchant deserving the name ought to be more liable to "panic" than a soldier should; for his name should never be on more paper than he can at any instant meet the call of, happen what will. I do not say this without feeling at the same time how difficult it is to mark, in existing commerce, the just limits

* Or rather, equivalent to such real property, because everybody has been accustomed to look upon it as valuable; and therefore everybody is willing to give labour or goods for it. But real property does ultimately consist only in things that nourish body or mind; gold would be useless to us if we could not get mutton or books for it. Ultimately all commercial mistakes and embarrassments result from people expecting to get goods without working for them, or wasting them after they have got them. A nation which labours, and takes care of the fruits of labour, would be rich and happy though there were no gold in the universe. A nation which is idle, and wastes the produce of what work it does, would be poor and miserable, though all its mountains were of gold, and had glens filled with diamond instead of glacier.

[1] [The commercial crisis and panic of 1857, to which Ruskin refers here and above (§ 137), culminated in November in the suspension of the Bank Act of 1844, the Bank of England being thus authorised to exceed the legal limits of its paper circulation. Among the banks which stopped payment were the City of Glasgow Bank and the Western Bank of Glasgow; the total liability of all the banks which stopped payment was 24 millions, while the liabilities of private and commercial firms which came down in the crash were estimated at 14 millions (*Annual Register*, 1857, p. 220). The severity of the corresponding crisis in the United States may be judged from a passage in President Buchanan's address to Congress (December 8, 1857): "We have possessed all the elements of material wealth in rich abundance, and yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, our country, in its monetary interests, is at present in a deplorable condition. In the midst of unsurpassed plenty in all the productions of agriculture, and in all the elements of national wealth, we find our manufactures suspended, our public works retarded, our private enterprises of different kinds abandoned, and thousands of useful labourers thrown out of employment and reduced to want." The President went on to attribute the evil to "wild speculations and gambling," and the same opinion was expressed by the liquidators of some of the firms which went bankrupt in this country.]

between the spirit of enterprise and of speculation. Something of the same temper which makes the English soldier do always all that is possible, and attempt more than is possible, joins its influence with that of mere avarice in tempting the English merchant into risks which he cannot justify, and efforts which he cannot sustain; and the same passion for adventure which our travellers gratify every summer on perilous snow wreaths, and cloud-encompassed precipices,[1] surrounds with a romantic fascination the glittering of a hollow investment, and gilds the clouds that curl round gulfs of ruin. Nay, a higher and a more serious feeling frequently mingles in the motley temptation; and men apply themselves to the task of growing rich, as to a labour of providential appointment, from which they cannot pause without culpability, nor retire without dishonour. Our large trading cities bear to me very nearly the aspect of monastic establishments in which the roar of the mill-wheel and the crane takes the place of other devotional music; and in which the worship of Mammon or Moloch is conducted with a tender reverence and an exact propriety; the merchant rising to his Mammon matins with the self-denial of an anchorite, and expiating the frivolities into which he may be beguiled in the course of the day by late attendance at Mammon vespers. But, with every allowance that can be made for these conscientious and romantic persons, the fact remains the same, that by far the greater number of the transactions which lead to these times of commercial embarrassment may be ranged simply under two great heads—gambling and stealing; and both of these in their most culpable form, namely, gambling with money which is not ours, and stealing from those who trust us. I have sometimes thought a day might come, when the nation would perceive that a well-educated man who steals

[1] [For Ruskin's views on Alpine climbing, see *Sesame and Lilies*, § 35, and preface to the second edition; *Ethics of the Dust*, § 109; *Bible of Amiens*, ch. iii. § 29; *Præterita*, ii. ch. iv. § 76; and a lecture on Landscape, reported in E. T. Cook's *Studies in Ruskin*, p. 291, and reprinted in a later volume of this edition.]

a hundred thousand pounds, involving the entire means of subsistence of a hundred families, deserves, on the whole, as severe a punishment as an ill-educated man who steals a purse from a pocket, or a mug from a pantry.[1]

152. But without hoping for this excess of clear-sightedness, we may at least labour for a system of greater honesty and kindness in the minor commerce of our daily life; since the great dishonesty of the great buyers and sellers is nothing more than the natural growth and outcome from the little dishonesty of the little buyers and sellers. Every person who tries to buy an article for less than its proper value, or who tries to sell it at more than its proper value —every consumer who keeps a tradesman waiting for his money, and every tradesman who bribes a consumer to extravagance by credit, is helping forward, according to his own measure of power, a system of baseless and dishonourable commerce, and forcing his country down into poverty and shame. And people of moderate means and average powers of mind would do far more real good by merely carrying out stern principles of justice and honesty in common matters of trade, than by the most ingenious schemes of extended philanthropy, or vociferous declarations of theological doctrine. There are three weighty matters of the law—justice, mercy, and truth; and of these the Teacher puts truth last, because that cannot be known but by a course of acts of justice and love. But men put, in all their efforts, truth first, because they mean by it their own opinions; and thus, while the world has many people who would suffer martyrdom in the cause of what they call truth, it has few who will suffer even a little inconvenience, in that of justice and mercy.

[1] [The recent cases of Jabez Balfour (1893) and Whitaker Wright (1904), and the gradual strengthening of the law of Public Companies, may be mentioned as instances in which Ruskin's view has since been taken.]

SUPPLEMENTARY ADDITIONAL PAPERS

EDUCATION IN ART

ART SCHOOL NOTES

SOCIAL POLICY

EDUCATION IN ART

(*Read for the author before the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science in the autumn of* 1858; *and printed in the Transactions of the Society for that year*, pp. 311–316.[1])

158. I WILL not attempt in this paper to enter into any general consideration of the possible influence of art on the masses of the people. The inquiry is one of great complexity, involved with that into the uses and dangers of luxury; nor have we as yet data enough to justify us in conjecturing how far the practice of art may be compatible with rude or mechanical employments.[2] But the question, however difficult, lies in the same light as that of the uses of reading or writing; for drawing, so far as it is possible to the multitude, is mainly to be considered as a means of obtaining and communicating knowledge. He who can accurately represent the form of an object, and match its colour, has unquestionably a power of notation and description greater in most instances than that of words;[3] and this science of notation ought to be simply regarded as that which is concerned with the record of form, just as arithmetic is concerned with the record of number. Of course abuses and dangers attend the acquirement of every power. We have all of us probably known persons who, without being able to read or write, discharged the important duties of life wisely and faithfully; as we have also without

[1] [For further bibliographical particulars, see above, p. 6, and compare the Introduction, p. xxxv.]

[2] [On this subject, see *Munera Pulveris*, § 109; *Crown of Wild Olive*, §§ 89, 90; *Aratra Pentelici*, § 148.]

[3] [So in the *Elements of Drawing*, § 1, Ruskin defines his object as that of helping pupils to make "records of such things as cannot be described in words" (Vol. XV. p. 25, and compare the Introduction to that volume, p. xxi.).]

doubt known others able to read and write whose reading did little good to themselves and whose writing little good to any one else. But we do not therefore doubt the expediency of acquiring those arts, neither ought we to doubt the expediency of acquiring the art of drawing, if we admit that it may indeed become practically useful.

154. Nor should we long hesitate in admitting this, if we were not in the habit of considering instruction in the arts chiefly as a means of promoting what we call "taste" or dilettanteism, and other habits of mind which in their more modern developments in Europe have certainly not been advantageous to nations, or indicative of worthiness in them. Nevertheless, true taste, or the instantaneous preference of the noble thing to the ignoble, is a necessary accompaniment of high worthiness in nations or men; only it is not to be acquired by seeking it as our chief object, since the first question, alike for man and for multitude, is not at all what they are to like, but what they are to do; and fortunately so, since true taste, so far as it depends on original instinct, is not equally communicable to all men; and, so far as it depends on extended comparison, is unattainable by men employed in narrow fields of life. We shall not succeed in making a peasant's opinion good evidence on the merits of the Elgin and Lycian marbles;[1] nor is it necessary to dictate to him in his garden the preference of gillyflower or of rose; yet I believe we may make art a means of giving him helpful and happy pleasure, and of gaining for him serviceable knowledge.

155. Thus, in our simplest codes of school instruction, I hope some day to see local natural history assume a principal place,[2] so that our peasant children may be taught the nature and uses of the herbs that grow in their meadows, and may take interest in observing and cherishing, rather

[1] [For Ruskin's study of the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum, see Vol. IV. p. 119 *n*. The Lycian marbles were added to the Museum in 1842.]

[2] [On this subject, compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Vol. XI. p. 259); and *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. xi. § 22 *n*. The following letter (reprinted from *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. i. pp. 305–306) bears upon the same subject. It was addressed to

than in hunting or killing, the harmless animals of their country. Supposing it determined that this local natural history should be taught, drawing ought to be used to fix the attention, and test, while it aided, the memory. "Draw such and such a flower in outline, with its bell towards you. Draw it with its side towards you. Paint the spots upon it. Draw a duck's head—her foot. Now a robin's—a thrush's—now the spots upon the thrush's breast." These are the kinds of tasks which it seems to me should be set to the young peasant student. Surely the occupation would no more be thought contemptible which was thus subservient to knowledge and to compassion; and perhaps we should find in process of time that the Italian connexion of art with *diletto*, or delight, was both consistent with, and even mainly consequent upon, a pure Greek connexion of art with *arete*, or virtue.

156. It may perhaps be thought that the power of representing in any sufficient manner natural objects such as those above instanced would be of too difficult attainment to be aimed at in elementary instruction. But I have had practical proof that it is not so. From workmen who had

Mr. Adam White, of Edinburgh, but the editors are unable to ascertain the date and place of original publication :—

"ON THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

"It would be pleasing alike to my personal vanity and to the instinct of making myself serviceable, which I will fearlessly say is as strong in me as vanity, if I could think that any letter of mine would be helpful to you in the recommendation of the study of natural history, as one of the best elements of early as of late education. I believe there is no child so dull or so indolent but it may be roused to wholesome exertion by putting some practical and personal work on natural history within its range of daily occupation; and, once aroused, few pleasures are so innocent, and none so constant. I have often been unable, through sickness or anxiety, to follow my own art work, but I have never found natural history fail me, either as a delight or a medicine. But for children it must be curtly and wisely taught. We must *show* them things, not tell them names. A deal chest of drawers is worth many books to them, and a well-guided country walk worth a hundred lectures.

"I heartily wish you, not only for your sake, but for that of the young thistle buds of Edinburgh, success in promulgating your views and putting them in practice.—Always believe me faithfully yours,

"J. RUSKIN."]

little time to spare, and that only after they were jaded by the day's labour, I have obtained, in the course of three or four months from their first taking a pencil in hand, perfectly useful, and in many respects admirable, drawings of natural objects.[1] It is, however, necessary, in order to secure this result, that the student's aim should be absolutely restricted to the representation of visible fact. All more varied or elevated practice must be deferred until the powers of true sight and just representation are acquired in simplicity; nor, in the case of children belonging to the lower classes, does it seem to me often advisable to aim at anything more. At all events, their drawing lessons should be made as recreative as possible. Undergoing due discipline of hard labour in other directions, such children should be painlessly initiated into employments calculated for the relief of toil. It is of little consequence that they should know the principles of art, but of much that their attention should be pleasurably excited. In our higher public schools, on the contrary, drawing should be taught rightly; that is to say, with due succession and security of preliminary steps,—it being here of little consequence whether the student attains great or little skill, but of much that he should perceive distinctly what degree of skill he has attained, reverence that which surpasses it, and know the principles of right in what he has been able to accomplish. It is impossible to make every boy an artist or a connoisseur, but quite possible to make him understand the meaning of art in its rudiments, and to make him modest enough to forbear expressing, in after life, judgments which he has not knowledge enough to render just.

157. There is, however, at present this great difficulty in the way of such systematic teaching—that the public do not believe the principles of art are determinable, and, in no wise, matters of opinion. They do not believe that

[1] [For Ruskin's classes at the Working Men's College, see Vol. V. pp. xxxvi.–xli., Vol. XV. pp. xix.–xxii.; and for his testimony to the aptitude of his pupils, Vol. XIII. p. 553.]

good drawing is good, and bad drawing bad, whatever any number of persons may think or declare to the contrary—that there is a right or best way of laying colours to produce a given effect, just as there is a right or best way of dyeing cloth of a given colour, and that Titian and Veronese are not merely accidentally admirable but eternally right.

158. The public, of course, cannot be convinced of this unity and stability of principle until clear assertion of it is made to them by painters whom they respect; and the painters whom they respect are generally too modest, and sometimes too proud, to make it. I believe the chief reason for their not having yet declared at least the fundamental laws of labour as connected with art-study is a kind of feeling on their part that "*cela va sans dire.*" Every great painter knows so well the necessity of hard and systematized work, in order to attain even the lower degrees of skill, that he naturally supposes if people use no diligence in drawing, they do not care to acquire the power of it, and that the toil involved in wholesome study being greater than the mass of people have ever given, is also greater than they would ever be willing to give. Feeling, also, as any real painter feels, that his own excellence is a gift, no less than the reward of toil, perhaps slightly disliking to confess the labour it has cost him to perfect it, and wholly despairing of doing any good by the confession, he contemptuously leaves the drawing-master to do the best he can in his twelve lessons, and with courteous unkindness permits the young women of England to remain under the impression that they can learn to draw with less pains than they can learn to dance. I have had practical experience enough, however, to convince me that this treatment of the amateur student is unjust. Young girls will work with steadiest perseverance when once they understand the need of labour, and are convinced that drawing is a kind of language which may for ordinary purposes be learned as easily as French or German; this language, also, having its grammar, and its pronunciation, to be conquered or acquired only by persistence

in irksome exercise—an error in a form being as entirely and simply an error as a mistake in a tense, and an ill-drawn line as reprehensible as a vulgar accent.

159. And I attach great importance to the sound education of our younger females in art, thinking that in England the nursery and the drawing-room are perhaps the most influential of academies. We address ourselves in vain to the education of the artist while the demand for his work is uncertain or unintelligent; nor can art be considered as having any serious influence on a nation while gilded papers form the principal splendour of the reception room, and ill-wrought though costly trinkets the principal entertainment of the boudoir.

It is surely, therefore, to be regretted that the art-education of our Government schools is addressed so definitely to the guidance of the artizan, and is therefore so little acknowledged hitherto by the general public, especially by its upper classes. I have not acquaintance enough with the practical working of that system to venture any expression of opinion respecting its general expediency; but it is my conviction that, so far as references are involved in it to the designing of patterns capable of being produced by machinery, such references must materially diminish its utility considered as a general system of instruction.[1]

160. We are still, therefore, driven to the same point,—the need of an authoritative recommendation of some method of study to the public; a method determined upon by the concurrence of some of our best painters, and avowedly sanctioned by them, so as to leave no room for hesitation in its acceptance.

Nor need it be thought that, because the ultimate methods of work employed by painters vary according to the particular effects produced by each, there would be any difficulty in obtaining their collective assent to a system of elementary precept. The facts of which it is necessary that the student should be assured in his early efforts, are so

[1] [On this subject, compare the Introduction, pp. xxvi. *seq.*]

simple, so few, and so well known to all able draughtsmen that, as I have just said, it would be rather doubt of the need of stating what seemed to them self-evident, than reluctance to speak authoritatively on points capable of dispute, that would stand in the way of their giving form to a code of general instruction. To take merely two instances: It will perhaps appear hardly credible that among amateur students, however far advanced in more showy accomplishments, there will not be found one in a hundred who can make an accurate drawing to scale. It is much if they can copy anything with approximate fidelity of its real size. Now, the inaccuracy of eye which prevents a student from drawing to scale is in fact nothing else than an entire want of appreciation of proportion, and therefore of composition. He who alters the relations of dimensions to each other in his copy, shows that he does not enjoy those relations in the original—that is to say, that all appreciation of noble design (which is based on the most exquisite relations of magnitude) is impossible to him. To give him habits of mathematical accuracy in transference of the outline of complex form, is therefore among the first, and even among the most important, means of educating his taste. A student who can fix with precision the cardinal points of a bird's wing, extended in any fixed position, and can then draw the curves of its individual plumes without measurable error, has advanced further towards a power of understanding the design of the great masters than he could by reading many volumes of criticism, or passing many months in undisciplined examination of works of art.

161. Again, it will be found that among amateur students there is almost universal deficiency in the power of expressing the roundness of a surface. They frequently draw with considerable dexterity and vigour, but never attain the slightest sense of those modulations in form which can only be expressed by gradations in shade. They leave sharp edges to their blots of colour, sharp angles in their contours of lines, and conceal from themselves their incapacity

of completion by redundance of object. The assurance to such persons that no object could be rightly seen or drawn until the draughtsman had acquired the power of modulating surfaces by gradations wrought with some pointed instrument (whether pen, pencil, or chalk), would at once prevent much vain labour, and put an end to many errors of that worst kind which not only retard the student, but blind him; which prevent him from either attaining excellence himself, or understanding it in others.

162. It would be easy, did time admit it, to give instances of other principles which it is equally essential that the student should know, and certain that all painters of eminence would sanction; while even those respecting which some doubt may exist in their application to consummate practice, are yet perfectly determinable, so far as they are needed to guide a beginner. It may, for instance, be a question how far local colour should be treated as an element of chiaroscuro in a master's drawing of the human form. But there can be no question that it must be so treated in a boy's study of a tulip or a trout.

168. A still more important point would be gained if authoritative testimony of the same kind could be given to the merit and exclusive sufficiency of any series of examples of works of art, such as could at once be put within the reach of masters of schools. For the modern student labours under heavy disadvantages in what at first sight might appear an assistance to him, namely, the number of examples of many different styles which surround him in galleries or museums. His mind is disturbed by the inconsistencies of various excellences, and by his own predilection for false beauties in second or third-rate works. He is thus prevented from observing any one example long enough to understand its merit, or following any one method long enough to obtain facility in its practice. It seems, therefore, very desirable that some such standard of art should be fixed for all our schools,—a standard which, it must be remembered, need not necessarily be the highest

possible, provided only it is the rightest possible. It is not to be hoped that the student should imitate works of the most exalted merit, but much to be desired that he should be guided by those which have fewest faults.

164. Perhaps, therefore, the most serviceable examples which could be set before youth might be found in the studies or drawings, rather than in the pictures, of first-rate masters; and the art of photography enables us to put renderings of such studies, which for most practical purposes are as good as the originals, on the walls of every school in the kingdom. Supposing (I merely name these as examples of what I mean), the standard of manner in light-and-shade drawing fixed by Leonardo's study, No. 19, in the collection of photographs lately published from drawings in the Florence Gallery; the standard of pen drawing with a wash, fixed by Titian's sketch, No. 80 in the same collection; that of etching, fixed by Rembrandt's spotted shell;[1] and that of point work with the pure line, by Dürer's crest with the cock; every effort of the pupil, whatever the instrument in his hand, would infallibly tend in a right direction, and the perception of the merits of these four works, or of any others like them, once attained thoroughly, by efforts, however distant or despairing, to copy portions of them, would lead securely in due time to the appreciation of other modes of excellence.

165. I cannot, of course, within the limits of this paper, proceed to any statement of the present requirements of the English operative as regards art education. But I do not regret this, for it seems to me very desirable that our attention should for the present be concentrated on the more immediate object of general instruction. Whatever the public demand the artist will soon produce; and the best education which the operative can receive is the refusal of bad work and the acknowledgment of good. There is

[1] [For other references to this etching, see *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. p. 303), and *Cestus of Aglaia*, § 19. For Dürer's "Coat of Arms, with a Cock" see Vol. XV. p. 79 *n.*]

no want of genius among us, still less of industry. The least that we do is laborious, and the worst is wonderful. But there is a want among us, deep and wide, of discretion in directing toil, and of delight in being led by imagination. In past time, though the masses of the nation were less informed than they are now, they were for that very reason simpler judges and happier gazers; it must be ours to substitute the gracious sympathy of the understanding for the bright gratitude of innocence. An artist can always paint well for those who are lightly pleased or wisely displeased, but he cannot paint for those who are dull in applause and false in condemnation.

REMARKS ADDRESSED

TO THE MANSFIELD ART NIGHT CLASS[1]

Oct. 14th, 1873 *

166. It is to be remembered that the giving of prizes can only be justified on the ground of their being the reward of superior diligence and more obedient attention to the directions of the teacher.[2] They must never be supposed, because practically they never can become, indications of superior genius; unless in so far as genius is likely to be diligent and obedient, beyond the strength and temper of the dull.

But it so frequently happens that the stimulus of vanity, acting on minds of inferior calibre, produces for a time an industry surpassing the tranquil and self-possessed exertion of real power, that it may be questioned whether the custom of bestowing prizes at all may not ultimately cease in our

* This address was written for the Art Night Class, Mansfield, but not delivered by me. In my absence—I forget from what cause, but inevitable—the Duke of St. Albans honoured me by reading it to the meeting.[3]

[1] [Subsequently printed as a pamphlet; see above, Bibliographical Note, p. 6.]

[2] [On this subject, compare § 135, above, p. 120.]

[3] [It does not seem, however, that Ruskin had undertaken to do more than send a message to the students. The Duke of St. Albans in addressing them on the occasion said: "I shall now turn from my very imperfect remarks towards what will carry a greater authority. I hold in my hand the kind advice of Mr. Ruskin to you who are setting out on the path which he has trod with such distinction. I can tell you that the Mansfield Night Art Class has received a great distinction in this, for I need hardly remind you that Mr. Ruskin's opinions on matters of Art carry the greatest weight, while his popularity as a writer upon this subject reaches wherever the English literature is known. He has plenty of work upon his hands, but, with the kindness of true genius, he has sent you this message upon its being represented to him that you were doing your best to acquire a love of Art, and would feel encouraged by his notice" (*Times*, October 15, 1873).]

higher Schools of Art, unless in the form of substantial assistance given to deserving students who stand in need of it: a kind of prize, the claim to which, in its nature, would depend more on accidental circumstances, and generally good conduct, than on genius.

167. But, without any reference to the opinion of others, and without any chance of partiality in your own, there is one test by which you can all determine the rate of your real progress.

Examine, after every period of renewed industry, how far you have enlarged your faculty of *admiration*.[1]

Consider how much more you can see, to reverence, in the work of masters; and how much more to love, in the work of nature.

This is the only constant and infallible test of progress. That you wonder more at the work of great men, and that you care more for natural objects.

You have often been told by your teachers to expect this last result: but I fear that the tendency of modern thought is to reject the idea of that essential difference in rank between one intellect and another, of which increasing reverence is the wise acknowledgment.

You may, at least in early years, test accurately your power of doing anything in the least rightly, by your increasing conviction that you never will be able to do it as well as it has been done by others.

168. That is a lesson, I repeat, which differs much, I fear, from the one you are commonly taught. The vulgar and incomparably false saying of Macaulay's, that the intellectual giants of one age become the intellectual pigmies of the next,[2] has been the text of too many sermons lately preached to you.

[1] [A test constantly applied by Ruskin and enforced by him in Wordsworth's line "We live by admiration, hope, and love"; see, for instance, *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. p. 29 *n.*); *Unto this Last*, § 77; *Lectures on Art*, § 65; *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 5 and 9; and *Art of England*, § 38.]

[2] [The saying occurred in an address which Macaulay delivered on "The Literature of Great Britain" at the opening of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution in 1846. In the edition of Macaulay's speeches revised by himself, the sentence in

You think you are going to do better things—each of you—than Titian and Phidias—write better than Virgil—think more wisely than Solomon.

My good young people, this is the foolishest, quite pre-eminently—perhaps almost the harmfullest—notion that could possibly be put into your empty little eggshells of heads. There is not one in a million of you who can ever be great in *any* thing. To be greater than the greatest that *have* been, is permitted perhaps to one man in Europe in the course of two or three centuries. But because you cannot be Handel and Mozart—is it any reason why you should not learn to sing "God save the Queen" properly, when you have a mind to? Because a girl cannot be prima donna in the Italian Opera, is it any reason that she should not learn to play a jig for her brothers and sisters in good time, or a soft little tune for her tired mother, or that she should not sing to please herself, among the dew, on a May morning? Believe me, joy, humility, and usefulness, always go together: as insolence with misery, and these both with destructiveness. You may learn with proud teachers how to throw down the Vendôme Column, and burn the Louvre,[1] but never how to lay so much as one touch of safe colour, or one layer of steady stone: and if indeed there be among you a youth of true genius, be

question is omitted, though others of a like nature—such as, "The profundity of one age is the shallowness of the next"—are retained (see Macaulay's *Works*, 8 vol. edition, Longmans, 1866, vol. viii. p. 380). It should, however, be remembered that Macaulay did not base upon his argument the conclusion that one generation is entitled to look back with contempt upon the intellectual giants of another; see in his *Essays* the review of Sir James Mackintosh's *History of the Revolution*. See further, on the subject of Macaulay's saying, Ruskin's remarks on James Forbes in *Rendu's Theory of the Glaciers of Savoy* (1874), reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. i. p. 280, and in a later volume of this edition. Ruskin refers to the saying also in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 48, and *The Pleasures of England*, § 40. Macaulay was one of Ruskin's particular aversions; for other passages in this connexion, see *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. pp. 260–261, 270); *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 40 (Notes and Correspondence); *Præterita*, i. § 251, iii. § 28.]

[1] [The Vendôme Column was taken down by the Communists in May 1871, but the fragments were preserved and it was subsequently re-erected. The Louvre was seriously imperilled by the incendiarism of the Communists at the same time; part of the wing connecting it with the Tuileries was much damaged, and the Imperial Library was destroyed. But the Versailles troops happily arrived in time (May 24) to prevent further damage. Ruskin refers to these outrages in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 6 ("Elysian Fields").]

assured that he will distinguish himself first, not by petulance or by disdain, but by discerning firmly what to admire, and whom to obey.

169. It will, I hope, be the result of the interest lately awakened in art through our provinces, to enable each town of importance to obtain, in permanent possession, a few—and it is desirable there should be no more than a few—examples of consummate and masterful art: an engraving or two by Dürer—a single portrait by Reynolds—a fifteenth century Florentine drawing—a thirteenth century French piece of painted glass, and the like; and that, in every town occupied in a given manufacture, examples of unquestionable excellence in that manufacture should be made easily accessible in its civic museum.

I must ask you, however, to observe very carefully that I use the word *manufacture* in its literal and proper sense. It means the making of things *by the hand.* It does not mean the making them by machinery.[1] And, while I plead with you for a true humility in rivalship with the works of others, I plead with you also for a just pride in what you really can honestly do yourself.[2]

You must neither think your work the best ever done by man:—nor, on the other hand, think that the tongs and poker can do better—and that, although you are wiser than Solomon, all this wisdom of yours can be outshone by a shovelful of coke.

170. Let me take, for instance, the manufacture of lace, for which, I believe, your neighbouring town of Nottingham enjoys renown. There is still some distinction between machine-made and hand-made lace. I will suppose that distinction so far done away with, that, a pattern once invented, you can spin lace as fast as you now do thread. Everybody then might wear, not only lace collars, but lace gowns. Do you think they would be more comfortable in them than they are now in plain stuff—or that, when

[1] [See *Seven Lamps*, Vol. VIII. p. 83 *n.*]

[2] [On true modesty as involving a just estimate of a man's powers, see *Queen of the Air*, §§ 134 *seq.*; *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 171, and *Eagle's Nest*, § 30.]

everybody could wear them, anybody would be proud of wearing them? A spider may perhaps be rationally proud of his own cobweb, even though all the fields in the morning are covered with the like, for he made it himself—but suppose a machine spun it for him?

Suppose all the gossamer were Nottingham-made, would a sensible spider be either prouder, or happier, think you?

A sensible spider! You cannot perhaps imagine such a creature. Yet surely a spider is clever enough for his own ends?

You think him an insensible spider, only because he cannot understand yours—and is apt to impede yours. Well, be assured of this, sense in human creatures is shown also, not by cleverness in promoting their own ends and interests, but by quickness in understanding other people's ends and interests, and by putting our own work and keeping our own wishes in harmony with theirs.

171. But I return to my point, of cheapness. You don't think that it would be convenient, or even creditable, for women to wash the doorsteps or dish the dinners in lace gowns? Nay, even for the most ladylike occupations —reading, or writing, or playing with her children—do you think a lace gown, or even a lace collar, so great an advantage or dignity to a woman? If you think of it, you will find the whole value of lace, as a possession, depends on the fact of its having a beauty which has been the reward of industry and attention.

That the thing itself is a prize—a thing which everybody cannot have. That it proves, by the *look* of it, the *ability* of its *maker;* that it proves, by the *rarity* of it, the *dignity* of its *wearer*—either that she has been so industrious as to save money, which can buy, say, a piece of jewellery, of gold tissue, or of fine lace—or else, that she is a noble person, to whom her neighbours concede, as an honour, the privilege of wearing finer dresses than they.

If they all choose to have lace too — if it ceases to be a prize—it becomes, does it not, only a cobweb?

The real good of a piece of lace, then, you will find, is that it should show, first, that the designer of it had a pretty fancy; next, that the maker of it had fine fingers; lastly, that the wearer of it has worthiness or dignity enough to obtain what is difficult to obtain, and common sense enough not to wear it on all occasions. I limit myself, in what farther I have to say, to the question of the manufacture — nay, of one requisite in the manufacture: that which I have just called a pretty fancy.

172. What do you suppose I mean by a pretty fancy? Do you think that, by learning to draw, and looking at flowers, you will ever get the ability to design a piece of lace beautifully? By no means. If that were so, everybody would soon learn to draw—everybody would design lace prettily—and then,—nobody would be paid for designing it. To some extent, that will indeed be the result of modern endeavour to teach design. But against all such endeavours, mother-wit, in the end, will hold her own.

But anybody who *has* this mother-wit, may make the exercise of it more pleasant to themselves, and more useful to other people, by learning to draw.

An Indian worker in gold, or a Scandinavian worker in iron, or an old French worker in thread, could produce indeed beautiful design out of nothing but groups of knots and spirals: but you, when you are rightly educated, may render your knots and spirals infinitely more interesting by making them suggestive of natural forms, and rich in elements of true knowledge.

173. You know, for instance, the pattern which for centuries has been the basis of ornament in Indian shawls —the bulging leaf ending in a spiral. The Indian produces beautiful designs with nothing but that spiral. You cannot better his powers of design, but you may make them more civil and useful by adding knowledge of nature to invention.[1]

[1] [On the conventional forms of ornament in Indian art, see *Two Paths*, Lecture i., and compare *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. xi. § 8 *n.*]

Suppose you learn to draw rightly, and, therefore, to know correctly the spirals of springing ferns—not that you may give ugly names to all the species of them—but that you may understand the grace and vitality of every hour of their existence. Suppose you have sense and cleverness enough to translate the essential character of this beauty into forms expressible by simple lines—therefore expressible by thread—you might then have a series of fern-patterns which would each contain points of distinctive interest and beauty, and of scientific truth, and yet be variable by fancy, with quite as much ease as the meaningless Indian one. Similarly, there is no form of leaf, of flower, or of insect, which might not become suggestive to you, and expressible in terms of manufacture, so as to be interesting, and useful to others.

174. Only don't think that this kind of study will ever "pay" in the vulgar sense.

It will make you wiser and happier. But do you suppose that it is the law of God, or nature, that people shall be paid in money for becoming wiser and happier? They are so, by that law, for honest work; and as all honest work makes people wiser and happier, they are indeed, in some sort, paid in money for becoming wise.

But if you seek wisdom only that you may get money, believe me, you are exactly on the foolishest of all fools' errands. "She is more precious than rubies"—but do you think that is only because she will help you to *buy* rubies?

"All the things thou canst desire are not to be compared to her."[1] Do you think that is only because she will enable you to get all the things you desire? She is offered to you as a blessing *in herself*. She is the reward of kindness, of modesty, of industry. She is the prize of Prizes—and alike in poverty or in riches—the strength of your Life now, the earnest of whatever Life is to come.

[1] [Proverbs iii. 15; quoted again in *Time and Tide*, § 87; and *Eagle's Nest*, § 19.]

SOCIAL POLICY

BASED ON NATURAL SELECTION[1]

Paper read before the Metaphysical Society, May 11th, 1875 *

175. It has always seemed to me that Societies like this of ours, happy in including members not a little diverse in thought and various in knowledge, might be more useful to the public than perhaps they can fairly be said to have approved themselves hitherto, by using their variety of power rather to support intellectual conclusions by concentric props, than to shake them with rotatory storms of wit; and modestly endeavouring to initiate the building of walls for the Bridal city of Science, in which no man will care to identify the particular stones he lays, rather than complying farther with the existing picturesque, but wasteful, practice of every knight to throw up a feudal tower of his own opinions, tenable only by the most active pugnacity, and pierced rather with arrow-slits from which to annoy his neighbours, than windows to admit light or air.

176. The paper read at our last meeting[2] was unquestionably, within the limits its writer had prescribed to himself, so logically sound, that (encouraged also by the

* I trust that the Society will not consider its privileges violated by the publication of an essay, which, for such audience, I wrote with more than ordinary care.

[1] [For the first issue of this paper, see above, Bibliographical Note, p. 7; and for the Metaphysical Society, see Introduction, p. xxxvi.]

[2] [At the Grosvenor Hotel, April 13, 1875, when the Bishop of Peterborough (Magee) read a paper entitled "Hospitals for Incurables considered from a Moral Point of View." The bishop discussed three bases of morals, "(1) the mechanical,

suggestion of some of our most influential members), I shall endeavour to make the matter of our to-night's debate consequent upon it, and suggestive of possibly further advantageous deductions.

It will be remembered that, in reference to the statement in the Bishop of Peterborough's Paper, of the moral indifference of certain courses of conduct on the postulate of the existence only of a Mechanical base of Morals, it was observed by Dr. Andrew Clark[1] that, even on such mechanical basis, the word "moral" might still be applied specially to any course of action which tended to the development of the human race. Whereupon I ventured myself to inquire, in what direction such development was to be understood as taking place; and the discussion of this point being then dropped for want of time, I would ask the Society's permission to bring it again before them this evening in a somewhat more extended form; for in reality the question respecting the development of men is twofold,—first, namely, in what direction; and secondly, in what social relations, it is to be sought.

I would therefore at present ask more deliberately than I could at our last meeting,—first, in what direction it is desirable that the development of humanity should take place? Should it, for instance, as in Greece, be of physical beauty,—emulation, (Hesiod's second Eris,)—pugnacity, and patriotism? or, as in modern England, of physical ugliness,

(2) the utilitarian, and (3) the perfectionist," and argued that on the first basis, hospitals for incurables probably ought not, and on the second certainly ought not to be tolerated; while on the third "we ought each of us to please himself." He thus arrived at the conclusion that after all "there may be something supernatural in man, something essentially different from all qualities of all other animals . . . and also that there may be, without and apart from man, a supernatural author of his existence, out of whose relations to him arise certain relations of all men to each other, which make the real and essential difference between nations of men and herds of brutes; . . . that is to say, that there may be a supernatural revelation of a basis of morals suited to a supernatural creature." The paper (which is a characteristic example of Magee's powers of ironical argument, is printed in J. C. Macdonnell's *Life and Correspondence of William Connor Magee*, 1896, vol. ii. pp. 24–32); Magee remarks in a letter to Dr. Salmon (*ibid.*, p. 23) that "Tyndall and Greg calmly adopted my *reductio ad absurdum*, and were for killing the old woman!"]

[1] [Hitherto wrongly printed "Adam Clarke." The well-known physician had been elected a member of the Society in 1874.]

—envy, (Hesiod's first Eris,)[1]—cowardice, and selfishness? or, as by a conceivably humane but hitherto unexampled education might be attempted, of physical beauty, humility, courage, and affection, which should make all the world one native land, and πᾶσα γῆ τάφος?[2]

177. I do not doubt but that the first automatic impulse of all our automatic friends here present, on hearing this sentence, will be strenuously to deny the accuracy of my definition of the aims of modern English education. Without attempting to defend it, I would only observe that this automatic development of solar caloric in scientific minds must be grounded on an automatic sensation of injustice done to the members of the School Board, as well as to many other automatically well-meaning and ingenious persons; and that this sense of the injuriousness and offensiveness of my definition cannot possibly have any other basis (if I may be permitted to continue my professional similitudes) than the fallen remnants and goodly stones, not one now left on another,[3] but still forming an unremovable cumulus of ruin, and eternal Birs Nimroud,[4] as it were, on the site of the old belfry of Christian morality, whose top looked once so like touching Heaven.

For no offence could be taken at my definition, unless traceable to adamantine conviction,—that ugliness, however indefinable, envy, however natural, and cowardice, however commercially profitable, are nevertheless eternally disgraceful; contrary, that is to say, to the grace of our Lord Christ, if there be among us any Christ; to the grace of the King's Majesty, if there be among us any King; and

[1] [See Hesiod, *Erga* 11. The bad Eris causes war and strife, but the good Eris is Emulation which stirs up the lazy farmer to imitate the prosperous:—

ζηλοῖ δέ τε γείτονα γείτων
εἰς ἄφενον σπεύδοντ'· ἀγαθὴ δ' Ἔρις ἥδε βροτοῖσι.]

[2] [Thucydides, ii. 43.]

[3] [See Luke xxi. 5, 6.]

[4] [In 1854 Sir Henry Rawlinson excavated the Birs Nimroud mound, the traditional site of the Tower of Babel, which stood at the south-west corner of the area covered by the ancient Babylon. The inscriptions found in the ruins are in the British Museum.]

to the grace even of Christless and Kingless Manhood, if there be among us any Manhood.

To this fixed conception of a difference between Better and Worse, or, when carried to the extreme, between good and evil in conduct, we all, it seems to me, instinctively and, therefore, rightly, attach the term of Moral sense;—the sense, for instance, that it would be better if the members of this Society who are usually automatically absent were, instead, automatically present; or better, that this Paper, if (which is, perhaps, too likely) it be thought automatically impertinent, had been made by the molecular action of my cerebral particles, pertinent.

178. Trusting, therefore, without more ado, to the strength of rampart in this Old Sarum of the Moral sense, however subdued into vague banks under the modern steam-plough, I will venture to suppose the first of my two questions to have been answered by the choice on the part at least of a majority of our Council, of the third direction of development above specified as being the properly called "moral" one; and will go on to the second subject of inquiry, both more difficult and of great practical importance in the political crisis through which Europe is passing,—namely, what relations between men are to be desired, or with resignation allowed, in the course of their Moral Development?

Whether, that is to say, we should try to make some men beautiful at the cost of ugliness in others, and some men virtuous at the cost of vice in others,—or rather, all men beautiful and virtuous in the degree possible to each under a system of equitable education? And evidently our first business is to consider in what terms the choice is put to us by Nature. What can we do, if we would? What must we do, whether we will or not? How high can we raise the level of a diffused Learning and Morality? and how far shall we be compelled, if we limit, to exaggerate, the advantages and injuries of our system? And are we prepared, if the extremity be inevitable, to push to their

utmost the relations implied when we take off our hats to each other, and triple the tiara of the Saint in Heaven, while we leave the sinner bareheaded in Cocytus?

179. It is well, perhaps, that I should at once confess myself to hold the principle of limitation in its utmost extent; and to entertain no doubt of the rightness of my ideal, but only of its feasibility. I am ill at ease, for instance, in my uncertainty whether our greatly regretted Chairman will ever be Pope,[1] or whether some people whom I could mention, (not, of course, members of our Society,) will ever be in Cocytus.

But there is no need, if we would be candid, to debate the principle in these violences of operation, any more than the proper methods of distributing food, on the supposition that the difference between a Paris dinner and a platter of Scotch porridge must imply that one-half of mankind are to die of eating, and the rest of having nothing to eat. I will therefore take for example a case in which the discrimination is less conclusive.

180. When I stop writing metaphysics this morning it will be to arrange some drawings for a young lady to copy.[2] They are leaves of the best illuminated MSS. I have, and I am going to spend my whole afternoon in explaining to her what she is to aim at in copying them.

Now, I would not lend these leaves to any other young lady that I know of; nor give up my afternoon to, perhaps, more than two or three other young ladies that I know of. But to keep to the first-instanced one, I lend her my books, and give her, for what they are worth, my time and most careful teaching, because she at present paints butterflies better than any other girl I know, and has a peculiar capacity for the softening of plumes and finessing of antennæ.

[1] [The reference is to Manning, who had recently returned from his investiture as Cardinal at Rome. Presumably he had been announced to take the chair on the occasion of Ruskin's lecture and was unable to be present; or perhaps "regretted" was a misprint for "respected."]

[2] [Miss Bertha Patmore, daughter of the poet (see the correspondence in a later volume).]

Grant me to be a good teacher, and grant her disposition to be such as I suppose, and the result will be what might at first appear an indefensible iniquity, namely, that this girl, who has already excellent gifts, having also excellent teaching, will become perhaps the best butterfly-painter in England; while myriads of other girls, having originally inferior powers, and attracting no attention from the Slade Professor, will utterly lose their at present cultivable faculties of entomological art, and sink into the vulgar career of wives and mothers, to which we have Mr. Mill's authority for holding it a grievous injustice that any girl should be irrevocably condemned.[1]

181. There is no need that I should be careful in enumerating the various modes, analogous to this, in which the Natural selection[2] of which we have lately heard, perhaps, somewhat more than enough, provokes and approves the Professorial selection which I am so bold as to defend; and if the automatic instincts of equity in us, which revolt against the great ordinance of Nature and practice of Man, that "to him that hath, shall more be given,"[3] are to be listened to when the possessions in question are only of wisdom and virtue, let them at least prove their sincerity by correcting, first, the injustice which has established itself respecting more tangible and more esteemed property; and terminating the singular arrangement prevalent in commercial Europe that to every man with a hundred pounds in his pocket there shall annually be given three, to every man with a thousand, thirty, and to every man with nothing, none.

182. I am content here to leave under the scrutiny of the evening my general statement, that as human development, when moral, is with special effort in a given direction,

[1] [The passage here referred to, in Mill's *Political Economy*, book iv. ch. vii. § 3, is quoted by Ruskin and commented upon in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 12. See also Letter 31, and *Mornings in Florence*, § 36.]

[2] [For Ruskin's views on Darwinism, see General Index under that title.]

[3] [See Matthew xiii. 12.]

so, when moral, it is with special effort in favour of a limited class; but I yet trespass for a few moments on your patience in order to note that the acceptance of this second principle still leaves it debatable to what point the disfavour of the reprobate class, or the privileges of the elect, may advisably extend. For I cannot but feel for my own part as if the daily bread of moral instruction might at least be so widely broken among the multitude as to preserve them from utter destitution and pauperism in virtue; and that even the simplest and lowest of the rabble should not be so absolutely sons of perdition, but that each might say for himself,—"For my part—no offence to the General, or any man of quality—I hope to be saved."[1] Whereas it is, on the contrary, implied by the habitual expressions of the wisest aristocrats, that the completely developed persons whose Justice and Fortitude—poles to the Cardinal points of virtue—are marked as their sufficient characteristics by the great Roman moralist in his phrase, "Justus, et tenax propositi,"[2] will in the course of nature be opposed by a civic ardour, not merely of the innocent and ignorant, but of persons developed in a contrary direction to that which I have ventured to call "moral," and therefore not merely incapable of desiring or applauding what is right, but in an evil harmony, *prava jubentium*, clamorously demanding what is wrong.

188. The point to which both Natural and Divine Selection would permit us to advance in severity towards this profane class, to which the enduring "Ecce Homo," or manifestation of any properly human sentiment or person, must always be instinctively abominable, seems to be conclusively indicated by the order following on the parable of the Talents,—"Those mine enemies, bring hither, and slay them before me."[3] Nor does it seem reasonable, on the other hand, to set the limits of favouritism more narrowly. For

[1] [Cassio in *Othello*, act ii. sc. 3.]
[2] [Horace: *Odes*, iii. 3.]
[3] [Luke xix. 27.]

even if, among fallible mortals, there may frequently be ground for the hesitation of just men to award the punishment of death to their enemies, the most beautiful story, to my present knowledge, of all antiquity, that of Cleobis and Bito,[1] might suggest to them the fitness on some occasions, of distributing without any hesitation the reward of death to their friends. For surely the logical conclusion of the Bishop of Peterborough, respecting the treatment due to old women who have nothing supernatural about them, holds with still greater force when applied to the case of old women who have everything supernatural about them; and while it might remain questionable to some of us whether we had any right to deprive an invalid who had no soul, of what might still remain to her of even painful earthly existence; it would surely on the most religious grounds be both our privilege and our duty at once to dismiss any troublesome sufferer who *had* a soul, to the distant and inoffensive felicities of heaven.

184. But I believe my hearers will approve me in again declining to disturb the serene confidence of daily action by these speculations in extreme; the really useful conclusion which, it seems to me, cannot be evaded, is that, without going so far as the exile of the inconveniently wicked, and translation of the inconveniently sick, to their proper spiritual mansions, we should at least be certain that we do not waste care in protracting disease which might have been spent in preserving health; that we do not appease in the splendour of our turreted hospitals the feelings of compassion which, rightly directed, might have prevented the need of them; nor pride ourselves on the peculiar form of Christian benevolence which leaves the cottage roofless to model the prison, and spends itself with zealous preference where, in the keen words of Carlyle, if you desire the material on which maximum expenditure of

[1] [See above, § 109 p. 93.]

means and effort will produce the minimum result, "here you accurately have it."[1]

185. I cannot but, in conclusion, most respectfully but most earnestly, express my hope that measures may be soon taken by the Lords Spiritual of England to assure her doubting mind of the real existence of that supernatural revelation of the basis of morals to which the Bishop of Peterborough referred in the close of his paper;[2] or at least to explain to her bewildered populace the real meaning and force of the Ten Commandments, whether written originally by the finger of God or Man. To me personally, I own, as one of that bewildered populace, that the essay by one of our most distinguished members on the Creed of Christendom[3] seems to stand in need of explicit answer from our Divines; but if not, and the common application of the terms "Word of God" to the books of Scripture be against all question tenable, it becomes yet more imperative on the interpreters of that Scripture to see that they are not made void by our traditions,* and that the Mortal sins of Covetousness, Fraud, Usury, and contention be not the essence of a National life orally professing submission to the laws of Christ and satisfaction in His Love.[4]

J. RUSKIN.

* "Thou shalt not covet; but tradition
Approves all forms of Competition."
—ARTHUR CLOUGH.[5]

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[1] [From the chapter on "Model Prisons" in *Latter-Day Pamphlets*: "My sublime benevolent friends, don't you perceive, for one thing, that here is a shockingly unfruitful investment for your capital of Benevolence; precisely the *worst*, indeed, which human ingenuity could select for you? . . . If you want the *worst* investment for your Benevolence, here you accurately have it." That modern philanthropy was morbidly busy with the worst material was a view often put forward by Ruskin also: see, for instance, *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 9, 81 (Notes and Correspondence).]

[2] [See the passage cited above, p. 162 *n.*]

[3] [W. R. Greg, *The Creed of Christendom: its Foundation and Superstructure* (1851).

[4] [Ruskin is here referring to certain challenges he addressed to Dr. Magee, the Bishop of Peterborough: see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 49 (January 1875).]

[5] [*The New Decalogue.*]

II

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

AT THE

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL OF ART

(1858)

Cambridge School of Art.

MR. RUSKIN'S

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Delivered at Cambridge, Oct. 29, 1858.

CAMBRIDGE:
DEIGHTON, BELL, AND CO.
LONDON: BELL AND DALDY, 186, FLEET STREET.
1858.

[*Bibliographical Note.*—This Address was first briefly reported in the *Cambridge Chronicle* of October 30, 1858, which announced a fuller report in pamphlet form, namely, the publication next stated here :—

First Edition (1858).—This was a report of the whole proceedings on the occasion. The title-page is :—

> Cambridge School of Art. | Inaugural Soirée. | Mr. Ruskin's Address, | and | Report of the Speeches | of | Mr. Redgrave, R.A., and Mr. Cruikshank, | with a full account of the Proceedings | of the Evening. | Price Sixpence. | Cambridge : | Printed for the Committee of the School of Art, | By Naylor and Co., "Chronicle" Office. | 1858.

Small foolscap 8vo, pp. 35. List of Committee and Prospectus of the School of Art, p. 2; Programme of the classes, p. 3; account of proceedings at the Inaugural Soirée, p. 4; Mr. Redgrave's opening speech, pp. 4–8 (for extracts, see pp. xxvii.–xxviii. here); Mr. Ruskin's opening remarks (here p. 177 *n.*), pp. 8–9; Text of his Address, pp. 9–32; Mr. George Cruikshank's speech, pp. 33–35. A pamphlet without wrappers; no imprint, except upon the title-page; no headlines, the pages being numbered centrally. Ruskin's footnotes (here, pp. 189, 195) were included, so that he must have revised the report for publication.

Second Edition (1859).—The Inaugural Address was next issued in pamphlet form by itself, the title-page being as shown on the preceding page. Small foolscap 8vo, pp. vi. + 40. On p. v. was the following :—

PREFATORY NOTE TO MR. RUSKIN'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

"The Cambridge School of Art was opened by a Soirée held in the Town Hall under the Presidency of the Vice-Chancellor and the Mayor. It was thought desirable that Mr. Ruskin's Address on the occasion should be preserved in a permanent form, and the Committee desire to record their thanks to Mr. Ruskin for his permission to publish it for the benefit of the School of Art."

Ruskin's opening remarks, pp. 1–2; Text of the Address, pp. 2–40. Imprint (on reverse of half-title and at the foot of p. 40)—"J. Palmer, printer, Cambridge." The headline "Mr. Ruskin's Inaugural Address" runs throughout. Issued in stiff, glazed paper wrappers (yellow), the title-page (enclosed in a plain double-ruled frame) being reproduced upon the front cover; the words "*Price One Shilling*" being added at the foot, below the rule.

Third Edition (1879).—The title-page of this New Edition was :—

> Inaugural Address | delivered at the | Cambridge School of Art, | October 29th, 1858, | By John Ruskin, LL.D. | Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Slade Professor of Fine Art. | New Edition. | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent, | 1879.

Octavo, pp. 27. Ruskin's opening remarks were not included. Text of the

Address, pp. 3–27. The paragraphs were not numbered. The headline throughout was "Inaugural Address at the Cambridge School of Art." Imprint (at the foot of the last page)—"Chiswick Press:—C. Whittingham, Tooks Court, Chancery Lane." Issued in April 1879, in pale blue paper wrappers, with the title-page (surrounded by a plain rule) repeated upon the cover. Price One Shilling. (2000 copies.) This edition is still current.

Reprinted in *On the Old Road*, 1885, vol. i. pp. 405–436 (§§ 292–315), and again in the second edition of that work, 1899, vol. ii. pp. 1–37 (§§ 1–24). Ruskin's opening remarks were again not included.

There are no variations in the text of any of the editions, except that the numbering of the paragraphs was first introduced in *On the Old Road*.

Reviews of the lecture appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, December 11; the *Athenæum*, November 27, 1858 (frankly Philistine); the *Press*, December 4, 1858; the *Building News*, February 4, 1859 (facetious).]

INAUGURAL ADDRESS[1]

1. I SUPPOSE the persons interested in establishing a School of Art for workmen may in the main be divided into two classes, namely, first, those who chiefly desire to make the men themselves happier, wiser, and better; and secondly, those who desire to enable them to produce better and more valuable work. These two objects may, of course, be kept both in view at the same time; nevertheless, there is a wide difference in the spirit with which we shall approach our task, according to the motive of these two which weighs most with us—a difference great enough to divide, as I have said, the promoters of any such scheme into two distinct classes; one philanthropic in the gist of its aim, and the other commercial in the gist of its aim; one desiring the workman to be better informed chiefly for his own sake, and the other chiefly that he may be enabled to produce

[1] [For the circumstances of this address, see above, Introduction, p. xxxvi. The first and second editions contain the following report of Ruskin's introductory remarks:—

"J. RUSKIN, Esq.—He said, when first he was requested to come and address that meeting, he doubted whether he should speak out *viva voce*, or whether he should read. On an occasion like that, he always liked to speak, if he could, for whenever he felt glad, he preferred making a spontaneous speech to reading an address. He felt glad that they had established a School of Art; but before an audience like that, he should not like to forget himself. In the heat of speaking, he confessed that he had an unfortunate propensity to get confused, to get round a corner and not be able to get back again. Moreover, it was desirable that what he had to say should be said with exactness. Therefore, he was going to ask them to allow him to read what he had to address to them; though in pursuing that course he felt he was somewhat in the position of a new member who had sent his speech to the *Times*, and must say the whole of it, whether quite applicable to the circumstances or not. He was not previously aware precisely what the character of the proposed school would be—whether for artisans exclusively, or for amateurs and females: perhaps they would say that he ought to have known, but there were a great many things he ought to know that he didn't know (*laughter*). His own experience of Schools of Art had been generally derived from those of artisans; the result of that experience he would read to them."]

for us commodities precious in themselves, and which shall successfully compete with those of other countries.

2. And this separation in motives must lead also to a distinction in the machinery of the work. The philanthropists address themselves, not to the artisan merely, but to the labourer in general, desiring in any possible way to refine the habits or increase the happiness of our whole working population, by giving them new recreations or new thoughts: and the principles of Art-education adopted in a school which has this wide but somewhat indeterminate aim, are, or should be, very different from those adopted in a school meant for the special instruction of the artisan in his own business. I do not think this distinction is yet firmly enough fixed in our minds, or calculated upon in our plans of operation. We have hitherto acted, it seems to me, under a vague impression that the arts of drawing and painting might be, up to a certain point, taught in a general way to every one, and would do every one equal good; and that each class of operatives might afterwards bring this general knowledge into use in their own trade, according to its requirements. Now, that is not so. A wood-carver needs for his business to learn drawing in quite a different way from a china-painter, and a jeweller from a worker in iron. They must be led to study quite different characters in the natural forms they introduce in their various manufacture. It is no use to teach an iron-worker to observe the down on a peach, and of none to teach laws of atmospheric effect to a carver in wood. So far as their business is concerned, their brains would be vainly occupied by such things, and they would be prevented from pursuing, with enough distinctness or intensity, the qualities of Art which can alone be expressed in the materials with which they each have to do.[1]

3. Now, I believe it to be wholly impossible to teach special application of Art principles to various trades in a

[1] [On this subject of the relation of art to material, see Vol. VI. p. 143; Vol. XI. p. 38; Vol. XII. p. 200; and *Lectures on Art*, § 171.]

single school. That special application can be only learned rightly by the experience of years in the particular work required. The power of each material, and the difficulties connected with its treatment, are not so much to be taught as to be felt; it is only by repeated touch and continued trial beside the forge or the furnace, that the goldsmith can find out how to govern his gold, or the glass-worker his crystal; and it is only by watching and assisting the actual practice of a master in the business, that the apprentice can learn the efficient secrets of manipulation, or perceive the true limits of the involved conditions of design. It seems to me, therefore, that all idea of reference to definite businesses should be abandoned in such schools as that just established: we can have neither the materials, the conveniences, nor the empirical skill in the master, necessary to make such teaching useful. All specific Art-teaching must be given in schools established by each trade for itself: and when our operatives are a little more enlightened on these matters, there will be found, as I have already stated in my lectures on the political economy of Art,[1] absolute necessity for the establishment of guilds of trades in an active and practical form, for the purposes of ascertaining the principles of Art proper to their business, and instructing their apprentices in them, as well as making experiments on materials, and on newly-invented methods of procedure; besides many other functions which I cannot now enter into account of. All this for the present, and in a school such as this, I repeat, we cannot hope for: we shall obtain no satisfactory result, unless we give up such hope, and set ourselves to teaching the operative, however employed—be he farmer's labourer, or manufacturer's; be he mechanic, artificer, shopman, sailor, or ploughman—teaching, I say, as far as we can, one and the same thing to all; namely, Sight.

4. Not a slight thing to teach, this: perhaps, on the whole, the most important thing to be taught in the whole

[1] [See *A Joy for Ever*, above, pp. 31, 97.]

range of teaching. To be taught to read—what is the use of that, if you know not whether what you read is false or true? To be taught to write or to speak—but what is the use of speaking, if you have nothing to say? To be taught to think—nay, what is the use of being able to think, if you have nothing to think of? But to be taught to see is to gain word and thought at once, and both true. There is a vague acknowledgment of this in the way people are continually expressing their longing for light, until all the common language of our prayers and hymns has sunk into little more than one monotonous metaphor, dimly twisted into alternate languages,—asking first in Latin to be illuminated; and then in English to be enlightened; and then in Latin again to be delivered out of obscurity; and then in English to be delivered out of darkness; and then for beams, and rays, and suns, and stars, and lamps, until sometimes one wishes that, at least for religious purposes, there were no such words as light or darkness in existence. Still, the main instinct which makes people endure this perpetuity of repetition is a true one; only the main thing they want and ought to ask for is, not light, but Sight. It doesn't matter how much light you have if you don't know how to use it. It may very possibly put out your eyes, instead of helping them. Besides, we want, in this world of ours, very often to be able to see in the dark—that's the great gift of all;—but at any rate to see no matter by what light, so only we can see things as they are. On my word, we should soon make it a different world, if we could get but a little—ever so little—of the dervish's ointment in the *Arabian Nights*,[1] not to show us the treasures of the earth, but the facts of it.

5. However, whether these things be generally true or not, at all events it is certain that our immediate business, in such a school as this, will prosper more by attending to eyes than to hands; we shall always do most good by simply

[1] [See "The Story of Joodar" (vol. iii. ch. xxii. p. 178, of Lane's edition). Ruskin refers to it again in *Time and Tide*, § 89.]

endeavouring to enable the student to see natural objects clearly and truly. We ought not even to try too strenuously to give him the power of representing them. That power may be acquired, more or less, by exercises which are no wise conducive to accuracy of sight: and, *vice versâ*, accuracy of sight may be gained by exercises which in no wise conduce to ease of representation. For instance, it very much assists the power of drawing to spend many hours in the practice of washing in flat tints; but all this manual practice does not in the least increase the student's power of determining what the tint of a given object actually is. He would be more advanced in the knowledge of the facts by a single hour of well-directed and well-*corrected* effort, rubbing out and putting in again, lightening, and darkening, and scratching, and blotching, in patient endeavours to obtain concordance with fact, issuing perhaps, after all, in total destruction or unpresentability of the drawing; but also in acute perception of the things he has been attempting to copy in it. Of course, there is always a vast temptation, felt both by the master and student, to struggle towards visible results, and obtain something beautiful, creditable, or saleable, in way of actual drawing: but the more I see of schools, the more reason I see to look with doubt upon those which produce too many showy and complete works by pupils. A showy work will always be found, on stern examination of it, to have been done by some conventional rule;—some servile compliance with directions which the student does not see the reason for; and representation of truths which he has not himself perceived: the execution of such drawings will be found monotonous and lifeless; their light and shade specious and formal, but false. A drawing which the pupil has learned much in doing, is nearly always full of blunders and mishaps, and it is highly necessary for the formation of a truly public or universal school of Art, that the masters should not try to conceal or anticipate such blunders, but only seek to employ the pupil's time so as to get the most precious

results for his understanding and his heart, not for his hand.

6. For, observe, the best that you can do in the production of drawing, or of draughtsmanship, must always be nothing in itself, unless the whole life be given to it. An amateur's drawing, or a workman's drawing—anybody's drawing but an artist's, is always valueless in itself. It may be, as you have just heard Mr. Redgrave tell you,[1] most precious as a memorial, or as a gift, or as a means of noting useful facts; but as *Art*, an amateur's drawing is always wholly worthless; and it ought to be one of our great objects to make the pupil understand and feel that, and prevent his trying to make his valueless work look, in some superficial, hypocritical, eye-catching, penny-catching way, like work that is really good.

7. If, therefore, we have to do with pupils belonging to the higher ranks of life, our main duty will be to make them good judges of Art, rather than artists; for though I had a month to speak to you, instead of an hour, time would fail me if I tried to trace the various ways in which we suffer, nationally, for want of powers of enlightened judgment of Art in our upper and middle classes. Not that this judgment can ever be obtained without discipline of the hand: no man ever was a thorough judge of painting who could not draw; but the drawing should only be thought of as a means of fixing his attention upon the subtleties of the Art put before him, or of enabling him to record such natural facts as are necessary for comparison with it. I should also attach the greatest importance to severe limitation of choice in the examples submitted to him. To study one good master till you understand him will teach you more than a superficial acquaintance with a thousand: power of criticism does not consist in knowing the names or the manner of many painters, but in discerning the excellence of a few.

[1] [See the passages from Redgrave's address given in the Introduction, above, p. xxviii.; and for other references to him, see below, *Two Paths*, § 9, p. 265, and Vol. XIV. p. 20.]

If, on the contrary, our teaching is addressed more definitely to the operative, we need not endeavour to render his powers of criticism very acute. About many forms of existing Art, the less he knows the better. His sensibilities are to be cultivated with respect to nature chiefly; and his imagination, if possible, to be developed, even though somewhat to the disadvantage of his judgment. It is better that his work should be bold, than faultless: and better that it should be delightful, than discreet.

8. And this leads me to the second, or commercial, question; namely, how to get from the workman, after we have trained him, the best and most precious work, so as to enable ourselves to compete with foreign countries, or develop new branches of commerce in our own.

Many of us, perhaps, are under the impression that plenty of schooling will do this; that plenty of lecturing will do it; that sending abroad for patterns will do it; or that patience, time, and money, and goodwill may do it. And, alas, none of these things, nor all of them put together, will do it. If you want really good work, such as will be acknowledged by all the world, there is but one way of getting it, and that is a difficult one. You may offer any premium you choose for it—but you will find it can't be done for premiums. You may send for patterns to the antipodes—but you will find it can't be done upon patterns. You may lecture on the principles of Art to every school in the kingdom—and you will find it can't be done upon principles. You may wait patiently for the progress of the age—and you will find your Art is unprogressive. Or you may set yourselves impatiently to urge it by the inventions of the age—and you will find your chariot of Art entirely immovable either by screw or paddle. There's no way of getting good Art, I repeat, but one—at once the simplest and most difficult—namely, to enjoy it.[1] Examine the history of nations, and you will find this great

[1] [A frequent theme with Ruskin; see, for example, *Two Paths*, §§ 135, 159; below, pp. 369, 385.]

fact clear and unmistakable on the front of it—that good Art has only been produced by nations who rejoiced in it; fed themselves with it, as if it were bread; basked in it, as if it were sunshine; shouted at the sight of it; danced with the delight of it; quarrelled for it; fought for it; starved for it; did, in fact, precisely the opposite with it of what we want to do with it—they made it to keep, and we to sell.

9. And truly this is a serious difficulty for us as a commercial nation. The very primary motive with which we set about the business, makes the business impossible. The first and absolute condition of the thing's ever becoming saleable is, that we shall make it without wanting to sell it; nay, rather with a determination not to sell it at any price, if once we get hold of it. Try to make your Art popular, cheap—a fair article for your foreign market; and the foreign market will always show something better. But make it only to please yourselves, and even be resolved that you won't let anybody else have any; and forthwith you will find everybody else wants it. And observe, the insuperable difficulty is this making it to please ourselves, while we are incapable of pleasure. Take, for instance, the simplest example, which we can all understand, in the art of dress. We have made a great fuss about the patterns of silk lately; wanting to vie with Lyons, and make a Paris of London.[1] Well, we may try for ever: so long as we don't really enjoy silk patterns, we shall never get any. And we don't enjoy them. Of course, all ladies like their dresses to sit well, and be becoming; but of real enjoyment of the beauty of the silk, for the silk's own sake, I find none; for the test of that enjoyment is, that they would like it also to sit well, and look well, on somebody else. The pleasure of being well dressed, or even of seeing well-dressed people—for I will suppose in my fair hearers that degree of unselfishness —be that pleasure great or small, is quite a different thing

[1] [Compare Ruskin's evidence to the Public Institutions Committee, Question 62; below, p. 481.]

from delight in the beauty and play of the silken folds and colours themselves, for their own gorgeousness or grace.

10. I have just had a remarkable proof of the total want of this feeling in the modern mind. I was staying part of this summer in Turin, for the purpose of studying one of the Paul Veroneses there—the presentation of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon.[1] Well, one of the most notable characters in this picture is the splendour of its silken dresses: and, in particular, there was a piece of white brocade, with designs upon it in gold, which it was one of my chief objects in stopping at Turin to copy. You may, perhaps, be surprised at this; but I must just note in passing, that I share this weakness of enjoying dress patterns with all good students and all good painters. It doesn't matter what school they belong to,—Fra Angelico, Perugino, John Bellini, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoret, Veronese, Leonardo da Vinci—no matter how they differ in other respects, all of them like dress patterns; and what is more, the nobler the painter is, the surer he is to do his patterns well.[2]

11. I stayed then, as I say, to make a study of this white brocade. It generally happens in public galleries that the best pictures are the worst placed; and this Veronese is not only hung at considerable height above the eye, but over a door, through which, however, as all the visitors to the gallery must pass, they cannot easily overlook the picture, though they would find great difficulty in examining it. Beside this door, I had a stage erected for my work, which being of some height and rather in a corner, enabled me to observe, without being observed myself, the impression made by the picture on the various visitors. It seemed to me that if ever a work of Art caught popular attention, this ought to do so. It was of very large size;

[1] [For another description of the picture, see *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. iii. §§ 22–24; and for Ruskin's laborious care in copying it, see above, Introduction, pp. xxxvii.–xl.]

[2] [On this subject, compare p. 52, above, and *Elements of Drawing*, § 61 (Vol. XV. p. 60); for a note on the wall-paper in Ruskin's study designed from a dress pattern, see Vol. XV. p. 434.]

of brilliant colour, and of agreeable subject. There are about twenty figures in it, the principal ones being life size: that of Solomon, though in the shade, is by far the most perfect conception of the young king in his pride of wisdom and beauty which I know in the range of Italian art; the queen is one of the loveliest of Veronese's female figures; all the accessories are full of grace and imagination; and the finish of the whole so perfect that one day I was upwards of two hours vainly trying to render, with perfect accuracy, the curves of two leaves of the brocaded silk. The English travellers used to walk through the room in considerable numbers; and were invariably directed to the picture by their laquais de place, if they missed seeing it themselves. And to this painting—in which it took me six weeks to examine rightly two figures—I found that on an average, the English traveller who was doing Italy conscientiously, and seeing everything as he thought he ought, gave about half or three-quarters of a minute; but the flying or fashionable traveller, who came to do as much as he could in a given time, never gave more than a single glance, most of such people turning aside instantly to a bad landscape hung on the right, containing a vigorously painted white wall, and an opaque green moat.[1] What especially impressed me, however, was that none of the ladies ever stopped to look at the dresses in the Veronese. Certainly they were far more beautiful than any in the shops in the great square, yet no one ever noticed them. Sometimes when any nice, sharp-looking, bright-eyed girl came into the room, I used to watch her all the way, thinking—"Come, at least *you'll* see what the Queen of Sheba has got on." But no —on she would come carelessly, with a little toss of the head, apparently signifying "nothing in *this* room worth looking at—except myself," and so trip through the door, and away.

[1] [The gallery has since been rearranged; the landscape here referred to is probably one of Bellotto's views of Turin. (In a note in his diary Ruskin speaks of it as a view of Turin by Canaletto, but the gallery contains no such picture by that painter.)]

The Queen of Sheba and King Solomon

From the picture by Paolo Veronese in the Royal Gallery at Turin

12. The fact is, we don't care for pictures: in very deed we don't. The Academy exhibition is a thing to talk of and to amuse vacant hours; those who are rich amongst us buy a painting or two, for mixed reasons, sometimes to fill the corner of a passage — sometimes to help the drawing-room talk before dinner—sometimes because the painter is fashionable — occasionally because he is poor — not unfrequently that we may have a collection of specimens of painting, as we have specimens of minerals or butterflies—and in the best and rarest case of all, because we have really, as we call it, taken a fancy to the picture; meaning the same sort of fancy which one would take to a pretty arm-chair or a newly-shaped decanter. But as for real love of the picture, and joy of it when we have got it, I do not believe it is felt by one in a thousand.

13. I am afraid this apathy of ours will not be easily conquered; but even supposing it should, and that we should begin to enjoy pictures properly, and that the supply of good ones increased as in that case it *would* increase—then comes another question. Perhaps some of my hearers this evening may occasionally have heard it stated of me that I am rather apt to contradict myself. I hope I am exceedingly apt to do so. I never met with a question yet, of any importance, which did not need, for the right solution of it, at least one positive and one negative answer, like an equation of the second degree. Mostly, matters of any consequence are three-sided, or four-sided, or polygonal; and the trotting round a polygon is severe work for people any way stiff in their opinions. For myself, I am never satisfied that I have handled a subject properly till I have contradicted myself at least three times: but once must do for this evening.[1] I have just said that there is no chance of our getting good Art unless we delight in it: next I say, and just as positively, that there is no chance of our

[1] [On the subject of Ruskin's replies to the charge of inconsistency, see Vol. V. pp. lfii., liv., and *Two Paths*, § 86 *n.* (below, p. 334); compare also what is said by Archbishop Temple, below, p. 449 *n.*]

getting good Art unless we resist our delight in it. We must love it first, and restrain our love for it afterwards.

14. This sounds strange; and yet I assure you it is true. In fact, whenever anything does not sound strange, you may generally doubt its being true; for all truth is wonderful. But take an instance in physical matters, of the same kind of contradiction. Suppose you were explaining to a young student in astronomy how the earth was kept steady in its orbit; you would have to state to him—would you not?—that the earth always had a tendency to fall to the sun; and that also it always had a tendency to fly away from the sun. These are two precisely contrary statements for him to digest at his leisure, before he can understand how the earth moves. Now, in like manner, when Art is set in its true and serviceable course, it moves under the luminous attraction of pleasure on the one side, and with a stout moral purpose of going about some useful business on the other. If the artist works without delight, he passes away into space, and perishes of cold: if he works only for delight, he falls into the sun, and extinguishes himself in ashes. On the whole, this last is the fate, I do not say the most to be feared, but which Art has generally hitherto suffered, and which the great nations of the earth have suffered with it.

15. For, while most distinctly you may perceive in past history that Art has never been produced, except by nations who took pleasure in it, just as assuredly, and even more plainly, you may perceive that Art has always destroyed the power and life of those who pursued it for pleasure only. Surely this fact must have struck you as you glanced at the career of the great nations of the earth: surely it must have occurred to you as a point for serious questioning, how far, even in our days, we were wise in promoting the advancement of pleasures which appeared as yet only to have corrupted the souls and numbed the strength of those who attained to them. I have been complaining of England that she despises the Arts; but I might, with still

more appearance of justice, complain that she does not rather dread them than despise. For, what has been the source of the ruin of nations since the world began? Has it been plague, or famine, earthquake-shock or volcano-flame? None of these ever prevailed against a great people, so as to make their name pass from the earth. In every period and place of national decline, you will find other causes than these at work to bring it about, namely, luxury, effeminacy, love of pleasure, fineness in Art, ingenuity in enjoyment. What is the main lesson which, as far as we seek any in our classical reading, we gather for our youth from ancient history? Surely this—that simplicity of life, of language, and of manners gives strength to a nation; and that luxuriousness of life, subtlety of language, and smoothness of manners bring weakness and destruction on a nation.[1] While men possess little and desire less, they remain brave and noble: while they are scornful of all the arts of luxury, and are in the sight of other nations as barbarians, their swords are irresistible and their sway illimitable: but let them become sensitive to the refinements of taste, and quick in the capacities of pleasure, and, that instant, the fingers, that had grasped the iron rod, fail from the golden sceptre. You cannot charge me with any exaggeration in this matter; it is impossible to state the truth too strongly, or as too universal. For ever you will see the rude and simple nation at once more virtuous and more victorious than one practised in the arts. Watch how the Lydian is overthrown by the Persian; the Persian by the Athenian; the Athenian by the Spartan; then the whole of polished Greece by the rougher Roman; the Roman, in his turn refined, only to be crushed by the Goth: and at the turning point of the Middle Ages, the liberty of Europe first asserted, the virtues of Christianity best practised, and its doctrines best attested, by a handful of mountain shepherds, without art, without literature,

[1] [Compare *Two Paths*, § 5; below, p. 263.]

almost without a language, yet remaining unconquered in the midst of the Teutonic chivalry, and uncorrupted amidst the hierarchies of Rome.*

16. I was strangely struck by this great fact during the course of a journey last summer among the northern vales of Switzerland. My mind had been turned to the subject of the ultimate effects of Art on national mind before I left England,[1] and I went straight to the chief fields of Swiss history: first to the centre of her feudal power, Hapsburg, the hawk's nest from which the Swiss Rodolph rose to found the Austrian empire;[2] and then to the heart of her republicanism, that little glen of Morgarten, where first in the history of Europe the shepherd's staff prevailed over the soldier's spear. And it was somewhat depressing to me to find, as day by day I found more certainly, that this people which first asserted the liberties of Europe, and first conceived the idea of equitable laws, was in all the—shall I call them the slighter, or the higher?—sensibilities of the human mind, utterly deficient; and not only had

* I ought perhaps to remind the reader that this statement refers to two different societies among the Alps; the Waldenses in the thirteenth, and the people of the Forest Cantons in the fourteenth and following centuries. Protestants are perhaps apt sometimes to forget that the virtues of these mountaineers were shown in connection with vital forms of opposing religions; and that the patriots of Schwyta and Uri were as zealous Roman Catholics as they were good soldiers. We have to lay to their charge the death of Zuinglius as well as of Gessler.[3]

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[1] [See Lecture i. in *The Two Paths*, where he mentions the turn given to his thoughts by a visit to Scotland in the autumn of 1857; below, pp. 259 *seq.*]

[2] [Ruskin's sketch of the Castle is here given; for particulars see above, Introduction, pp. lxxii.–lxxiii.; and for other references, see *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. vi. ch. ix. § 13, and *Lectures on Art*, § 115. For Morgarten, see Vol. V. p. 415; and for particulars of Ruskin's journey here mentioned, see the Introduction to Vol. VII.]

[3] [For Ruskin's interest in the Waldenses, see Vol. VI. p. 428, and Vol. XII. p. 139. But it was during his visit to Turin in 1858 that he became "an *un*-converted man," the foundations of his "Protestant egotism" being undermined: see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 76, and compare *Præterita*, iii. ch. i. § 23. Ruskin's footnote here is typical of the broader view which he was henceforth to take; he expanded it in the following year at the beginning of his letter of June 6, 1859, to the *Scotsman* on "The Italian Question," reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. ii. pp. 3–5, and in a later volume of this edition. In the same letter he refers again to the killing of Zwingli, after the defeat of the Zurichers by the Forest Cantons at Cappel, October 11, 1531.]

The Castle of Hapsburg
1858

remained from its earliest ages till now, without poetry, without Art, and without music, except a mere modulated cry; but as far as I could judge from the rude efforts of their early monuments, would have been, at the time of their greatest national probity and power, incapable of producing good poetry or Art under any circumstances of education.[1]

17. I say, this was a sad thing for me to find. And then, to mend the matter, I went straight over into Italy, and came at once upon a curious instance of the patronage of Art, of the character that usually inclines most to such patronage, and of the consequences thereof.

From Morgarten and Grütli,[2] I intended to have crossed to the Vaudois Valleys, to examine the shepherd character there; but on the way I had to pass through Turin, where unexpectedly I found the Paul Veroneses,[3] one of which, as I told you just now, stayed me at once for six weeks. Naturally enough, one asked how these beautiful Veroneses came there: and found they had been commissioned by Cardinal Maurice of Savoy. Worthy Cardinal, I thought:

[1] [The first note of § 16 occurs in a letter of Ruskin's to his father from Switzerland in 1858:—

"Zug, *June* 1.—I find the Swiss *art* quite as far behind as the Scottish: as far as I can trace it among the fifteenth century houses here. It is a provoking thing that it seems impossible to get simplicity of life and probity of morals and fine art together. The carvings and paintings here are hopelessly monstrous; and in their present life they are still very dark and slothful. Much has to be done yet before the country could be quite a Paradise, but it could be done—nothing superhuman, only tolerable intelligence and cleanliness and activity."]

[2] [For the field of Grütli, see Vol. XIII. p. 511.]

[3] [Ruskin, in sending to his father his first impressions of the Turin Gallery (July 15, 1858), notes "three Paul Veroneses of great size and intense interest." The two others, beside the "Queen of Sheba," are "The Finding of Moses" and "The Magdalen in the House of the Pharisee;" the Moses is now catalogued as a "school" picture. Cardinal Maurice (1593–1657) was the fourth son of the Duke Charles Emmanuel, of Savoy. He was made Cardinal at the age of fourteen, and in later years became Protector in the Sacred College at Rome of the Crowns of France and Spain. After the death of his brother, the Duke Victor Ammadeus, he returned to Turin and claimed the regency. A civil war ensued, at the conclusion of which, four years later, he became a member of the Council of Regency and Prince of Oneglia. He then resigned his Cardinal's hat in order to marry his niece, Marie Louise of Savoy. He was, we read, "a born intriguer"; and "devoid of all ecclesiastical virtues, he loved magnificence and pomp and lived a dissipated life, surrounded by artists and men of letters."]

that's what Cardinals were made for. However, going a little farther in the gallery, one comes upon four very graceful pictures by Albani[1]—these also commissioned by the Cardinal, and commissioned with special directions, according to the Cardinal's fancy. Four pictures, to be illustrative of the four elements.

18. One of the most curious things in the mind of the people of that century is their delight in these four elements, and in the four seasons. They had hardly any other idea of decorating a room, or of choosing a subject for a picture, than by some renewed reference to fire and water, or summer and winter; nor were ever tired of hearing that summer came after spring, and that air was not earth, until these interesting pieces of information got finally and poetically expressed in that well-known piece of elegant English conversation about the weather, Thomson's *Seasons*. So the Cardinal, not appearing to have any better idea than the popular one, orders the four elements; but thinking that the elements pure would be slightly dull, he orders them, in one way or another, to be mixed up with Cupids; to have, in his own words, "una copiosa quantita di Amorini." Albani supplied the Cardinal accordingly with Cupids in clusters: they hang in the sky like bunches of cherries; and leap out of the sea like flying fish; grow out of the earth in fairy rings; and explode out of the fire like squibs. No work whatsoever is done in any of the four elements, but by the Cardinal's Cupids. They are ploughing the earth with their arrows; fishing in the sea with their bowstrings; driving the clouds with their breath; and fanning the fire with their wings. A few beautiful nymphs are assisting them here and there in pearl-fishing, flower-gathering, and other such branches of graceful industry; the moral of the whole being, that the sea was made for its pearls, the earth for its flowers, and all the world for pleasure.

19. Well, the Cardinal, this great encourager of the arts,

[1] [For these pictures of the Four Elements, see below. One of them—"Earth"—is here reproduced.]

"Earth"

From the picture by Albani in the Royal Gallery at Turin

Allen & Co Sc

having these industrial and social theories, carried them out in practice, as you may perhaps remember, by obtaining a dispensation from the Pope to marry his own niece, and building a villa for her on one of the slopes of the pretty hills which rise to the east of the city. The villa which he built is now one of the principal objects of interest to the traveller as an example of Italian domestic architecture: to me, during my stay in the city, it was much more than an object of interest; for its deserted gardens were by much the pleasantest place I could find for walking or thinking in, in the hot summer afternoons.

I say thinking, for these gardens often gave me a good deal to think about.[1] They are, as I told you, on the slope of the hill above the city, to the east; commanding, therefore, the view over it and beyond it, westward—a view which, perhaps, of all those that can be obtained north of the Apennines, gives the most comprehensive idea of the

[1] [Here again the first thought of this passage occurs in Ruskin's letters to his father from Turin in 1858:—

"*July* 26.— . . . I walked up to the Superga again last night, and you must certainly come to see what, as far as I can remember, none of us saw here in old times, the view on the other side of the church. The Alpine side we of course examined carefully; but if you found out, it was more than I did, that the church stands on a pyramidal hill, commanding on the other side the whole plain of Lombardy to an infinite distance. Last night it was rather misty, but I saw the Col de Tende quite clearly, and all the maritime Alps as far as Genoa. Monte Rosa is on ordinarily fine evenings quite clear on the other side, as well as the mountains beyond the Lago Maggiore, so that for compass, I know no view like it."

"*July* 27.—I went this afternoon over the villa which perhaps you may remember commands a noble view of the city, just above the bridge over the Po; it is called Vigna della Regina, and is stated by Murray "to have been built by Cardinal Maurice, when he had ceased to be a cardinal for the purpose of marrying his niece." This same cardinal, while yet in the Church, commissioned Albano to paint him the four pictures of the seasons which are still in the gallery, ordering the painter to give him in them *una copiosa quantita di amoretti*, and certainly Albano has supplied Cupids in the cluster. But the palace in its abandoned state on the hill is like a lesson of the passing away of all things founded on the pursuit of mere pleasure. Never was anything more sad than its sweet chambers looking out on its labyrinthine garden, and the marble balustrades and fountains of the garden itself are left in utter loneliness and decay."

The "Queen's Vineyard," formerly a royal residence, is now used as a school for the daughters of military officers. It was built in 1650 by Viettoli for the Cardinal. The pictures by Francesco Albani, or Albano (1578–1660), are now in the Pinacoteca at Turin; they represent the elements—Air (Juno), Water (Galatea), Earth (Cybele), and Fire (Jupiter and Vulcan).]

nature of Italy, considered as one great country. If you glance at the map, you will observe that Turin is placed in the centre of the crescent which the Alps form round the basin of Piedmont; it is within ten miles of the foot of the mountains at the nearest point; and from that point the chain extends half round the city in one unbroken Moorish crescent, forming three-fourths of a circle from the Col de Tende to the St. Gothard; that is to say, just two hundred miles of Alps, as the bird flies. I don't speak rhetorically or carelessly; I speak as I ought to speak here —with mathematical precision. Take the scale on your map; measure fifty miles of it accurately; try that measure from the Col de Tende to the St. Gothard, and you will find that four cords of fifty miles will not quite reach to the two extremities of the curve.

20. You see, then, from this spot, the plain of Piedmont, on the north and south, literally as far as the eye can reach;[1] so that the plain terminates as the sea does, with a level blue line, only tufted with woods instead of waves, and crowded with towers of cities instead of ships. Then in the luminous air beyond and behind this blue horizon-line, stand, as it were, the shadows of mountains, they themselves dark, for the southern slopes of the Alps of the Lago Maggiore and Bellinzona are all without snow; but the light of the unseen snowfields, lying level behind the visible peaks, is sent up with strange reflection upon the clouds; an everlasting light of calm Aurora in the north. Then, higher and higher around the approaching darkness of the plain, rise the central chains, not as on the Switzer's side, a recognizable group and following of successive and separate hills, but a wilderness of jagged peaks, cast in passionate and fierce profusion along the circumference of heaven; precipice behind precipice, and gulf beyond gulf, filled with the flaming of the sunset, and forming

[1] [Ruskin says that he had "some purpose to outline the Alpine chain from Monte Viso to Monte Rosa" (*Præterita*, iii. ch. i. § 23); but as no drawing by him of the subject is known to the editors, a reproduction of Turner's view taken from the Superga is here given: for particulars, see above, Introduction, p. lxxiii.]

Turin and the Alps from the Superga

mighty channels for the flowings of the clouds, which roll up against them out of the vast Italian plain, forced together by the narrowing crescent, and breaking up at last against the Alpine wall in towers of spectral spray; or sweeping up its ravines with long moans of complaining thunder. Out from between the cloudy pillars, as they pass, emerge for ever the great battlements of the memorable and perpetual hills: Viso, with her shepherd-witnesses to ancient faith;[1] Rocca-Melone, the highest place of Alpine pilgrimage;* Iseran, who shed her burial sheets of snow about the march of Hannibal;[2] Cenis, who shone with her glacier light on the descent of Charlemagne; Paradiso, who watched with her opposite crest the stoop of the French eagle to Marengo; and underneath all these, lying in her soft languor, this tender Italy, lapped in dews of sleep, or more than sleep—one knows not if it is trance, from which morning shall yet roll the blinding mists away, or if the

* The summit of Rocca-Melone is the sharp peak seen from Turin on the right hand of the gorge of the Cenis, dominant over the low projecting pyramid of the hill called by De Saussure, Montagne de Musinet. Rocca-Melone rises to a height of 11,000 feet above the sea, and its peak is a place of pilgrimage to this day, though it seems temporarily to have ceased to be so in the time of De Saussure, who thus speaks of it:

"Il y a eu pendant long-tems sur cette cime, une petite chapelle avec une image de Notre Dame qui étoit en grande vénération dans le pays, et où un grand nombre de gens alloient au mois d'août en procession, de Suze et des environs; mais le sentier qui conduit à cette chapelle est si étroit et si scabreux qu'il n'y avoit presque pas d'années qu'il n'y périt du monde; la fatigue et la rareté de l'air saisissoient ceux qui avoient plutôt consulté leur dévotion que leurs forces; ils tombèrent en défaillance, et de là dans le précipice."[3]

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[1] [For Monte Viso in this connexion, as dominating the Waldensian valleys, see Vol. VI. p. 428; Vol. XII. p. 139; and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 76.]

[2] [Ruskin's reference to the Col d'Iseran, leading from Tignes to Lanslebourg, shows that on the vexed question of the Alps of Hannibal, he assumed that Hannibal crossed by one of the northern passes—and not by the Mont Genèvre or the Col de l'Argentière. By the Mont Cenis Pass Charlemagne crossed the Alps in 773. On his rapid swoop to Marengo in May–June 1800, Napoleon crossed by the Great St. Bernard, sending other divisions of his army by the Little St. Bernard and the Mont Cenis; over the descent to Italy Ruskin describes the Grand Paradis as watching.]

[3] [*Voyage dans les Alpes*, § 1263 (vol. iii. p. 76; Neuchatel, 1796).]

fair shadows of her quietude are indeed the shades of purple death. And, lifted a little above this solemn plain, and looking beyond it to its snowy ramparts, vainly guardian, stands this palace dedicate to pleasure, the whole legend of Italy's past history written before it by the finger of God, written as with an iron pen upon the rock for ever, on all those fronting walls of reproachful Alp; blazoned in gold of lightning upon the clouds that still open and close their unsealed scrolls in heaven; painted in purple and scarlet upon the mighty missal pages of sunset after sunset, spread vainly before a nation's eyes for a nation's prayer. So stands this palace of pleasure; desolate as it deserves —desolate in smooth corridor and glittering chamber—desolate in pleached walk and planted bower—desolate in that worst and bitterest abandonment which leaves no light of memory. No ruins are here of walls rent by war, and falling above their defenders into mounds of graves: no remnants are here of chapel-altar, or temple porch, left shattered or silent by the power of some purer worship: no vestiges are here of sacred hearth and sweet homestead, left lonely through vicissitudes of fate, and heaven-sent sorrow. Nothing is here but the vain apparellings of pride sunk into dishonour, and vain appanages of delight now no more delightsome. The hill-waters, that once flowed and plashed in the garden fountains, now trickle sadly through the weeds that encumber their basins, with a sound as of tears: the creeping, insidious, neglected flowers weave their burning nets about the white marble of the balustrades, and rend them slowly, block from block, and stone from stone: the thin, sweet-scented leaves tremble along the old masonry joints as if with palsy at every breeze; and the dark lichens, golden and grey, make the foot-fall silent in the path's centre.

And day by day as I walked there, the same sentence seemed whispered by every shaking leaf, and every dying echo, of garden and chamber. "Thus end all the arts of life, only in death; and thus issue all the gifts of man, only

in his dishonour, when they are pursued or possessed in the service of pleasure only."

21. This then is the great enigma of Art History,—you must not follow Art without pleasure, nor must you follow it for the sake of pleasure. And the solution of that enigma is simply this fact; that wherever Art has been followed *only* for the sake of luxury or delight, it has contributed, and largely contributed, to bring about the destruction of the nation practising it: but wherever Art has been used *also* to teach any truth, or supposed truth—religious, moral, or natural—there it has elevated the nation practising it, and itself with the nation.

22. Thus the Art of Greece rose, and did service to the people, so long as it was to them the earnest interpreter of a religion they believed in: the Arts of northern sculpture and architecture rose, as interpreters of Christian legend and doctrine: the Art of painting in Italy, not only as religious, but also mainly as expressive of truths of moral philosophy, and powerful in pure human portraiture. The only great painters in our schools of painting in England have either been of portrait—Reynolds and Gainsborough; of the philosophy of social life—Hogarth; or of the facts of nature in landscape—Wilson and Turner. In all these cases, if I had time, I could show you that the success of the painter depended on his desire to convey a truth, rather than to produce a merely beautiful picture; that is to say, to get a likeness of a man, or of a place; to get some moral principle rightly stated, or some historical character rightly described, rather than merely to give pleasure to the eyes. Compare the feeling with which a Moorish architect decorated an arch of the Alhambra,[1] with that of Hogarth painting the "Marriage à la Mode," or of Wilkie painting the "Chelsea Pensioners," and you will at once feel the

[1] [For the "detestable" ornamentation of the Alhambra, see below, pp. 307, 311. For a similar reference to Hogarth, see Vol. XII. p. 495, and compare the other passages there noted. The series of pictures called "Marriage à la Mode" is in the National Gallery; Wilkie's "Chelsea Pensioners," at Apsley House. For Ruskin's estimate of Wilkie, see below, p. 415.]

difference between Art pursued for pleasure only, and for the sake of some useful principle or impression.

28. But what you might not so easily discern is, that even when painting does appear to have been pursued for pleasure only, if ever you find it rise to any noble level, you will also find that a stern search after truth has been at the root of its nobleness. You may fancy, perhaps, that Titian, Veronese, and Tintoret were painters for the sake of pleasure only: but in reality they were the only painters who ever sought entirely to master, and who did entirely master, the truths of light and shade as associated with colour, in the noblest of all physical created things, the human form.[1] They were the only men who ever painted the human body; all other painters of the great schools are mere anatomical draughtsmen compared to them; rather makers of maps of the body, than painters of it. The Venetians alone, by a toil almost superhuman, succeeded at last in obtaining a power almost superhuman; and were able finally to paint the highest visible work of God with unexaggerated structure, undegraded colour, and unaffected gesture. It seems little to say this; but I assure you it is much to have *done* this—so much, that no other men but the Venetians ever did it: none of them ever painted the human body without in some degree caricaturing the anatomy, forcing the action, or degrading the hue.[2]

24. Now, therefore, the sum of all is, that you who wish to encourage Art in England have to do two things with it: you must delight in it, in the first place; and you must get it to serve some serious work, in the second place. I don't mean by serious, necessarily moral: all that I mean by serious is in some way or other useful, not merely selfish, careless, or indolent. I had, indeed, intended before closing my address, to have traced out a few of the directions in

[1] [Ruskin similarly takes these three painters as "unequalled" in *Two Paths*, § 69 (p. 314); and for the maxim "truth first, pleasure afterwards," compare *ibid.*, § 62 (p. 305).]

[2] [Compare "The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret," *Aratra Pentelici*, § 231.]

which, as it seems to me, Art may be seriously and practically serviceable to us in the career of civilization. I had hoped to show you how many of the great phenomena of nature still remained unrecorded by it, for *us* to record; how many of the historical monuments of Europe were perishing without memorial, for the want of but a little honest, simple, laborious, loving draughtsmanship; how many of the most impressive historical events of the day failed of teaching us half of what they were meant to teach, for want of painters to represent them faithfully, instead of fancifully, and with historical truth for their aim, instead of national self-glorification.[1] I had hoped to show you how many of the best impulses of the heart were lost in frivolity or sensuality, for want of purer beauty to contemplate, and of noble thoughts to associate with the fervour of hallowed human passion; how, finally, a great part of the vital power of our religious faith was lost in us, for want of such art as would realize in some rational, probable, believable way, those events of sacred history which, as they visibly and intelligibly occurred, may also be visibly and intelligibly represented. But all this I dare not do yet. I felt, as I thought over these things, that the time was not yet come for their declaration: the time will come for it, and I believe soon;[2] but as yet, the man would only lay himself open to the charge of vanity, of imagination, and of idle fondness of hope, who should venture to trace in words the course of the higher blessings which the Arts may have yet in store for mankind. As yet there is no need to do so: all that we have to plead for is an earnest and straightforward exertion in those courses of study which are opened to us day by day, believing only that they are to be followed gravely and for grave purposes, as by men, and not by children. I appeal, finally, to all those who are to become

[1] [With these themes Ruskin had already dealt in previous lectures: see, for instance, *A Joy for Ever*, § 106, p. 90.]

[2] [At Oxford, as Slade Professor, Ruskin was presently to have a full opportunity of further declaring his mind in this matter: especially in his Inaugural *Lectures on Art*.]

the pupils of these schools, to keep clear of the notion of following Art as dilettantism: it ought to delight you, as your reading delights you—but you never think of your reading as dilettantism. It ought to delight you as your studies of physical science delight you—but you don't call physical science dilettantism. If you are determined only to think of Art as a play or a pleasure, give it up at once: you will do no good to yourselves, and you will degrade the pursuit in the sight of others. Better, infinitely better, that you should never enter a picture gallery, than that you should enter only to saunter and to smile: better, infinitely better, that you should never handle a pencil at all, than handle it only for the sake of complacency in your small dexterity: better, infinitely better, that you should be wholly uninterested in pictures, and uninformed respecting them, than that you should just know enough to detect blemishes in great works,—to give a colour of reasonableness to presumption, and an appearance of acuteness to misunderstanding. Above all, I would plead for this so far as the teaching of these schools may be addressed to the junior Members of the University. Men employed in any kind of manual labour, by which they must live, are not likely to take up the notion that they can learn any other art for amusement only; but amateurs are: and it is of the highest importance, nay, it is just the one thing of all importance, to show them what drawing really means; and not so much to teach them to produce a good work themselves, as to know it when they see it done by others. Good work, in the stern sense of the word, as I before said,[1] no mere amateur can do; and good work, in any sense, that is to say, profitable work for himself or for any one else, he can only do by being made in the beginning to see what is possible for him, and what not;—what is accessible, and what not; and by having the majesty and sternness of the everlasting laws of fact set before him in their infinitude.

[1] [See above, p. 182.]

It is no matter for appalling him: the man is great already who is made well capable of being appalled; nor do we even wisely hope, nor truly understand, till we are humiliated by our hope, and awe-struck by our understanding. Nay, I will go farther than this, and say boldly, that what you have mainly to teach the young men here is, not so much what they can do, as what they cannot;—to make them see how much there is in nature which cannot be imitated, and how much in man which cannot be emulated. He only can be truly said to be educated in Art to whom all his work is only a feeble sign of glories which he cannot convey, and a feeble means of measuring, with ever-enlarging admiration, the great and untraversable gulf which God has set between the great and the common intelligences of mankind: and all the triumphs of Art which man can commonly achieve are only truly crowned by pure delight in natural scenes themselves, and by the sacred and self-forgetful veneration which can be nobly abashed, and tremblingly exalted, in the presence of a human spirit greater than his own.[1]

[1] [See Vol. XV. p. 352 *n.*]

British Ferns.

A Capital in the Oxford Museum

THE

OXFORD MUSEUM

BY

HENRY W. ACLAND, M.D.,

REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MEDICINE,

AND

JOHN RUSKIN, M.A.,

HONORARY STUDENTS OF CHRIST CHURCH.

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.
OXFORD: J. H. AND J. PARKER.
1859.

[*Bibliographical Note.*—The letters here reprinted were Ruskin's portion of a joint volume by himself and Acland. Of this volume there have been various editions.

First Edition (1859).—The title-page is as shown on the preceding page. Post octavo, pp. iv. + 111. Contents, p. iii. Preface (by Acland), pp. 1–9. (The following passage from Acland's Preface was given in a footnote to *Arrows of the Chace*, where Ruskin's Letters were reprinted (see below): "Many have yet to learn the apparently simple truth, that to an Artist his Art is his means of probation in this life; and that, whatever it may have of frivolity to us, to him it is as the two or the five talents, to be accounted for hereafter. I might say much on this point, for the full scope of the word Art seems by some to be even now unrecognized. Before the period of printing, Art was the largest mode of permanently recording human thought; it was spoken in every epoch, in all countries, and delivered in almost every material. In buildings, on medals and coins, in porcelain and earthenware, on wood, ivory, parchment, paper and canvas, the graver or the pencil has recorded the ideas of every form of society, of every variety of race and of every character. What wonder that the Artist is jealous of his craft, and proud of his brotherhood?" *Arrows of the Chace* also gave the extracts from Acland's lecture, which are here reprinted at pp. 217, 219.) Lecture by Acland upon the Museum, delivered, at their request, to the members of the Architectural Congress at Oxford, 1858, pp. 11–44 and 56–59; Ruskin's first letter (here pp. 211–217), pp. 44–56; Ruskin's second letter, pp. 60–90 (here pp. 218–234). Ruskin's first letter was read by Acland during his lecture; the second letter was written subsequently for inclusion in the volume. Appendices—A. Letter from Professor J. Phillips, pp. 93–102; B. List of Contributors to the Sculptures in the Museum, pp. 103–110; C. List of some of the Statues still Required. Imprint (in the centre of the last page)—"London: Printed by Smith, Elder and Co., Little Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey, E.C." There is no running headline, each page being provided with a headline describing its contents. There are three illustrations—(1) Fern Capital, frontispiece (here facing p. 205); (2) Plan of the Ground Floor of the Museum, p. 32; (3) Spandrel of the Iron-work of the Roof (here p. 233), p. 89.

Issued on April 4, 1859, in stamped cloth boards of a mauve colour, lettered "The | Oxford Museum | Acland and Ruskin" upon the front and "The Oxford Museum" up the back.

Second Edition, First Issue (1860).—Of this edition there were three distinct issues, all of which however had the same title-page:—

> The | Oxford Museum. | Remarks | addressed to a Meeting of Architectural | Societies | by | Henry W. Acland, M.D., F.R.S., | Regius Professor of Medicine; | With Letters | from John Ruskin, M.A., | Honorary Student of Christ Church; | and | John Phillips, M.A., F.R.S., Reader in Geology. | Second Edition. | Oxford: | J. H. and Jas. Parker. London: Smith, Elder and Co. | 1860.

Post 8vo, pp. xvi. + 78; Contents, p. v. Preface by Acland to the Second Edition, pp. vii.–viii.; this states :—

> "The Oxford Museum slowly approaches completion. . . . The present edition gives the subjects of most of the carvings, the localities of the geological strata illustrated by the shafts, lists of the statues erected, and of the statues which are yet desired. To the original remarks, at the expense, it is true, of chronological accuracy, there have now been added, here and there, descriptions which correspond to the progress of the building. This seemed preferable to retaining statements now inapplicable."

Preface to the First Edition, pp. ix.–xvi.; Lecture by Acland, pp. 1–34, 44–46; Ruskin's first letter, pp. 35–44; Ruskin's second letter, pp. 47–70; Letters from Professor Phillips (Appendix A. in the First Edition), pp. 71–78. Appendices B. and C. did not reappear; they were separately issued in an octavo pamphlet (gratuitously circulated) of eight pages headed "Oxford University Museum," and dated "Oxford, June 4th, 1860."

The frontispiece did not reappear either (though, by inadvertence, references to it remained at p. 64); the other two illustrations did. Acland's lecture was considerably revised; Ruskin's letters were not. Headlines as before. Imprint (at the foot of p. 78)—"Printed by Messrs. Parker, Cornmarket, Oxford." Issued in June 1860 in dark blue paper boards, the front of which is decorated by a cut of the Iron Spandrel. Lettered "Remarks | on the | Oxford Museum, | by | Dr. Acland, F.R.S., | Regius Professor of Medicine. | Oxford: | J. H. & J. Parker. | London: Smith, Elder & Co."; the whole being enclosed in a plain double-ruled frame. On the centre of p. 4 of the cover is (also enclosed in a double-ruled frame) "The Oxford Museum." Price One Shilling.

Second Edition, Second Issue.—This was either made up of remainder sheets of the first issue, or was printed from the standing types. A new illustration (a folding "Plan of Upper Floor of Museum") was added to face p. 32, and the Wrapper and Table of Contents were reprinted. On the former the words "Price One Shilling" were added below the rule; the latter included the additional illustration. This issue was not boarded, but the wrappers were stiffened by "end-papers," pasted down.

Second Edition, Third Issue.—This is the most desirable form of the Second Edition. The frontispiece was restored (and its title added to the list of contents), and the edges were left untrimmed, whereas copies of the first and second issues of this edition were published with cut edges, their size being thus reduced more than an inch. The other variations are these: (1) A considerable portion of the type was re-set, and on p. 73 a reference to the frontispiece in Professor Phillips's letter was restored. (2) The wrapper was re-set (the ruled frame being increased in size); the colour was now light blue, and the paper was not stiffened. (3) Advertisements of books published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. and Messrs. Parker, which were inserted at the end of the previous issues, were cancelled. Some copies, however, contain a 16-paged Catalogue of Messrs. Parker's Publications, in which is included "*The Bampton Lectures* for 1881," proving that copies of this third issue of the Second Edition were on hand up to 1881—thirteen and fourteen years after the Third and Fourth Editions (which did not contain Ruskin's Letters) were published.

Third Edition (1866).—As Ruskin's Letters were now omitted, the detailed bibliography does not concern us. In the Preface to the Fifth Edition (see below, p. 235) Acland says that this edition was published by another editor; and that after it had been printed, he was much concerned to find that the letters had been omitted. The Preface to the Third Edition is, however, signed "H. W. A.—June, 1866," and reads thus:—

"It has been thought advisable to append to this Edition a Summary of the Contents of the Museum. For this the writer is indebted to Mr. James Parker. The Visitor has thus both an explanation of the main purposes which have been kept in view in planning and arranging the Museum, and a guide to assist him in examining in detail the objects which are placed there. The Letters from Mr. Ruskin which appeared in the previous editions, will be issued separately. It is intended shortly to publish a brief Memoir of Mr. Woodward, the Architect, who with Sir Thomas Deane and Mr. Deane designed the building.

"H. W. A.

"*June*, 1866."

The separate issue of Ruskin's Letters was, however, not published; nor was any Memoir of Woodward issued; though Ruskin, in his Lecture (1868) on "The Mystery of Life and its Arts" paid a tribute to his memory (see *Sesame and Lilies*, § 103).

Fourth Edition (1867).—This edition, of which the contents were practically identical with those of the Third, again does not concern us. Neither it, nor the Third, contained the frontispiece.

Fifth Edition (1893).—This edition (still current) was a re-issue of the original edition of 1859 with additional matter. It is dated 1893, but was in fact issued on January 17, 1894. The title-page is:—

> The | Oxford Museum | By | Henry W. Acland, M.D. | and | John Ruskin, M.A. | Honorary Students of Christ Church | *From original Edition, 1859. With Additions in 1893* | George Allen | London and Orpington | 1893.

Crown 8vo (also 180 large paper copies on hand-made paper, half parchment, crown 4to), pp. xxxvi.+112. Contents, p. v. "Preface to Reprint of the Oxford Museum, 1893" (here given as an appendix to Ruskin's Letters, pp. 235–240), pp. vii.–xxvi. "Preface to the Second Edition, 1860," pp. xxvii.–xxviii. "Preface to the First Edition," pp. xxix.–xxxvi. Acland's Address, pp. 1–43, 100–101. Ruskin's first letter, pp. 43–59. Ruskin's second letter, pp. 60–90. Letter from Professor Phillips, pp. 91–100. "Notes." "I. Statues already given," pp. 102–104. "II. On the Irish Workmen" (added in the Fifth Edition; for extracts, see here pp. xlix.–l.), pp. 104–109. "III. Contributors to the Sculpture," pp. 110–111. "IV. Mr. Woodward" (added in the Fifth Edition; for an extract, see here p. lxxiii.), pp. 111–112. The *illustrations* are: (1) frontispiece, the Fern Capital; (2) "Professor Ruskin and Sir Henry Acland, Bart." (reserved for a later volume of this edition), facing p. xxv.; (3) Iron Spandrel, p. 89; and (4) "Plan of Ground Floor of the Museum, 1893," on a folding sheet at the end. Headlines as in the first edition. Imprint (on reverse of the title-page)—"Oxford: Horace Hart, Printer to the University."

Issued in blue cloth boards (1000 copies). On the front, in the centre,

the University arms are stamped in gold; the lettering on the back is "The | Oxford | Museum | Acland | and | Ruskin | George Allen." Price 4s. The large paper copies (10s. 6d. net) have light blue cloth sides; lettered on the front "The Oxford | Museum | Acland and Ruskin," and on the half parchment facing the University arms stamped in gold. Lettered on the back in gold "The | Oxford | Museum | Acland | and | Ruskin | George Allen."

Ruskin's Two Letters were reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. i. pp. 181–190, 191–213, and the Fern Capital was the frontispiece to vol. i. of that work.

Reviews of the first edition appeared in the *Athenæum*, April 30, and the *Economist*, May 21, 1859.

There are no *variations in the text* of Ruskin's Letters in any of the preceding editions. In this edition the following alterations in Letter 1 have been made in accordance with the original Letter (in possession of Sir William Acland): The place and date are added; § 1, line 11, "Law of Trial" is substituted for "the law of trial"; § 3, line 18, "his" corrected to "its"; § 8, line 14, "The" to "Your"; line 21, "artistic" to "artistical" (the latter form is generally used by Ruskin in his earlier writings). In the MS. (§ 8, lines 17–18) Ruskin wrote "the two projecting windows at the extremities"; this was no doubt altered by Acland for greater explicitness to "the projecting windows of the staircases."]

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE AND THE OXFORD MUSEUM[1]

1

RHEINFELDEN, *25th May* 1858.

1. DEAR ACLAND,—I have been very anxious, since I last heard from you, respecting the progress of the works at the Museum, as I thought I could trace in your expressions some doubt of an entirely satisfactory issue.

Entirely satisfactory very few issues are, or can be; and when the enterprise, as in this instance, involves the development of many new and progressive principles, we must always be prepared for a due measure of disappointment—due partly to human weakness, and partly to what the ancients would have called fate—and we may, perhaps, most wisely call Law of Trial, which forbids any great good being usually accomplished without various compensations and deductions, probably not a little humiliating.

Perhaps in writing to you what seems to me to be the bearing of matters respecting your Museum, I may be answering a few of the doubts of others, as well as fears of your own.

2. I am quite sure that when you first used your influence to advocate the claims of a Gothic design, you did so under the conviction, shared by all the seriously purposed defenders of the Gothic style, that the essence and power of Gothic, properly so called, lay in its adaptability to all

[1] [The heading is that given in *Arrows of the Chace*. Ruskin's letter, as explained above (p. 207), was read by Acland in the course of an address delivered by him.]

need;[1] in that perfect and unlimited flexibility which would enable the architect to provide all that was required, in the simplest and most convenient way; and to give you the best offices, the best lecture-rooms, laboratories, and museums, which could be provided with the sum of money at his disposal.

3. So far as the architect has failed in doing this; so far as you find yourself, with the other professors, in anywise inconvenienced by forms of architecture; so far as pillars or piers come in your way, when you have to point, or vaults in the way of your voice, when you have to speak, or mullions in the way of your light, when you want to see;—just so far the architect has failed in expressing his own principles, or those of pure Gothic art. I do not suppose that such failure has taken place to any considerable extent; but so far as it has taken place, it cannot in justice be laid to the score of the style, since precedent has shown sufficiently, that very uncomfortable and useless rooms may be provided in all other styles as well as in Gothic; and I think if, in a building arranged for many objects of various kinds, at a time when the practice of architecture has been somewhat confused by the inventions of modern science, and is hardly yet organized completely with respect to the new means at its disposal; if, under such circumstances, and with somewhat limited funds, you have yet obtained a building in all main points properly fulfilling its requirements, you have, I think, as much as could be hoped from the adoption of any style whatsoever.

4. But I am much more anxious about the decoration of the building; for I fear that it will be hurried in completion, and that, partly in haste and partly in mistimed economy, a great opportunity may be lost of advancing the best interests of architectural (and in that, of all other) arts. For the principles of Gothic decoration, in

[1] [For Ruskin's enforcement of this point, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 212).]

themselves as simple and beautiful as those of Gothic construction, are far less understood, as yet, by the English public, and it is little likely that any effective measures can be taken to carry them out. You know, as well as I, what those principles are; yet it may be convenient to you that I should here state them briefly as I accept them myself, and have reason to suppose they are accepted by the principal promoters of the Gothic revival.

5. (I.) The first principle of Gothic decoration is that a given quantity of good art will be more generally useful when exhibited on a large scale, and forming part of a connected system, than when it is small and separated. That is to say, a piece of sculpture or painting, of a certain allowed merit, will be more useful when seen on the front of a building, or at the end of a room, and therefore by many persons, than if it be so small as to be only capable of being seen by one or two at a time; and it will be more useful when so combined with other work as to produce that kind of impression usually termed "sublime"—as it is felt on looking at any great series of fixed paintings, or at the front of a cathedral—than if it be so separated as to excite only a special wonder or admiration, such as we feel for a jewel in a cabinet.

The paintings by Meissonier in the French Exhibition of this year[1] were bought, I believe, before the Exhibition opened, for 250 guineas each. They each represented one figure, about 6 inches high—one, a student reading; the other, a courtier standing in a dress-coat. Neither of these paintings conveyed any information, or produced any emotion whatever, except that of surprise at their minute and dextrous execution. They will be placed by their possessors on the walls of small private apartments, where they will probably, once or twice a week, form the subject of five minutes' conversation while people drink their coffee

[1] [They were "The Student" and "The Courtier": see *Academy Notes* (Vol. XIV. p. 179).]

after dinner. The sum expended on these toys would have been amply sufficient to cover a large building with noble frescoes, appealing to every passer by, and representing a large portion of the history of any given period. But the general tendency of the European patrons of art is to grudge all sums spent in a way thus calculated to confer benefit on the public, and to grudge none for minute treasures of which the principal advantage is that a lock and key can always render them invisible.[1]

I have no hesitation in saying that an acquisitive selfishness, rejoicing somewhat even in the sensation of possessing what can NOT be seen by others, is at the root of this art-patronage. It is, of course, coupled with a sense of securer and more convenient investment in what may be easily protected and easily carried from place to place, than in large and immoveable works; and also with a vulgar delight in the minute curiosities of productive art, rather than in the exercise of inventive genius, or the expression of great facts or emotions.

The first aim of the Gothic Revivalists is to counteract, as far as possible, this feeling on all its three grounds. We desire (A) to make art large and publicly beneficial, instead of small and privately engrossed or secluded; (B) to make art fixed instead of portable, associating it with local character and historical memory; (C) to make art expressive instead of curious, valuable for its suggestions and teachings, more than for the mode of its manufacture.

6. (II.) The second great principle of the Gothic Revivalists is that all art employed in decoration should be informative, conveying truthful statements about natural facts, if it conveys *any* statement. It may sometimes merely compose its decorations of mosaics, chequers, bosses, or other meaningless ornaments: but if it represents organic form, (and in all important places it *will* represent it,) it will give that form truthfully, with as much resemblance to

[1] [On this subject, compare *A Joy for Ever*, above, p. 77.]

nature as the necessary treatment of the piece of ornament in question will admit of.

This principle is more disputed than the first among the Gothic Revivalists themselves. I, however, hold it simply and entirely, believing that ornamentation is always, *cæteris paribus*, most valuable and beautiful when it is founded on the most extended knowledge of natural forms, and conveys continually such knowledge to the spectator.[1]

7. (III.) The third great principle of the Gothic Revival is that all architectural ornamentation should be executed by the men who design it, and should be of various degrees of excellence, admitting, and therefore exciting, the intelligent co-operation of various classes of workmen; and that a great public edifice should be, in sculpture and painting, somewhat the same as a great chorus of music, in which, while, perhaps, there may be only one or two voices perfectly trained, and of perfect sweetness, (the rest being in various degrees weaker and less cultivated,) yet all being ruled in harmony, and each sustaining a part consistent with its strength, the body of sound is sublime, in spite of individual weaknesses.

8. The Museum at Oxford was, I know, intended by its designer to exhibit in its decoration the working of these three principles; but in the very fact of its doing so, it becomes exposed to chances of occasional failure, or even to serious discomfitures, such as would not at all have attended the adoption of an established mode of modern work. It is easy to carve capitals on models known for four thousand years, and impossible to fail in the application of mechanical methods and formalized rules. But it is not possible to appeal vigorously to new canons of judgment without the chance of giving offence; nor to summon into service the various phases of human temper and intelligence, without occasionally finding the tempers rough and the intelligence feeble. Your Oxford Museum is, I believe,

[1] [See next letter, pp. 230 *seqq.*]

the first building in this country which has had its ornamentation, in any telling parts, trusted to the invention of the workman: the result is highly satisfactory, the projecting windows of the staircases being as beautiful in effect as anything I know in civil Gothic: but far more may be accomplished for the building if the completion of its carving be not hastened; many men of high artistical power might be brought to take an interest in it, and various lessons and suggestions given to the workmen which would materially advantage the final decoration of leading features. No very great Gothic building, so far as I know, was ever yet completed without some of this wise deliberation and fruitful patience.

9. I was in hopes from the beginning that the sculpture might have been rendered typically illustrative of the English Flora: how far this idea has been as yet carried out I do not know;[1] but I know that it cannot be properly carried out without a careful examination of the available characters of the principal genera, such as architects have not hitherto undertaken. The proposal which I heard advanced the other day, of adding a bold entrance-porch to the façade, appeared to me every way full of advantage, the blankness of the façade having been, to my mind, from the first, a serious fault in the design.[2] If a subscription were opened for the purpose of erecting one, I should think there were few persons interested in modern art who would not be glad to join in forwarding such an object.

10. I think I could answer for some portions of the design being superintended by the best of our modern sculptors and painters; and I believe that, if so superintended, the porch might, and would, become the crowning beauty of the building, and make all the difference between its being only a satisfactory and meritorious work, or a most lovely and impressive one.

[1] [See on this subject, Introduction, above, pp. xlix., li.]

[2] [Here again see the Introduction, p. lii., and compare, in the next letter, p. 228.]

Hills & Saunders, Photo.ª Allen & Co. Sc.

The Oxford Museum,
1858.

11. The interior decoration is a matter of much greater difficulty; perhaps you will allow me to defer the few words I have to say about it till I have time for another letter: which, however, I hope to find speedily.

Believe me, my dear Acland,

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.[1]

[1] [After reading this letter to his audience, Dr. Acland thus continued: "The principles thus clearly enumerated by Mr. Ruskin are, on the main, those that animate the earnest student of Gothic. It is not for me especially to advocate Gothic Art, but only to urge, that if called into life, it should be in conformity to its own proper laws of vitality. If week after week, in my youth, with fresh senses and a docile spirit, I have drank in each golden glow that is poured by a Mediterranean sun from over the blue Ægæan upon the Athenian Parthenon,—if, day by day, sitting on Mars' Hill, I have watched each purple shadow, as the temple darkened in majesty against the evening sky,—if so, it has been to teach me, as the alphabet of all Art, to love all truth and to hate all falsehood, and to kiss the hand of every Master who has brought down, under whatever circumstance, and in whatever age, one spark of true light from the Beauty and the subtle Law which stamps the meanest work of the Ever-living, Ever-working Artist" (*The Oxford Museum*, pp. 56–57).]

2

January 20, 1859.[1]

12. MY DEAR ACLAND,—I was not able to write, as I had hoped, from Switzerland, for I found it impossible to lay down any principles respecting the decoration of the Museum which did not in one way or other involve disputed points, too many, and too subtle, to be discussed in a letter.[2] Nor do I feel the difficulty less in writing to

[1] [The concluding portion of the letter was, however, written later: see above, p. lxiii.]

[2] [The first draft of the letter continued differently. It was altered at the time, for prudential reasons no doubt; but the first version is now worth giving as showing the object and circumstances of the letter :—

". . . in a letter. I felt also that the matter was one of no immediate, nor even of any vital ultimate importance. That your Museum should be roomy, well lighted, and well furnished is essential to its serviceableness; but not that it should have vermilion walls or ultramarine ceilings.

"I am, however, profoundly grieved to hear that there is even difficulty in bringing it to such completion as is necessary to render it, as a piece of architecture, worthy of its position; or as an educational institution, adequate to its office. This difficulty I never anticipated, and it is only by strong efforts that I conceive its existence.

"I can indeed understand sufficiently the objections which existed in the minds of many of the older members of this university to any experimental change in the system of studies. But I cannot understand the disposition which would allow the experiment to be made, yet throw obstacles in the way of its being made efficiently. I could sympathize with those who would permit no effort in new directions, but not with those who would make the effort, and then make it in a way unworthy of the university and of the country. To refuse to adopt a curriculum of natural science would have been unwise, but it would have been honourable and consistent. To adopt such a curriculum, yet endeavour to limit the machinery of required instruction, is either discreditable help or disingenuous hostility to a cause of noble issue.

"How noble its issue may be, you have partly shown in the lecture . . . reached and regenerated.

"What a dark, strange, ineffably ludicrous, yet ineffably sorrowful fact it is—this pause and palsy in your Museum work. Not a day passes, nor an hour, but there are millions of gold or gold's worth thrown into the lap of England by physical science; not a day passes, no, nor an hour, but she loses other uncountable millions for want of wider and more accurate science than she possesses (or for want of faith in that which she does possess). And here she hesitates, or at least the University which represents her educational mind hesitates, and mutters, and convocationally bewails

you now, so far as regards the question occurring in our late conversations, respecting the best mode of completing these interior decorations. Yet I must write, if only to ask that I may be in some way associated with you in what you are now doing to bring the Museum more definitely before the public mind[1]—that I may be associated at least in the expression of my deep sense of the noble purpose of the building—of the noble sincerity of effort in its architect—of the endless good which the teachings to which it will be devoted must, in their ultimate issue, accomplish for mankind. How vast the range of that issue, you have shown in the lecture which I have just read, in which you have so admirably traced the chain of the physical sciences as it encompasses the great concords of this visible universe.[2] But how deep the workings of these new springs of knowledge are to be—and how great our need of them—and how far the brightness and the beneficence of them are to reach among all the best interests of men

herself, at having incurred a cost of—what is it? sixty thousand, eighty thousand, a hundred thousand?—to teach her leading youth the mastery of the first elements of the well-being of man and roots of his extending existence—true Eleusinian mystery, ruled over by strong Demeter, Mother of Earth. Because, forsooth, our Peter's Pence from printing of Bibles came not in fast enough and we cannot, perhaps, therefore print any more books these ten years to come,—so shall God's own book remain unread, His laws of life unasserted."]

[1] [*i.e.*, by the publication of the volume on *The Oxford Museum*.]

[2] [See *The Oxford Museum*, pp. 17–23. The following is a portion of the passage alluded to: "Without the Geologist on one side, and the Anatomist and Physiologist on the other, Zoology is not worthy of its name. The student of life, bearing in mind the more general laws which in the several departments above named he will have sought to appreciate, will find in the collections of Zoology, combined with the Geological specimens and the dissections of the Anatomist, a boundless field of interest and of inquiry, to which almost every other science lends its aid: from each science he borrows a special light to guide him through the ranges of extinct and existing animal forms, from the lowest up to the highest types, which, last and most perfect, but preshadowed in previous ages, is seen in Man. By the aid of physiological illustrations he begins to understand how hard to unravel are the complex mechanisms and prescient intentions of the Maker of all; and he slowly learns to appreciate what exquisite care is needed for discovering the real action of even an apparently comprehended machine. And so at last, almost bewildered, but not cast down, he attempts to scrutinize in the rooms devoted to Medicine, the various injuries which man is doomed to undergo in his progress towards death; he begins to revere the beneficent contrivances which shine forth in the midst of suffering and disease, and to veil his face before the mysterious alterations of structure, to which there seem attached pain, with scarce relief, and a steady advance, without a check, to

—perhaps none of us can yet conceive, far less know or say. For, much as I reverence physical science as a means of mental education, (and you know how I have contended for it, as such, now these twenty years, from the sunny afternoon of spring when Ehrenberg, and you, and I, went hunting for infusoria in Christchurch meadow streams, to the hour when the prize offered by Sir Walter Trevelyan and yourself for the best essay on the Fauna of that meadow, marked the opening of a new era in English education[1])—much, I say, as I reverence physical science in this function, I reverence it, at this moment, more as the source of utmost human practical power, and the means by which the far-distant races of the world, who now sit in darkness and the shadow of death,[2] are to be reached and regenerated. At home or far away—the call is equally instant—here, for want of more extended physical science, there is plague in our streets, famine in our fields; the pest strikes root and fruit over a hemisphere of the earth, we know not why; the voices of our children fade away into silence of venomous death, we know not why; the population of this most civilized country resists every effort to lead it into purity of habit and habitation,—to give it genuineness of nourishment, and wholesomeness of air, as a new interference with its liberty; and insists vociferously on its right to helpless death. All this is terrible; but it is more terrible yet that dim, phosphorescent, frightful

death. He will look, and as he looks, will cherish hope, not unmixed with prayer, that the great Art of Healing may by all these things advance, and that by the progress of profounder science, by the spread among the people of the resultant practical knowledge, by stricter obedience to physiological laws, by a consequent more self-denying spirit, some disorders may at a future day be cured, which cannot be prevented, and some, perhaps, prevented, which never can be cured."]

[1] [Christian Gottfried Ehrenberg, naturalist, was the author of *Die Infusionsthierchen als volkommene Organismen* (Leipzig, 1838) and many other works. He was born in 1795, and in 1842 was elected Principal Secretary to the Berlin Academy of Science, which post he held till his death in 1876. For Sir Walter Calverley Trevelyan, Bart. (1797–1879), who will also be remembered in connexion with the study of natural science, as well as for his efforts in philanthropy, see Vol. XII. p. xx. The editors have been unable to find any further information as to the prize mentioned by Ruskin, or as to the essay which obtained it.]

[2] [Psalms cvii. 10.]

superstitions still hold their own over two-thirds of the inhabited globe, and that all the phenomena of nature which were intended by the Creator to enforce His eternal laws of love and judgment, and which, rightly understood, enforce them more strongly by their patient beneficence, and their salutary destructiveness, than the miraculous dew on Gideon's fleece, or the restrained lightnings of Horeb[1]—that all these legends of God's daily dealing with His creatures remain unread, or are read backwards, into blind, hundred-armed horror of idol cosmogony.

18. How strange it seems that physical science should ever have been thought adverse to religion! The pride of physical science[2] is, indeed, adverse, like every other pride, both to religion and truth; but sincerity of science, so far from being hostile, is the path-maker among the mountains for the feet of those who publish peace.[3]

14. Now, therefore, and now only, it seems to me, the University has become complete in her function as a teacher of the youth of the nation to which every hour gives wider authority over distant lands; and from which every rood of extended dominion demands new, various, and variously applicable knowledge of the laws which govern the constitution of the globe, and must finally regulate the industry, no less than discipline the intellect, of the human race. I can hardly turn my mind from these deep causes of exultation to the minor difficulties which beset or restrict your undertaking. The great work is accomplished; the immediate impression made by it is of little importance; and as for my own special subjects of thought or aim, though many of them are closely involved in what has been done, and some principles which I believe to be, in their way, of great importance, are awkwardly compromised in what has been imperfectly done,—all these I am tempted to waive, or content to compromise, when only I know that the building is

[1] [Judges vi. 37, 38; Exodus iii. 2, 3.]
[2] [On this subject, see *Lectures on Art*, §§ 38, 40, and *Eagle's Nest*, § 33.]
[3] [Isaiah lii. 7.]

in main points fit for its mighty work. Yet you will not think that it was matter of indifference to me when I saw, as I went over Professor Brodie's[1] chemical laboratories the other day, how closely this success of adaptation was connected with the choice of the style. It was very touching and wonderful to me. Here was the architecture which I had learned to know and love in pensive ruins, deserted by the hopes and efforts of men, or in dismantled fortress-fragments recording only their cruelty;—here was this very architecture lending itself, as if created only for these, to the foremost activities of human discovery, and the tenderest functions of human mercy. No other architecture, as I felt in an instant, could have thus adapted itself to a new and strange office. No fixed arrangements of frieze and pillar, nor accepted proportions of wall and roof, nor practised refinement of classical decoration, could have otherwise than absurdly and fantastically yielded its bed to the crucible, and its blast to the furnace; but these old vaultings and strong buttresses—ready always to do service to man, whatever his bidding—to shake the waves of war back from his seats of rock, or prolong, through faint twilights of sanctuary, the sighs of his superstition—he had but to ask it of them, and they entered at once into the lowliest ministries of the arts of healing, and the sternest and clearest offices in the service of science.

15. And the longer I examined the Museum arrangements, the more I felt that it could be only some accidental delay in the recognition of this efficiency for its work which had caused any feeling adverse to its progress among the members of the University. The general idea about the Museum has perhaps been, hitherto, that it is a forced endeavour to bring decorative forms of architecture into uncongenial uses—whereas, the real fact is, as far as I can discern it, that no other architecture would, under the

[1] [Mr. Brodie (1816–1880), who succeeded his father as Sir Benjamin Brodie in 1867, had been appointed Professor of Chemistry at Oxford in 1855. The chemical laboratories were originally in the building on the right hand of the principal front —a building suggestive in its general line of the well-known Glastonbury Kitchen.]

required circumstances, have been *possible;* and that any effort to introduce classical types of form into these laboratories and museums must have ended in ludicrous discomfiture. But the building has now reached a point of crisis, and it depends upon the treatment which its rooms now receive in completion, whether the facts of their propriety and utility be acknowledged by the public, or lost sight of in the distraction of their attention to matters wholly external.

16. So strongly I feel this, that, whatever means of decoration had been at your disposal, I should have been inclined to recommend an exceeding reserve in that matter. Perhaps I should even have desired such reserve on abstract grounds of feeling. The study of Natural History is one eminently addressed to the active energies of body and mind. Nothing is to be got out of it by dreaming, not always much by thinking,—everything by seeking and seeing. It is work for the hills and fields—work of foot and hand, knife and hammer,—so far as it is to be afterwards carried on in the house, the more active and workmanlike our proceedings the better, fresh air blowing in from the windows, and nothing interfering with the free space for our shelves and instruments on the walls. I am not sure that much interior imagery or colour, or other exciting address to any of the observant faculties, would be desirable under such circumstances. You know best; but I should no more think of painting in bright colours beside you, while you were dissecting or analyzing, than of entertaining you by a concert of fifes and cymbals.

17. But farther—do you suppose Gothic decoration is an easy thing, or that it is to be carried out with a certainty of success at the first trial, under new and difficult conditions? The system of the Gothic decorations took eight hundred years to mature, gathering its power by undivided inheritance of traditional method, and unbroken accession of systematic power; from its culminating point in the Sainte Chapelle,[1] it faded through four hundred years of

[1] [Compare Vol. VI. p. 436, and Vol. XIV. p. 496.]

splendid decline; now for two centuries it has lain dead—and more than so—buried; and more than so, forgotten, as a dead man out of mind;[1] do you expect to revive it out of those retorts and furnaces of yours, as the cloud-spirit of the Arabian sea rose from beneath the seals of Solomon?[2] Perhaps I have been myself faultfully answerable for this too eager hope in your mind (as well as in that of others) by what I have urged so often respecting the duty of bringing out the power of subordinate workmen in decorative design.[3] But do you think I meant workmen trained (or untrained) in the way that ours have been until lately, and then cast loose on a sudden, into unassisted contentions with unknown elements of style? I meant the precise contrary of this; I meant workmen as we have yet to create them: men inheriting the instincts of their craft through many generations, rigidly trained in every mechanical art that bears on their materials, and familiarized from infancy with every condition of their beautiful and perfect treatment; informed and refined in manhood, by constant observation of all natural fact and form; then classed, according to their proved capacities, in ordered companies, in which every man shall know his part, and take it calmly and without effort or doubt — indisputably well, — unaccusably accomplished—mailed and weaponed *cap-à-pie* for his place and function. Can you lay your hand on such men? or do you think that mere natural good-will and good-feeling can at once supply their place? Not so—and the more faithful and earnest the minds you have to deal with, the more careful you should be not to urge them towards fields of effort, in which, too early committed, they can only be put to unserviceable defeat.

Nor can you hope to accomplish by rule or system what

[1] [Psalms xxxi. 12.]

[2] [See "The Story of the Fisherman" in the *Arabian Nights*. The bottle found by the fisherman had its mouth closed with a stopper of lead bearing the impression of the magic seal of Solomon. When the stopper was extracted "there came forth nothing but smoke, which ascended towards the sky"; but after a while the smoke condensed, and a cloud-spirit was materialised (Lane's edition, 1889, vol. i. p. 71).]

[3] [See especially *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. vi.]

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cannot be done by individual taste. The laws of colour are definable up to certain limits, but they are not yet defined. So far are they from definition, that the last, and, on the whole, best work on the subject (Sir Gardner Wilkinson's) declares the "colour concords" of preceding authors to be discords, and *vice versâ*.[1]

18. Much, therefore, as I love colour decoration when it is rightly given, and essential as it has been felt by the great architects of all periods to the completion of their work, I would not, in your place, endeavour to carry out such decoration at present, in any elaborate degree, in the interior of the Museum. Leave it for future thought; above all, try no experiments. Let small drawings be made of the proposed arrangements of colour in every room; have them altered on the paper till you feel they are right; then carry them out firmly and simply; but, observe, with as delicate execution as possible. Rough work is good in its place, three hundred feet above the eye, on a cathedral front, but not in the interior of rooms, devoted to studies in which everything depends upon accuracy of touch and keenness of sight.

19. With respect to this finishing, by the last touches bestowed on the *sculpture* of the building, I feel painfully the harmfulness of any ill-advised parsimony at this moment. For it may, perhaps, be alleged by the advocates of retrenchment, that so long as the building is fit for its uses (and your report[2] is conclusive as to its being so), economy in treatment of external feature is perfectly allowable, and will in nowise diminish the serviceableness of the building in the great objects which its designs regarded. To a certain extent this is true. You have comfortable rooms, I hope sufficient apparatus; and it now depends much more on the professors than on the ornaments of the building, whether

[1] [For Sir Gardner Wilkinson's book *On Colour and the Diffusion of Taste*, published in 1858, see Introduction, above, p. xxx., and below, p. 304 *n.*]

[2] [That is, Acland's account of the interior arrangement of the Museum, contained in the lecture above referred to, p. 207.]

or not it is to become a bright or obscure centre of public instruction. Yet there are other points to be considered. As the building stands at present, there is a discouraging aspect of parsimony about it. One sees that the architect has done the utmost he could with the means at his disposal, and that just at the point of reaching what was right, he has been stopped for want of funds. This is visible in almost every stone of the edifice. It separates it with broad distinctiveness from all the other buildings in the University. It may be seen at once that our other public institutions, and all our colleges—though some of them simply designed—are yet *richly* built, never pinchingly. Pieces of princely costliness, every here and there, mingle among the simplicities or severities of the student's life. What practical need, for instance, have we at Christchurch of the beautiful fan-vaulting[1] under which we ascend to dine? We might have as easily achieved the eminence of our banquets under a plain vault. What need have the readers in the Bodleian of the ribbed traceries which decorate its external walls? Yet, which of those readers would not think that learning was insulted by their removal? And are there any of the students of Balliol devoid of gratitude for the kindly munificence of the man who gave them the beautiful sculptured brackets of their oriel window,[2] when three massy projecting stones would have answered the purpose just as well? In these and also other regarded and pleasant portions of our colleges, we find always a wealthy and worthy completion of all appointed features, which I believe is not without strong, though untraced effect, on the minds of the younger scholars, giving them respect for the branches of learning which these buildings are intended to honour, and increasing, in a certain degree, that sense of the value of delicacy

[1] [The staircase to the Hall, with a fan-roof springing from a single fall, erected for Dean S. Fell in 1640 by one "Smith of London."]

[2] [This is now the window of the Master's dining-room, and looks into the small front quadrangle. There is no record of its builder, but it is supposed to have been part of the original Chapel or Oratory for which the College obtained a papal Bull (Urban V.) in 1364, amplifying a license by the Bishop of Lincoln in 1293. (See F. de Paravicini's *Early History of Balliol College*, 1891, p. 135.)]

and accuracy which is the first condition of advance in those branches of learning themselves.

20. Your Museum, if you now bring it to hurried completion, will convey an impression directly the reverse of this. It will have the look of a place, not where a revered system of instruction is established, but where an unadvised experiment is being disadvantageously attempted.[1] It is yet in your power to avoid this, and to make the edifice as noble in aspect as in function. Whatever chance there may be of failure in interior work, rich ornamentation may be given, without any chance of failure, to just that portion of the exterior which will give pleasure to every passer-by, and express the meaning of the building best to the eyes of strangers. There is, I repeat, no chance of serious failure in this external decoration, because your architect has at his command the aid of men, such as worked with the architects of past times. Not only has the art of Gothic sculpture in part remained, though that of Gothic colour has been long lost, but the unselfish—and, I regret to say, in part self-sacrificing—zeal of two first-rate sculptors, Mr. Munro and Mr. Woolner, which has already given you a series of noble statues,[2] is still at your disposal, to head and systematize the efforts of inferior workmen.

21. I do not know if you will attribute it to a higher estimate than yours of the genius of the O'Shea family,[3] or to a lower estimate of what they have as yet accomplished,

[1] [Here again in the first draft Ruskin was more controversial :—

". . . the reverse of this. Every one will see at a glance that the University held in no honour the branches of learning to which it is devoted. Every one will see in it the contest of zealous and tender individual care with a cold academical content. It will have the look of a place, not where a revered system of instruction is established, but where an unadvised experiment is being disadvantageously attempted. And the great fact of the hesitation of the University in so great a cause will be manifest to all men;—and the verdict of the Future on the entire proceeding will be that she gave this extended direction to her teachings only under pressure of external opinion; that she chose the design for her Museum by chance, thwarted its development by her distrust, and carved on its façade the image of her Parsimony."]

[2] [See above, Introduction, p. li., for the particulars. For Munro and Woolner, see Vol. XIV. p. 119 *n.*]

[3] [See above, Introduction, pp. xlix., lix.]

that I believe they will, as they proceed, produce much better ornamental sculpture than any at present completed in the Museum. It is also to be remembered that sculptors are able to work for us with a directness of meaning which none of our painters could bring to their task, even were they disposed to help us. A painter is scarcely excited to his strength, but by subjects full of circumstance, such as it would be difficult to suggest appropriately in the present building; but a sculptor has room enough for his full power in the portrait statues, which are necessarily the leading features of good Gothic decoration. Let me pray you, therefore, so far as you have influence with the delegacy, to entreat their favourable consideration of the project stated in Mr. Greswell's appeal,[1]—the enrichment of the doorway, and the completion of the sculpture of the West Front.[2] There is a reason for desiring such a plan to be carried out, of wider reach than any bearing on the interests of the Museum itself. I believe that the elevation of all arts in England to their true dignity, depends principally on our recovering that unity of purpose in sculptors and architects, which characterized the designers of all great Christian buildings. Sculpture, separated from architecture, always degenerates into effeminacies and conceits;[3] architecture, stripped of sculpture, is at best a convenient arrangement of dead walls; associated, they not only adorn, but reciprocally exalt each other, and give to all the arts of the country in which they thus exist, a correspondent tone of majesty.

22. But I would plead for the enrichment of this doorway by portrait sculpture, not so much even on any of these important grounds, as because it would be the first

[1] [For the Rev. Richard Greswell (one of the "Twelve Good Men" in Dean Burgon's *Lives*), see Vol. III. p. 674 *n*. He had published in 1853 a "Memorial on the proposed Oxford University Lecture-rooms, Library, Museums," etc.; the reference here must be to some privately-issued circular urging the further embellishment of the Museum, of which from first to last he was one of the warmest supporters.]

[2] [For particulars of the actual state of the Museum in this respect, see Introduction, above, p. lii.]

[3] [On this subject, see (among many other places) *Seven Lamps*, Vol. VIII. p. 11, and *Two Paths*, §§ 115, 123 (below, pp. 357, 361).]

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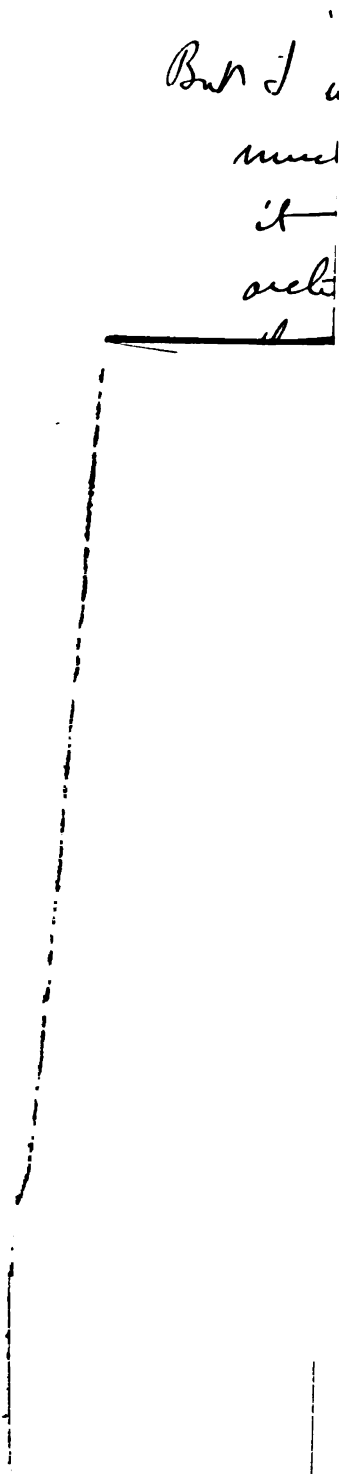
A Window of the Oxford Museum

(The Sculptor Fisher at Work)



example in modern English architecture of the real value and right place of commemorative statues. We seem never to know at present where to put such statues. In the midst of the blighted trees of desolate squares, or at the crossings of confused streets, or balanced on the pinnacles of pillars, or riding across the tops of triumphal arches, or blocking up the aisles of cathedrals,—in none of these positions, I think, does the portrait statue answer its purpose. It may be a question whether the erection of such statues is honourable to the erectors, but assuredly it is not honourable to the persons whom it pretends to commemorate; nor is it any wise matter of exultation to a man who has deserved well of his country, to reflect that he may one day encumber a crossing, or disfigure a park gate. But there is no man of worth or heart, who would not feel it a high and priceless reward that his statue should be placed where it might remind the youth of England of what had been exemplary in his life, or useful in his labours, and might be regarded with no empty reverence, no fruitless pensiveness, but with the emulative, eager, unstinted passionateness of honour, which youth pays to the dead leaders of the cause it loves, or discoverers of the light by which it lives. To be buried under weight of marble, or with splendour of ceremonial, is still no more than burial. But to be remembered daily, with profitable tenderness, by the activest intelligences of the nation we have served, and to have power granted even to the shadows of the poor features, sunk into dust, still to warn, to animate, to command, as the father's brow rules and exalts the toil of his children: this is not burial, but immortality.[1]

23. There is, however, another kind of portraiture, already richly introduced in the works of the Museum; the portraiture, namely, of flowers and animals, respecting which I must ask you to let me say a few selfish, no less than congratulatory words:—selfish, inasmuch as they bear on this

[1] [This passage was quoted in a letter to the *Times* (August 25, 1900) in defence of the sculptured memorial of Ruskin, then about to be placed in Westminster Abbey.]

visible exposition of a principle which it has long been one of my most earnest aims to maintain. We English call ourselves a practical people; but, nevertheless, there are some of our best and most general instincts which it takes us half-centuries to put into practice. Probably no educated Englishman or Englishwoman has ever, for the last forty years, visited Scotland, with leisure on their hands, without making a pilgrimage to Melrose; nor have they ever, I suppose, accomplished the pilgrimage without singing to themselves the burden of Scott's description of the Abbey. Nor in that description (may it not also be conjectured?) do they usually feel any couplets more deeply than the—

> "Spreading herbs and flowerets bright
> Glistened with the dew of night.
> No herb nor floweret glistened there
> But was carved in the cloister arches as fair."[1]

And yet, though we are raising every year in England new examples of every kind of costly and variously intended buildings,—ecclesiastical, civil, and domestic,—none of us, through all that period, had boldness enough to put the pretty couplets into simple practice. We went on, even in the best Gothic work we attempted, clumsily copying the rudest ornaments of previous buildings; we never so much as dreamed of learning from the monks of Melrose, and seeking for help beneath the dew that sparkled on their "gude kail" garden.*

> * "The monks of Melrose made good kail
> On Friday, when they fasted."

The kail leaf is the one principally employed in the decorations of the abbey.[2]

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[1] [*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto ii. st. vii. Ruskin quoted from memory; the first word in the third line is "Nor."]

[2] [This footnote appeared as above in the original editions of *The Oxford Museum*. The lines (in which "good" should be "gude" and "Friday" "Fridays") were quoted by Ruskin from Scott's *Abbot* (ch. xvi.) and *Monastery* (Introductory Epistle). They come, no doubt, from one of the *Gude and Godlie Ballatis*, which were among the earliest hymns of the Reformation in Scotland. The "Ballatis" are also known as "The Wedderburn Psalms" or "Psalms of Dundee" from their authors, James, John, and Robert Wedderburn, of Dundee. The earliest known edition of the "Ballatis" is dated 1567. (See *A Compendious Book of Godly and Spiritual Songs, commonly known as "The Gude and Godlie Ballatis."* Edited by Dr. A. F. Mitchell. Blackwood, 1897, p. 206, *et passim*).]

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Design for a Proposed Window in the Oxford Museum

From a drawing in the possession of Miss Acland

24. Your Museum at Oxford is literally the first building raised in England since the close of the fifteenth century, which has fearlessly put to new trial this old faith in nature, and in the genius of the unassisted workman, who gathered out of nature the materials he needed. I am entirely glad, therefore, that you have decided on engraving for publication one of O'Shea's capitals;[1] it will be a complete type of the whole work, in its inner meaning, and far better to show one of them in its completeness, than to give any reduced sketch of the building. Nevertheless, beautiful as that capital is, and as all the rest of O'Shea's work is likely to be, it is not yet perfect Gothic sculpture; and it might give rise to dangerous error, if the admiration given to these carvings were unqualified.

25. I cannot, of course, enter in this letter into any discussion of the question, more and more vexed among us daily, respecting the due meaning and scope of conventionalism in treatment of natural form; but I may state briefly what, I trust, will be the conclusion to which all this "vexing" will at last lead our best architects.

The highest art in all kinds is that which conveys the most truth; and the best ornamentation possible would be the painting of interior walls with frescoes by Titian, representing perfect Humanity in colour; and the sculpture of exterior walls by Phidias, representing perfect Humanity in form. Titian and Phidias are precisely alike in their conception and treatment of nature—everlasting standards of the right.

Beneath ornamentation, such as men like these could bestow, falls in various rank, according to its subordination

[1] [The shaft in question is the last one on the Lower Arcade (north side, going east). The following is Professor Phillips's account of it (*Oxford Museum*, 1893, p. 30):—

Shaft.	Capital and Corbels ("c.").	
Devonian limestone, St. Mary Church.	*Filices*	c. Hart's tongue, Lastrea cristata. Ferns, Scolopendrium vulgare, Blechnum boreale, Lastrea, Filix mas. c. Mallow.]

to vulgar uses or inferior places, what is commonly conceived as ornamental art.[1] The lower its office, and the less tractable its material, the less of nature it should contain, until a zigzag becomes the best ornament for the hem of a robe, and a mosaic of bits of glass the best design for a coloured window. But all these forms of lower art are to be conventional only because they are subordinate:—not because conventionalism is in itself a good or desirable thing. All right conventionalism is a wise acceptance of, and compliance with, conditions of restraint or inferiority;—it may be inferiority of our knowledge or power—as in the art of a semi-savage nation; or restraint by reason of material—as in the way the glass painter should restrict himself to transparent hue, and a sculptor deny himself the eyelash and the film of flowing hair, which he cannot cut in marble;—but in all cases whatever, right conventionalism is either a wise acceptance of an inferior place, or a noble display of power under accepted limitation: it is *not* an improvement of natural form into something better or purer than Nature herself.

26. Now this great and most precious principle may be compromised in two quite opposite ways. It is compromised on one side when men suppose that the degradation of a natural form which fits it for some subordinate place is an improvement of it; and that a black profile on a red ground, because it is proper on a water-jug, is therefore an idealization of Humanity, and nobler art than a picture of Titian. And it is compromised equally gravely on the opposite side, when men refuse to submit to the limitation of material and the fitnesses of office;[2]—when they try to produce finished pictures in coloured glass, or substitute the inconsiderate imitation of natural objects for the perfectness of adapted and disciplined design.

[1] [On this subject, see the fuller treatment in *Two Paths*, §§ 61, 67, 75, 77–78, 83 (below, pp. 303, 311, 321 *seq.*).]

[2] [On this subject, compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. Appendix 12 (Vol. X. p. 455), and the other passages there referred to in a note.]

27. There is a tendency in the work of the Oxford Museum to err on this last side; unavoidable, indeed, in the present state of our art-knowledge—and less to be regretted in a building devoted to natural science than in any other: nevertheless, I cannot close this letter without pointing it out, and warning the general reader against supposing that the ornamentation of the Museum is, or can be as yet, a representation of what Gothic work will be, when its revival is complete. Far more severe, yet more perfect and lovely, that work will involve, under sterner conventional restraint, the expression not only of natural form, but of all vital and noble natural law. For the truth of decoration is never to be measured by its imitative power, but by its suggestive and informative power. In the annexed spandrel of the iron-work of our roof,[1] for instance, the horse-chestnut leaf and nut are used as the principal elements of form; they are not ill-arranged, and produce a more agreeable effect than convolutions of the iron could have given, unhelped by any reference to natural objects. Nevertheless, I do not call it an absolutely good design; for it would have been possible,

Fig. 1

[1] [By Mr. Skidmore, of Coventry: see above, Introduction, p. li.]

with far severer conventional treatment of the iron bars, and stronger constructive arrangement of them, to have given vigorous expression, not of the shapes of leaves and nuts only, but of their peculiar radiant or fanned expansion, and other conditions of group and growth in the tree; which would have been just the more beautiful and interesting, as they would have arisen from deeper research into nature, and more adaptive modifying power in the designer's mind, than the mere leaf termination of a riveted scroll.

28. I am compelled to name these deficiencies, in order to prevent misconception of the principles we are endeavouring to enforce; but I do not name them as at present to be avoided, or even much to be regretted. They are not chargeable either on the architect, or on the subordinate workmen; but only on the system which has for three centuries withheld all of us from healthy study; and although I doubt not that lovelier and juster expressions of the Gothic principle will be ultimately aimed at by us, than any which are possible in the Oxford Museum, its builders will never lose their claim to our chief gratitude, as the first guides in a right direction; and the building itself—the first exponent of the recovered truth—will only be the more venerated the more it is excelled.

Believe me, my dear Acland,

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

J Ruskin

Allen & Co

Design for a Proposed Balcony in the Oxford Museum

From a drawing in the possession of Miss Acland

APPENDIX

PREFACE TO REPRINT OF "THE OXFORD MUSEUM," 1893

[By Sir HENRY ACLAND]

Thirty-four years have elapsed since the few pages which follow have been out of print in their present form.

A third edition of the little volume was published in 1861 [1] by an editor, at a time when I was deeply engaged and unable to attend to any unnecessary work. After it had been printed I was much concerned to find that Mr. Ruskin's Letters had been omitted, being informed that they were to be separately published. Since that time I have taken no further interest in issues of the volume, for its value mainly depended on the Address being accompanied by Mr. Ruskin's Letters, and the Letters by the Address. I have been repeatedly pressed of late years to reissue them together. For this and for other reasons I consent. These reasons are closely related to the state of Science and of Art in the middle of this century, and specially to Mr. Ruskin's connexion with the advance of modern Thought and Education. Now that the building, incomplete as it still is, is devoted to the actual work of Science, the history of its Art is practically forgotten. The Address was given in 1858, by their desire, to Architectural Societies while the Museum was still in course of erection. There were two reasons why the building excited their attention.

The one, a general interest in the progress and development of Scientific Education in the old University.

The other, interest in the manner in which the edifice was being erected, and in the persons who were concerned therein.

It was widely known that the object, and the method of carrying it out, were then violently opposed in the University. Every grant was carried in Convocation by a narrow majority. That for the gas-pipes for lighting the Court, for instance, was carried. That for the burners was lost by two. It is often supposed that this was chiefly owing to a dominant theological party. This was not the fact. It is true that one Vice-Chancellor, a religious leader, gave as the reason of his opposition that Science tends to Infidelity—a strange argument for a believer in a Creator. But it is also true that Dr. Pusey, then, except Mr. Newman, perhaps the greatest

[1] [A mistake for 1866: see above, p. 208.]

power in the University, replying to a young teacher of science, who asked whether it was to be counted a danger and an evil if he sought faithfully to discharge the duty committed to his care, said: "The desire to acquire scientific knowledge and the power to attain it are alike the gift of God, and are to be used as such. While I see you reverently acting in this sense you may rely on my help, whenever I can give it." Ten years afterwards, the final vote in Convocation for the Museum would have been lost but for Dr. Pusey and his friends, who supported Dr. Cotton, the then Vice-Chancellor, when he took a wider and truer view of man and of truth than his predecessor.

When, at the competition for designs, two were selected—one Gothic, by Sir Thomas Deane and Mr. Woodward, one Renaissance, by Mr. Barry —Mr. Ruskin strongly advocated the Gothic, not so much perhaps for the actual design, as for the relative value of Gothic Architecture. It was quite understood that no building could be satisfactorily completed for the proposed amount, and provide what the several Professors even at that time required. Economy, not completeness, was practically the first object with even the majority. One condition, therefore, with those who were in earnest, was an Architecture which readily lent itself to extension in any direction, as enlargement was called for. Now this was essentially the character of every period of good Gothic. The actual design attracted much attention, more even than the contest whether modern Science should really find a worthy dwelling-place in Oxford. That point was now settled. Henceforward it was with the Science workers a matter of care that the building should be rapidly completed, and fitted for scientific work in the most practical manner. But Mr. Ruskin and others felt heartily that a larger debt than that was due to the Scientific study of Nature. "Nature," said Sir Thomas Browne, "is the Art of God." The University owed both to the Nation and to the student of Nature, however simple and self-denying his ways, that his surroundings should be at least as decent and as convenient for his studies as are the Libraries to the student of Letters, the Common Room or the College Halls to the recreation of the scholars. Once on a time any place was good enough for a Medical Student. The neglect of him by Governments was a proverb. What was the result? A surgeon of note was shown to me when I entered my profession, as the one man strong enough to carry away a body under each arm from a graveyard, for the "body snatchers" at a "Resurrection party." When for the first time I opened the door of a dissecting-room, a stalwart porter in blue apron, shirt sleeves tucked up, threw towards the lofty skylight a black and putrid human head, and, kicking out his foot in jest, called out to the students: "Who wants a kick?" and caught his football in his hands. In so far as surroundings in work can influence the tone of those who enter them, Ruskin and his friends helped to make association of this kind impossible, and students of medicine would not now tolerate them. They are banished for ever.

I must not say more on this point, for Ruskin's Letters, now happily republished here, together with the slight sketch in the Address to which they refer, say that which I could never say. The studies of the Museum are the study of the Universe in a National University; of Nature in its Unity, and in its several component parts, in its history, in its relation to her Maker

and to Man. Mr. Ruskin was worthily supported by the then young artists who as Pre-Raphaelite Brothers presently attained their great reputation, as well as by Mr. Watts and Mr. Woolner and others. I must not here attempt to describe how this happened, or what they did. They gathered with enthusiasm round Ruskin and Woodward. Dante Rossetti, Morris, Alexander Munro, Millais, Holman Hunt, Pollen, Woolner, aided every step with the deepest interest. Several painted—unpaid—historical designs on the large roof of the Union Library which Woodward built. Munro executed four of the five statues, most generously, most helpfully given by Her Gracious Majesty. Under the inspiration of these Artists the workmen designed capitals illustrating the natural orders of plants. Friends gave the polished shafts, more than one hundred in number, to illustrate British Rocks: Ruskin, three hundred pounds to improve the work of one set of windows. The University was not asked to contribute one of these. Love of Art, Love of Nature, Love of Science, Love of working men, in their several bearings, practical, poetical, heart-lifting, animated all concerned. As I look back over the thirty-nine years, I feel that Ruskin, Woodward, and Deane were the centre of all. Much might (and one day should) be said of the direction of work and thought when the Museum, though incomplete both for Science and for Art, became, unfinished as it was, the chief Laboratory of the University for instruction and research. It has had a chequered career, in which there are, and must be, for joy and for hope, some things to regret.

Unwilling as I am to add one mournful touch to a story of effort and success, it would be unjust to Mr. Ruskin and unfair to the Museum and my readers not to record here how the Museum became, some twenty years afterwards, the cause of Mr. Ruskin's resignation, and of his withdrawal from Oxford. In 1881 Professor Rolleston, who had been the first Professor of Anatomy and Physiology after the Museum was erected,—a man of rare acquirements, noble heart, and indomitable energy,—was taken from us. We had long felt that his Professorship, important as its establishment had been in its first form, embraced a range of biological subjects too great for any man in the rapid growth of Science. It was therefore on his death divided into a Chair of Anatomy and a Chair of Physiology. To the former Chair Rolleston's favourite pupil Moseley, whom he had trained, and for whom with true insight he had obtained the post of Naturalist to H.M.S. *Challenger*, was appointed; to the latter, Dr. Burdon-Sanderson, already famous for the breadth and depth of his biological knowledge, normal and abnormal, and specially of medicine, scientific and pathological. The University voted at once a large sum for the construction of Physiological Laboratories on Dr. Sanderson's designs. Afterwards, when a grant of £500 a year was proposed to Convocation for carrying on the work in them, a violent concerted opposition was organized: non-residents were brought up from all parts of the country, and a scene ensued in the Sheldonian Theatre such as in the last half century has but once before been witnessed. The attack was led with intense earnestness by the late Professor Freeman. The objection was the practical recognition of vivisection, in which Professor Sanderson was a famous expert, and author of an important manual thereon. The grant was carried. Mr. Ruskin resigned his Professorship by a formal letter to the Vice-Chancellor.

This is not the place to enter upon the merits of experimental researches on living beings except in relation to Mr. Ruskin. Few probably would now doubt that the time was already past for taking the course which he felt to be his duty. The Professor had been appointed. His laboratories had been erected. To make the work, judged by him to be right, impossible was hopelessly illogical. Moreover, a large part of physiological instruction does not involve fresh experiments on living animals, and none can be performed in England before students without special license granted under the Act of Parliament. But the sad fact of Mr. Ruskin's decision remains. How did it happen? Had he not till now been aware that much of modern Physiology rested upon experiment on animals while their structures, marvellous and complex, were capable of being observed in action? or was it that his sympathetic character was stirred by sudden impulse, so that he refused, as a Member of the University, to be personally responsible for that which his whole nature abhorred? Is he wholly wrong? The temper, perhaps, of the age replies, wholly. His voice for controversy is now silent. I have neither his speech nor his pen. But I write now at Brantwood, in the Holy Land, as it has been called, of Wordsworth; and looking back on the history of Ruskin's life and character, I am not surprised.

It is a great error, however, to think of Ruskin as without scientific insight. He might have written Wordsworth's pregnant lines:

> "Yet do I exult,
> Casting reserve away, exult to see
> An intellectual mastery exercised
> O'er the blind elements; a purpose given,
> A perseverance fed; almost a soul
> Imparted to brute matter. I rejoice
> Measuring the force of those gigantic powers
> That, by the thinking mind, have been compelled
> To serve the will of feeble-bodied Man."

Still more would Ruskin have been disposed to sing:

> "To every Form of being is assigned
> An active principle: however removed
> From sense and observation it subsists
> In all things, in all natures, in the stars
> Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,
> In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
> That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,
> The moving waters, and the invisible air.
> Whate'er exists hath properties that spread
> Beyond itself, communicating good,
> A simple blessing, or with evil mixed.
> Spirit that knows no insulated spot,
> No chasm, no solitude: from link to link
> It circulates, the soul of all the worlds.
> This is the freedom of the Universe,
> Unfolded still the more, more visible
> The more we know."

We can imagine Ruskin saying with Wordsworth: "The poet . . . converses with general nature, with affections akin to those which through

labour and length of time the man of science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of Nature which are the objects of his studies."

But the whole nature of Ruskin resists the limited study of Nature which takes a part for the whole, which studies the material structure of Man, forgetting the higher aspirations and properties for which that structure seems to exist on earth—to bring him into communion with the Infinite—and through the Infinite to the love of all things living with Man or for him.

The affection which burns within him for the lowliest of men, he extends in their degree to all creatures that live and feel, while he dwells with keenest insight on the beauty and action and structure of all created things, bringing in more than one direction a vigour of language and of thought scarce ever rivalled, never surpassed.

I was grieved (though I am aware many do not agree with me), in relation to the higher appreciation of Nature, when it was decided not to attach portions of the Botanical Gardens to the precincts of the Museum, bringing the living flora to illustrate and be illustrated by the extinct. I regretted also that the opportunity was lost for making suitable arrangements, in the eighty acres then purchased, for the study of such animals, whether in health or disease, as might maintain a constant interest and delight in Life in action, in as many forms as could be conveniently displayed.[1] Life in action, with the habits thereto pertaining, is a study as worthy as is the machinery which makes, preserves, and brings it to a close. It is a fault in most museums that only the mechanism of life and not its living actions are displayed. Sir William Flower to some extent, and as far perhaps as London needs, has remedied this.

These general thoughts may seem strange to those in Oxford who, from imperfect knowledge, desire to change the Museum into a so-called "medical school." They perhaps have not reflected on the loss that they will inflict on the Profession of Medicine if they succeed. Forty years ago it was hoped to add to the wide Philosophical, Historical, Theological life of the old University the means for similar study of the material Universe considered alike in its Unity and in its special parts. It was felt this would harmonise with, and supply, the missing link in the aims of the old education. The opportunities were to be open to all, for whatever walk in life destined. Adapt it only to one Profession such as Medicine, you rob all others of the larger opportunity, and—which is even worse—persuade future Oxford graduates that Medicine has no relation to Science as a whole; that it is a specialism, grounded on itself alone, and that the essence of its education is to prepare by schedules for passing examinations. No greater educational fallacy can exist. To give colour to it is a cruelty to all our youth. Our best students already feel this to be so. The foundation by them of the

[1] In the Appendix [*i.e.*, to Acland's book, 1893 ed.] the Laboratories rebuilt or added to the Museum since its first erection are shown on a ground plan, namely, for the Departments of Physics, of Chemistry, of Physiology, of Comparative Anatomy, of Human Anatomy, of Geology, besides the Pitt-Rivers Museum and its work-rooms, and the Astronomical Observatory. More space is required, notably for the Radcliffe Library, a large Lecture Room, and the Hope Collections. The University can provide as many acres as from time to time are needed without detriment to the Parks.

Robert Boyle Lecture is a proof. Wider views are held by the best thinkers, even for our Elementary and Government Schools. The conception is a relic of days of ignorance. The function of the Oxford Museum towards Medicine is to train good scientific observers and thinkers, to become observers and thinkers in pathological and therapeutic and preventive processes. They will then, I hope, enter the vast field of disease which is seen in the great hospitals of the Metropolis, or other centres of large and diversely occupied populations, as broadly educated and really thoughtful men.

May the reader forgive these truisms, repeated after fifty years, in old age, but not without need! The conception of Education in the last few years has been greatly extended among the masses; their aims are no doubt in several respects more technical, but also more philosophical and literary. In the North of England and in Scotland, a miner or a "mill-hand" may be now heard discussing Butler's *Analogy*, George Eliot, or Herbert Spencer, as they do portions of Roscoe, Tait, and Huxley. Biology, normal and abnormal, in its widest relations, is not absent from the Higher Schools or Colleges for young women, some of whom so trained will spend active lives in the administration of Hospitals and Work-houses with gifts intellectual and personal unknown till now. There is a great change in the influence of the Universities, whether for abstract or applied Science, whether theoretical or practical. The effects of University Extension and of the Evening Classes under the New Code of Education on the national character of the masses can hardly as yet be foreseen. They have a manifest bearing also on the future of the deeper and higher education of the professional classes. To train well-educated men to be Science Teachers under County Councils and in Secondary Schools throughout the Country, is an important and much needed function for Oxford. It will, moreover, open prospects for the highly-trained Graduates through the Natural Science Honour School, who are already increasing in number, and are beginning to do much original work in the several Science Laboratories.

More words from me are now unnecessary. I conclude therefore by here recording a message given me to-day at Brantwood by Mr. Ruskin, when he knew that the following Address on the Oxford Museum was to be again published, together with his Letters, after a separation of thirty years.

> *"Say to my friends in the Oxford Museum from me, May God bless the reverent and earnest study of Nature and of Man, to His glory, to the better teaching of the Future, to the benefit of our Country, and to the good of all Mankind.*
>
> *"JOHN RUSKIN.*
>
> "BRANTWOOD, CONISTON,
> "*August* 14, 1893."

These pregnant words from the veteran friend of the Institute for the study of Nature in Oxford, are commended to the generations who will there use the opportunities, and advance the means, which he earnestly helped for many years to obtain for them.

HENRY W. ACLAND.

IV

THE TWO PATHS

(1859)

THE TWO PATHS:

BEING

LECTURES ON ART

AND ITS APPLICATION TO

DECORATION AND MANUFACTURE,
DELIVERED IN 1858–9.

BY

JOHN RUSKIN, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MODERN PAINTERS," "STONES OF VENICE," "SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE," "ELEMENTS OF DRAWING," ETC.

WITH TWO PLATES.

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

1859.

[*The right of Translation is reserved.*]

[*Bibliographical Note.*—With regard to editions of this book, it should be noted that the first edition contained two plates and several other illustrations (in Appendices iii. and v.) which have not been reproduced until the present edition.

Reports of the several lectures appeared at the time of their delivery in the press as follow :—

Lecture i. In the *Building News*, January 22, 1858; and scarcely less fully in the *Builder*, January 16, 1858.

Lecture ii. See below.

Lecture iii. In the *Bradford Observer*, March 3, 1859.

Lecture iv. In the *Builder*, vol. xv., No. 730, January 31, 1857, pp. 64–65.

Lecture v. In the *Tunbridge Wells Gazette*, February 19, 1858.

Of the collected volume, the editions are as follow :—

First Edition (1859).—The title-page was as shown here on the preceding page. Crown 8vo, pp. xii. + 271. Preface (here pp. 251–254), pp. v.–x.; Contents, p. xi.; Text, pp. 1–250; Appendices, pp. 251–271. The two plates were printed as the frontispiece and facing p. 187; the other illustrations, on pp. 260, 267, 268, 269. Imprint (in the centre of the last page)—"London : Printed by Smith, Elder & Co., Little Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey, E.C." The headlines (left and right hand pages) correspond with the titles of the several lectures. Some of the copies have inserted at the end a 24-paged catalogue of Works published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. In this, "Mr. Ruskin's Works on Art" occupy pp. 7, 8, and at the end of them is announced "A Portrait of John Ruskin, Esq., Engraved by F. Holl, from a Drawing by George Richmond. Prints, One Guinea; India Proofs, Two Guineas" (see Frontispiece to the present volume).

Issued on May 10, 1859, in purple (or occasionally brown) cloth boards, with an ornamental design stamped on the cover. Price 7s. 6d.

Copies of the first edition in good condition have in recent years fetched in the auction rooms prices varying from £1 to £2, 15s.

Second Edition (1878).—This was in the "Works" edition, the title-page for the collected series being "The | Works of John Ruskin, | Honorary Student of Christ Church, Oxford. | Volume X. | The Two Paths. | [Rose] | George Allen | Sunnyside, | Orpington, Kent. | 1878." Then came the title-page of the particular volume :—

> The Two Paths : | Being | Lectures on Art, | and its application to | Decoration and Manufacture, | Delivered in 1858–9. | By John Ruskin, LL.D., | Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Slade Professor of Fine Art. | New Edition. | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | 1878. | [*The right of Translation is reserved.*]

Octavo, pp. xiv. + 232. "Preface to the Edition of 1878" (here pp. 255, 256),

pp. v.–vi.; Preface to the First Edition, pp. vii.–xii.; Contents, p. xiii.; Text, pp. 1–213; Appendices, pp. 217–232. Headlines as in ed. 1. Imprint (at foot of reverse of second title-page, and at foot of last page)—"Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, London and Aylesbury." Issued on March 4, 1878, in "Ruskin" purple cloth, with gilt edges, tooled, and lettered across the back "Ruskin. | Works. | Vol. | X. | The | Two | Paths." Price 18s., or 9s. 6d. to original subscribers.

In July 1882 some of the sheets then remaining were put up in "mottled grey" paper boards, with white paper back label, lettered "Ruskin. | Works. | Vol. X. | The Two Paths." Price 13s.

Third Edition (1884).—An exact reprint of the Second, except that the General and Individual title-pages are both dated "1884," and to the latter are added the words "Second Thousand" above the publisher's imprint. Not issued till July 1885. Issued in "Ruskin Calf" at 18s., and in mottled grey boards at 13s. (Reduced in July 1900 to 14s. 6d. calf, and 7s. 6d. in green cloth.)

Small (*Fourth*) *Edition* (1887).—The title-page was:—

> The Two Paths: | being | Lectures on Art | and its application to | Decoration and Manufacture, | delivered in 1858–9. | By | John Ruskin, LL.D., | Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Honorary Fellow | of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | 1887. | [All rights reserved.]

Crown 8vo, pp. xvi. + 270. "Preface to the Re-issue of 1878," pp. vii.–viii.; "Preface to the First Edition (1859)," pp. ix.–xiii.; Contents, p. xv.; Text, pp. 1–246; Appendices, pp. 249–270. Imprint (at foot of reverse of title-page and at foot of last page)—"Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury." Issued in June 1887 in cloth boards (some dark green, others chocolate). Price 5s. 3000 copies printed. The text is an exact reprint of the Second Edition.

Re-issues of the Small Edition in November 1891 (2000 copies); June 1896 (1000); November 1898 (1000); June 1900 (1000); November 1901 (1000). That of 1896 first contained an Index (compiled by Mr. Wedderburn), pp. 271–299, the second imprint being transferred to p. 299. The pagination of the re-issues is different at the beginning also, namely, pp. xiv. instead of xvi. (two blank pages being included in the pagination of the first issue in this form. The issue now current is dated 1901, and is called "Fifteenth Thousand" (*i.e.*, from the first publication).

Pocket (*Fifth*) *Edition* (1904).—This is a page for page reprint of the later issues (with index) of the Fourth, but the title-page (enclosed in an ornamental floral border) is different; viz.:—

> The Two Paths [red] | By | John Ruskin | London: George Allen.

On the reverse is printed "February 1904 | All rights reserved." Foolscap 8vo. Issued with gilt tops in limp terra-cotta cloth (2s. 6d.), and in limp red leather (3s. 6d.). Lettered on the back "Ruskin | The | Two | Paths | [floral

scroll] George | Allen," and on the front side is a small reproduction of the autograph "John Ruskin" (see Vol. XV. p. 6). 3000 copies were printed; and in April 1904 again 3000.

Unauthorised American Editions have been numerous; in various styles and at various prices; some of these include representations of the steel-plates.

An *Authorised American Edition* ("Brantwood Edition"), uniform with the small edition of 1887, was published at New York in 1891, with an Introduction by Charles Eliot Norton (pp. v.–x.).

Reviews of *The Two Paths* appeared in the *Globe*, May 26, 1859; *Athenæum*, May 28; *Spectator*, May 28; *Press*, May 28; *Daily News*, June 3; *Leader*, June 4; *Literary Gazette*, June 4; *Illustrated London News*, June 18; *Illustrated Times*, June 18; *Morning Advertiser*, June 9; *Saturday Review*, August 27; *Economist*, October 15.

Separate Edition of Lecture ii., "The Unity of Art" (1859).—The title-page of this pamphlet, the publication of which preceded that of *The Two Paths*, is:—

> The | Unity of Art. | By | John Ruskin, Esq., M.A. | Delivered at the Annual Meeting of the | Manchester School of Art, | February 22nd, 1859. | Manchester: | Printed by Thos. Sowler and Sons, St. Ann's Square. | 1859.

Octavo, pp. 38. Preface, pp. 3–4. For the sake of completeness this is here reprinted:—

PREFACE.

"A FEW introductory words are needed in presenting the following Address by Mr. Ruskin to the public. Needed, as a means of explaining the nature of the occasion when Mr. Ruskin's words had utterance; and again, because the Author of the Address was precluded, by other avocations, from performing the usual editorial corrections and alterations due to his own thoughts, and desired the writer of these words to fulfil these obligations. It becomes indispensable, therefore, to withdraw from Mr. Ruskin all censure for mere clerical errors, or indeed from any mistakes that may have arisen from a dependence (almost exclusively) upon the notes of a shorthand writer.

"The occasion which was graced by the eloquence of Mr. Ruskin, and rendered memorable by the manliness and nobleness of his words, was an annual meeting of the Manchester School of Art. It was peculiar, because it was a meeting at which those best able to know gave a peculiarly glowing account of the operations of an Institution which had previously exhibited very various phase of fortune, but seemed to have attained a position of permanent usefulness and success. It seemed, therefore, opportune to call in the friendly countenance of a gentleman who has, perhaps (to the present writer's mind), done more to secure healthy feelings to art practice and art reception by the public than any previous or any other living writer.

"Mr. Ruskin acceded to the invitation, and the *vital* consequence to the public is the appearance of the present Address.

"The Council of the School of Art, the present writer and his colleagues, together with the large body of the Pupils of the School, take this public opportunity of very sincerely thanking Mr. Ruskin for his presence, and for his stimulating eloquence.

"Although it is possible and probable that errors may have crept into the report of the following Address, it is obviously unlikely that these will be either numerous or important, when it is known that notes were taken by Mr. H. Pitman, the able Reporter of the *Manchester Courier*.

"In conclusion, the writer would suggest to all those who are interested in the subject of Art Education, or who have the management of Schools of Art in their hands, the vast

importance of seeking fitting opportunities to raise the standard of the School's ideas—stimulating the fervour of the students' minds by such arousing and such ennobling thoughts as those presented in this little pamphlet. Necessarily it will not often happen that Schools can be successful in obtaining the aid of such a writer and speaker as Mr. Ruskin, but in degree some such aid may be secured.

"The writer of this introduction hesitated for a long time whether it would not be better to erase his own name from the body of the Address: it appeared too flattering that his name should be, as it were, perpetuated by association with the speaker's. Vanity, however, triumphed, and it is hoped that the kindly reader of these words will overlook the retention of his name on so tempting and unsought an occasion;—it was voluntarily uttered, and it remains as a lasting testimony of the invaluable kindness of Mr. Ruskin in assisting the writer's endeavours as a public instructor.

"J. A. HAMMERSLEY.

"*School of Art, Manchester,*
March 19*th*, 1859."

Text of the "Address," pp. 5–36; text of Ruskin's speech in response to a vote of thanks, pp. 36–38. This is here reprinted at pp. 316–317 *n*. No headlines, the pages being numbered centrally. Imprint at foot of last page—"Thos. Sowler and Sons, Printers, St. Ann's Square, Manchester." Issued in paper wrappers of a dull brick-red colour, the title-page being reproduced upon the front cover. A few copies were privately printed (no doubt for Ruskin's convenience in revising for publication in book-form) in Imperial 8vo, upon one side of the paper only.

The lecture had already been reported (but not *verbatim*) in the *Manchester Courier*, February 26, 1859; and (more briefly) in the *Manchester Guardian*, February 23, *Manchester Examiner and Times*, February 23; the *Morning Post*, February 24; the *Critic*, February 26; and the *Building News*, March 4.

The pamphlet was *reviewed* in the *Critic*, April 16, 1859.

The greater part of "The Unity of Art" was reprinted as Lecture ii. in *The Two Paths*, and other portions in Lecture i. (see p. 287). The pamphlet was printed, as already stated, from notes taken by Mr. H. Pitman, the reporter of the *Manchester Courier*. As these were not revised by Ruskin, it has not seemed necessary to record *all* the variations between the pamphlet and the text in *Two Paths*; almost every sentence shows some variations, but these are, in general, of small importance. Variations of any substantial interest are recorded in the notes below the text here, and additional passages, which occur in the pamphlet only, are here supplied: see, *e.g.*, pp. 287, 289, 304, 306, 311, 314, 315, 316.

Variæ Lectiones.—The following is a list of the variations between different editions of *The Two Paths* (a few differences of spelling, references to pages and illustrations, etc., not included):—

Preface to First Edition. Line 28, the misprint "Gothics" for "Gothic" has appeared in all editions after the first. Page 253, lines 23–25, the words "Those now substituted . . . so that" are here restored from ed. 1.

Contents. The particulars of the lectures here given in italics do not appear in any previous edition; nor the enumeration of the several appendices.

Lecture i. In eds. 1 and 2 the heading (after the title) was "An Inaugural Lecture, Delivered at the Kensington Museum, January 1858." In his copy

for revision Ruskin noted "Inaugural of what?" Hence a fuller description was given in the small editions. § 1, line 19, "*wilds*" is here italicised in accordance with Ruskin's note in his copy. § 3, line 1, the word "Highland" is here inserted from Ruskin's copy. § 19, line 5, eds. 1 and 2 and MS. read "fact"; later editions have misprinted "facts." § 33 *n.*, "J. T. Laing" in previous editions is here corrected to "J. J. Laing." § 44, line 3, the words "and precious" were not italicised in ed. 1, and the italics have therefore been removed in this edition. § 47, line 39, ed. 1 reads correctly "yourselves"; ed. 2 and all later editions "yourself." § 49, line 6, eds. 1 and 2 read correctly "art"; the misprint "heart" appears in later editions.

Lecture ii. In eds. 1 and 2 the date of the lecture was given incorrectly in the heading as "14th March"; § 57, line 9, see p. 297 *n.*

Lecture iii. In eds. 1 and 2 the day of the month was not given in the heading. § 75, line 20, eds. 1 and 2 "stripes"; the small editions misprint "strips." § 80, eight lines from the end, the reference has here been made applicable to all editions.

Lecture iv. Eds. 1 and 2, the day and the month were not given in the heading. § 99, line 9, eds. 1 and 2 read "signal"; the small editions misprint "single." § 112, last line, "St. Victorien" in previous editions is here corrected to "St. Victoric."

Lecture v. The day of the month was not given in the heading in eds. 1 and 2. § 150, line 8, the MS. and ed. 1 read "wherever" (here restored); all later editions, "whenever." § 161, last line, ed. 1 reads "that" (here restored); all later editions, "those." § 168, line 25, all editions after the first omit "(see frontispiece)." § 169, lines 3–10, they read "It appeared last summer, with convolvulus . . . leaves of iron. It is composed . . ." Similarly, lower down in the section, they omit the references to the appendix; and in § 171, *ad fin.*, ed. 1 reads "In Plate 2, facing page 187," altered here to suit the different pagination, and re-numbering of the Plates, etc.; other editions omit the words "In Plate 2 . . . dark ground."

Appendix i., line 50, ed. 1 reads "a background" (here restored); all later editions, "the background."

Appendix iii. All editions after the first read ". . . illustrated by a woodcut copied . . . ," omitting the words "but I did not," etc.

Appendix iv. See p. 420 *n.*

Appendix v. See p. 421 *n.*

The *headlines* have in this edition been altered.]

PREFACE

[1859]

THE following addresses, though spoken at different times, are intentionally connected in subject; their aim being to set one or two main principles of art in simple light before the general student, and to indicate their practical bearing on modern design. The law which it has been my effort chiefly to illustrate is the dependence of all noble design, in any kind, on the sculpture or painting of Organic Form.

This is the vital law; lying at the root of all that I have ever tried to teach respecting architecture or any other art.[1] It is also the law most generally disallowed.

I believe this must be so in every subject. We are all of us willing enough to accept dead truths or blunt ones; which can be fitted harmlessly into spare niches, or shrouded and coffined at once out of the way, we holding complacently the cemetery keys, and supposing we have learned something. But a sapling truth, with earth at its root and blossom on its branches; or a trenchant truth, that can cut its way through bars and sods, most men, it seems to me, dislike the sight or entertainment of, if by any means such guest or vision may be avoided. And, indeed, this is no wonder; for one such truth, thoroughly accepted, connects itself strangely with others, and there is no saying what it may lead us to.

And thus the gist of what I have tried to teach about architecture has been throughout denied by my architect

[1] [See above, pp. 214–215.]

readers, even when they thought what I said suggestive in other particulars. "Anything but that. Study Italian Gothic?—perhaps it would be as well; build with pointed arches?—there is no objection; use solid stone and well-burnt brick?—by all means; but—learn to carve or paint organic form ourselves! How can such a thing be asked? We are above all that. The carvers and painters are our servants—quite subordinate people. They ought to be glad if we leave room for them."

Well, on that it all turns. For those who will not learn to carve or paint, and think themselves greater men because they cannot, it is wholly wasted time to read any words of mine; in the truest and sternest sense they *can* read no words of mine; for the most familiar I can use—"form," "proportion," "beauty," "curvature," "colour,"—are used in a sense which by no effort I can communicate to such readers; and in no building that I praise is the thing that I praise it for, visible to them.[1]

And it is the more necessary for me to state this fully, because so-called Gothic or Romanesque buildings are now rising every day around us, which might be supposed by the public more or less to embody the principles of those styles, but which embody not one of them, nor any shadow or fragment of them; but merely serve to caricature the noble buildings of past ages, and to bring their form into dishonour by leaving out their soul.[2]

The following addresses are therefore arranged, as I have just stated, to put this great law, and one or two collateral ones, in less mistakable light, securing, even in this irregular form, at least clearness of assertion. For the rest, the question at issue is not one to be decided by argument, but by

[1] [In the first draft of this Preface, Ruskin emphasised yet more strongly the dependence of architecture upon sculpture, continuing here:—

"The best architecture is merely the child's play and bye-work of sculptors and painters; and if ever you learn to carve a finger or draw a leaf rightly you will know that it is so."]

[2] [In this connexion, see Preface to the third edition of *Stones of Venice* (Vol. IX. p. 11).]

experiment, which, if the reader is disinclined to make, all demonstration must be useless to him.

The lectures are for the most part printed as they were read, mending only obscure sentences here and there. The parts which were trusted to extempore speaking are supplied as well as I can remember (only with an addition here and there of things I forgot to say), in the words, or at least the kind of words, used at the time; and they contain, at all events, the substance of what I said more accurately than hurried journal reports.[1] I must beg my readers not in general to trust to such, for even in fast speaking I try to use words carefully; and any alteration of expression will sometimes involve a great alteration in meaning. A little while ago I had to speak of an architectural design, and called it "elegant"—meaning, founded on good and well-"elected" models; the printed report gave "excellent" design (that is to say, design *excellingly* good), which I did not mean, and should, even in the most hurried speaking, never have said.[2]

The illustrations of the lecture on iron were sketches made too roughly to be engraved, and yet of too elaborate subjects to allow of my drawing them completely. Those now substituted will, however, answer the purpose nearly as well, and are more directly connected with the subjects of the preceding lectures; so that I hope throughout the volume the student will perceive an insistence upon one main truth, nor lose in any minor direction of inquiry the sense of the responsibility which the acceptance of that truth fastens upon him; responsibility for choice, decisive and conclusive, between two modes of study, which involve ultimately the development, or deadening, of every power he possesses. I have tried to hold that choice clearly out to him, and to unveil for him to its farthest the issue of his

[1] [In the case, however, of the report of "The Unity of Art," Ruskin admits its general accuracy: see below, p. 293 *n.*]

[2] [The reference is apparently to Ruskin's remarks on an exhibition of photographs of Venetian architecture, where he was reported as noticing some "excellent" specimens of Renaissance architecture: see below, p. 466.]

turning to the right hand or the left. Guides he may find many, and aids many; but all these will be in vain unless he has first recognized the hour and the point of life when the way divides itself, one way leading to the Olive mountains—one to the vale of the Salt Sea. There are few cross-roads, that I know of, from one to the other. Let him pause at the parting of THE TWO PATHS.

PREFACE

[TO THE RE-ISSUE OF 1878]

HERE is another of my books republished at the request of my earnest and kind friend, Mr. Henry Willett;[1] a statement especially due to him, because, in glancing over the sheets as re-issued, I find them full of useful things which I did not know I had said, and should probably have wasted much time in saying again; and I am therefore heartily glad that these four lectures are again made generally readable.

I have no time nor sight now, however, for the revision of old plates: what my eyes can do, must be fresh work: and besides, I own to a very enjoyable pride in making the first editions of my books valuable to their possessors, who found out, before other people, that these writings and drawings really *were* good for something. I have retained therefore in this edition only the woodcuts necessary for the explanation of the text: and the two lovely engravings by Messrs. Cuff and Armytage will, I hope, render the old volume more or less classical among collectors. They were merely its ornaments, and the few references to them are

[1] [An earlier one, so republished, was *Ethics of the Dust* (see Preface to the edition of 1877). It appears from a cancelled passage in the MS. that Mr. Willett, of Arnold House, Brighton, had expressed his willingness to bear any pecuniary risk involved in the republication. Many other references to Mr. Willett will be found in *Fors Clavigera* and elsewhere (see General Index). As a memorial to his friend, Mr. Willett in 1901 presented to the Ashmolean Natural History Society of Oxfordshire a piece of ground, about five acres in extent, comprising woodland, marsh, bog, and water, and containing many rare specimens of animal and vegetable life. The land, which is to be known as "The Ruskin Plot," is to be kept for all time in its natural condition.]

withdrawn from the present edition without the slightest harm to its usefulness.

In other respects I doubt not my publisher's care has made it what it professes to be, an absolute reprint of the former text.

Brantwood,
21st January, 1878.

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THE TWO PATHS

LECTURE I

THE DETERIORATIVE POWER OF CONVENTIONAL ART OVER NATIONS

AN INAUGURAL LECTURE

Delivered at the Opening Meeting of the Architectural Museum, South Kensington Museum, January 13th, 1858.*

1. As I passed, last summer, for the first time, through the north of Scotland,[1] it seemed to me that there was a peculiar painfulness in its scenery, caused by the non-manifestation of the powers of human art. I had never travelled in, nor even heard or conceived of, such a country before; nor, though I had passed much of my life amidst mountain scenery in the south, was I before aware how much of its charm depended on the little gracefulnesses and tendernesses of human work, which are mingled with the beauty of the Alps, or spared by their desolation. It is true that the art.

* A few introductory words, in which, at the opening of this lecture, I thanked the Chairman (Mr. Cockerell), for his support on the occasion, and asked his pardon for any hasty expressions in my writings, which might have seemed discourteous towards him, or other architects whose general opinions were opposed to mine, may be found by those who care for preambles, not much misreported, in the *Building Chronicle;* with such comments as the genius of that journal was likely to suggest to it.[2]

---

[1] [For Ruskin's tour in Scotland in 1857, see Introduction to Vol. VII.]

[2] [The report is now reprinted in the Introduction, above, pp. lv. *seq.* The *Building Chronicle* should be the *Building News.*]

which carves and colours the front of a Swiss cottage is not of any very exalted kind; yet it testifies to the completeness and the delicacy of the faculties of the mountaineer:[1] it is true that the remnants of tower and battlement, which afford footing to the wild vine on the Alpine promontory, form but a small part of the great serration of its rocks; and yet it is just that fragment of their broken outline which gives them their pathetic power, and historical majesty.[2] And this element among the *wilds* of our own country I found wholly wanting. The Highland cottage is literally a heap of gray stones, choked up, rather than roofed over, with black peat and withered heather; the only approach to an effort at decoration consists in the placing of the clods of protective peat obliquely on its roof, so as to give a diagonal arrangement of lines, looking somewhat as if the surface had been scored over by a gigantic claymore.

2. And, at least among the northern hills of Scotland, elements of more ancient architectural interest are equally

[1] [Compare *The Poetry of Architecture*, §§ 38 *seq.*, Vol. I. pp. 31 *seq.*]

[2] [In one of the drafts in MS. for this lecture there is another passage which is of interest. It begins with reference to a Lowland cottage in Switzerland, and continues:—

"Its timbers are wrought into refined and delicately proportioned mouldings, illuminated with purple and blue; its balconies and stair balustrade pierced with prettily imagined foliation, and chequered with the soft shadow of the rose and the vine; its gay garden and trim foreground arranged with serviceable neatness and simple pride; simple, but yet not unaided by ancestral memores (*sic*), remarked by the shields of arms between the two midmost lattice windows under the shadow of the eaves. Nor is the contrast less striking or painful as respects the grander features of the scenery associated with human history. Hasty tourists in Switzerland, eager to explore her recesses of rock and glacier, are unjustly neglectful of the remains of her ancient cities; but after a time the walls and pinnacles of the Alps themselves are hardly more dear to the observant and thoughtful traveller than the noble towers and ramparts of Friburg and Basle, Schaffhausen and Lucerne, to which the popular life and in that life the religion of Europe were trusted in the first storms of the Middle Ages:—nor are the mountain solitudes of the Simplon or St. Gothard independent in their appeal to the imagination of the romantic excitement with which every sensitive mind is affected in its approach to them by the ruins of Sion and Bellinzona. But among the northern hills of Scotland such features of majestic human work are wholly absent; the solitary peel-house or the roofless aisle of the priory are hardly discernible by the windings of the stream, or among the enclosures of the village, and the capital of the Highlands placed where it might ennoble one of the sweetest landscapes . . ."]

absent. The solitary peel-house is hardly discernible by the windings of the stream; the roofless aisle of the priory is lost among the enclosures of the village; and the capital city of the Highlands, Inverness, placed where it might ennoble one of the sweetest landscapes, and by the shore of one of the loveliest estuaries in the world;—placed between the crests of the Grampians and the flowing of the Moray Firth, as if it were a jewel clasping the folds of the mountains to the blue zone of the sea,—is only distinguishable from a distance by one architectural feature, and exalts all the surrounding landscape by no other associations than those which can be connected with its modern castellated gaol.

8. While these conditions of Scottish Highland scenery affected me very painfully, it being the first time in my life that I had been in any country possessing no valuable monuments or examples of art, they also forced me into the consideration of one or two difficult questions respecting the effect of art on the human mind; and they forced these questions upon me eminently for this reason, that while I was wandering disconsolately among the moors of the Grampians, where there was no art to be found, news of peculiar interest were every day arriving from a country where there was a great deal of art, and art of a delicate kind, to be found. Among the models set before you in this institution, and in the others established throughout the kingdom for the teaching of design, there are, I suppose, none in their kind more admirable than the decorated works of India. They are, indeed, in all materials capable of colour,—wool, marble, or metal,—almost inimitable in their delicate application of divided hue, and fine arrangement of fantastic line. Nor is this power of theirs exerted by the people rarely, or without enjoyment; the love of subtle design seems universal in the race, and is developed in every implement that they shape, and every building that they raise; it attaches itself with the same intensity, and with the same success, to the service of superstition,

of pleasure, or of cruelty; and enriches alike, with one profusion of enchanted iridescence, the dome of the pagoda, the fringe of the girdle, and the edge of the sword.[1]

4. So then you have, in these two great populations, Indian and Highland—in the races of the jungle and of the moor—two national capacities distinctly and accurately opposed. On the one side you have a race rejoicing in art, and eminently and universally endowed with the gift of it; on the other you have a people careless of art, and apparently incapable of it, their utmost efforts hitherto reaching no farther than to the variation of the positions of the bars of colour in square chequers. And we are thus urged naturally to inquire what is the effect on the moral character, in each nation, of this vast difference in their pursuits and apparent capacities? and whether those rude chequers of the tartan, or the exquisitely fancied involutions of the Cashmere, fold habitually over the noblest hearts? We have had our answer. Since the race of man began its course of sin on this earth, nothing has ever been done by it so significative of all bestial, and lower than bestial, degradation, as the acts of the Indian race in the year that has just passed by. Cruelty as fierce may indeed have been wreaked, and brutality as abominable been practised before, but never under like circumstances; rage of prolonged war, and resentment of prolonged oppression, have made men as cruel before now; and gradual decline into barbarism, where no examples of decency or civilization existed around them, has sunk, before now, isolated populations to the lowest level of possible humanity. But cruelty stretched to its fiercest against the gentle and unoffending, and corruption festered to its loathsomest in the midst of the witnessing presence of a disciplined civilization,—these we could not have known to be within the practicable compass of human guilt, but for the acts of the Indian

[1] [For Ruskin's views of Indian art, see General Index; for shawls in particular, Vol. V. p. 123; *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. xi. § 8; and compare above, *A Joy for Ever*, § 173, p. 158.]

mutineer. And, as thus, on the one hand, you have an extreme energy of baseness displayed by these lovers of art; on the other,—as if to put the question into the narrowest compass,—you have had an extreme energy of virtue displayed by the despisers of art. Among all the soldiers to whom you owe your victories in the Crimea, and your avenging in the Indies, to none are you bound by closer bonds of gratitude than to the men who have been born and bred among those desolate Highland moors. And thus you have the differences in capacity and circumstance between the two nations, and the differences in result on the moral habits of two nations, put into the most significant — the most palpable — the most brief opposition. Out of the peat cottage come faith, courage, self-sacrifice, purity, and piety, and whatever else is fruitful in the work of Heaven; out of the ivory palace come treachery, cruelty, cowardice, idolatry, bestiality,—whatever else is fruitful in the work of Hell.

5. But the difficulty does not close here. From one instance, of however great apparent force, it would be wholly unfair to gather any general conclusion—wholly illogical to assert that because we had once found love of art connected with moral baseness, the love of art must be the general root of moral baseness; and equally unfair to assert that, because we had once found neglect of art coincident with nobleness of disposition, neglect of art must be always the source or sign of that nobleness. But if we pass from the Indian peninsula into other countries of the globe; and from our own recent experience, to the records of history, we shall still find one great fact fronting us, in stern universality—namely, the apparent connection of great success in art with subsequent national degradation.[1] You find, in the first place, that the nations which possessed a refined art were always subdued by those who possessed none: you find the Lydian subdued by the Mede; the Athenian by

[1] [Compare the *Cambridge Address*, § 15, above, p. 189.]

the Spartan; the Greek by the Roman; the Roman by the Goth; the Burgundian by the Switzer: but you find, beyond this—that even where no attack by any external power has accelerated the catastrophe of the state, the period in which any given people reach their highest power in art is precisely that in which they appear to sign the warrant of their own ruin; and that, from the moment in which a perfect statue appears in Florence, a perfect picture in Venice, or a perfect fresco in Rome, from that hour forward, probity, industry, and courage seem to be exiled from their walls, and they perish in a sculpturesque paralysis, or a many-coloured corruption.

6. But even this is not all. As art seems thus, in its delicate form, to be one of the chief promoters of indolence and sensuality,—so, I need hardly remind you, it hitherto has appeared only in energetic manifestation when it was in the service of superstition. The four great manifestations of human intellect which founded the four principal kingdoms of art,—Egyptian, Babylonian, Greek, and Italian,—were developed by the strong excitement of active superstition in the worship of Osiris, Belus, Minerva, and the Queen of Heaven. Therefore, to speak briefly, it may appear very difficult to show that art has ever yet existed in a consistent and thoroughly energetic school, unless it was engaged in the propagation of falsehood, or the encouragement of vice.

7. And finally, while art has thus shown itself always active in the service of luxury and idolatry, it has also been strongly directed to the exaltation of cruelty. A nation which lives a pastoral and innocent life never decorates the shepherd's staff or the plough-handle; but races who live by depredation and slaughter nearly always bestow exquisite ornaments on the quiver, the helmet, and the spear.[1]

[1] [The MS. adds a passage containing a contrast which Ruskin elsewhere points (see *Val d'Arno*, § 113):—

"We hear, in the earliest stages of civilization, of a savage's War-paint, but never of his Peace-paint; and in the most advanced stages of civilization, we still find ourselves going about our innocent and cheerful business in coats of melancholy black, while we set our soldiers to their sorrowful and murderous business in graceful combination of scarlet and gold."]

8. Does it not seem to you, then, on all these three counts, more than questionable whether we are assembled here in Kensington Museum to any good purpose? Might we not justly be looked upon with suspicion and fear, rather than with sympathy, by the innocent and unartistical public? Are we even sure of ourselves? Do we know what we are about? Are we met here as honest people? or are we not rather so many Catilines assembled to devise the hasty degradation of our country, or, like a conclave of midnight witches, to summon and send forth, on new and unsuspected missions, the demons of luxury, cruelty, and superstition?

9. I trust, upon the whole, that it is not so: I am sure that Mr. Redgrave and Mr. Cole[1] do not at all include results of this kind in their conception of the ultimate objects of the institution which owes so much to their strenuous and well-directed exertions. And I have put this painful question before you, only that we may face it thoroughly, and, as I hope, out-face it. If you will give it a little sincere attention this evening, I trust we may find sufficiently good reasons for our work, and proceed to it hereafter, as all good workmen should do, with clear heads, and calm consciences.

10. To return, then, to the first point of difficulty, the relations between art and mental disposition in India and Scotland. It is quite true that the art of India is delicate and refined. But it has one curious character distinguishing it from all other art of equal merit in design—*it never represents a natural fact.* It either forms its compositions out of meaningless fragments of colour and flowings of line; or, if it represents any living creature, it represents that creature under some distorted and monstrous form. To all the facts and forms of nature it wilfully and resolutely opposes itself: it will not draw a man, but an eight-armed monster; it will not draw a flower, but only a spiral or a zigzag.

11. It thus indicates that the people who practise it are cut off from all possible sources of healthy knowledge or

[1] [The Art Adviser and General Superintendent, respectively, of the Science and Art Department: see above, Introduction, p. xxvii.]

natural delight; that they have wilfully sealed up and put aside the entire volume of the world, and have got nothing to read, nothing to dwell upon, but that imagination of the thoughts of their hearts, of which we are told that "it is only evil continually."[1] Over the whole spectacle of creation they have thrown a veil in which there is no rent. For them no star peeps through the blanket of the dark—for them neither their heaven shines nor their mountains rise—for them the flowers do not blossom—for them the creatures of field and forest do not live. They lie bound in the dungeon of their own corruption, encompassed only by doleful phantoms, or by spectral vacancy.

12. Need I remind you what an exact reverse of this condition of mind, as respects the observance of nature, is presented by the people whom we have just been led to contemplate in contrast with the Indian race? You will find, upon reflection, that all the highest points of the Scottish character are connected with impressions derived straight from the natural scenery of their country. No nation has ever before shown, in the general tone of its language,—in the general current of its literature,—so constant a habit of hallowing its passions and confirming its principles by direct association with the charm, or power, of nature. The writings of Scott and Burns—and yet more, of the far greater poets than Burns who gave Scotland her traditional ballads,—furnish you in every stanza—almost in every line—with examples of this association of natural scenery with the passions;* but an instance of its farther connection with moral principle struck me forcibly just at the time when I was most lamenting the absence of art among the people. In one of the loneliest districts of Scotland, where the peat cottages are darkest, just at the western foot of that great mass of the Grampians which encircles the sources of the

* The great poets of Scotland, like the great poets of all other countries, never write dissolutely, either in matter or method; but with stern and

[1] [Genesis vi. 5.]

Spey and the Dee, the main road which traverses the chain winds round the foot of a broken rock called Crag, or Craig Ellachie. There is nothing remarkable in either its height or form; it is darkened with a few scattered pines, and touched along its summit with a flush of heather; but it constitutes a kind of headland, or leading promontory, in the group of hills to which it belongs—a sort of initial letter of the mountains; and thus stands in the mind of the inhabitants of the district, the Clan Grant, for a type of their country, and of the influence of that country upon themselves. Their sense of this is beautifully indicated in the war-cry of the clan, "Stand fast, Craig Ellachie." You may think long over those few words without exhausting the deep wells of feeling and thought contained in them—the love of the native land, the assurance of their faithfulness to it; the subdued and gentle assertion of indomitable courage—I *may* need to be told to stand, but, if I do, Craig Ellachie does. You could not but have felt, had you passed beneath it at the time when so many of England's dearest children were being defended by the strength of heart of men born at its foot, how often among the delicate Indian palaces, whose marble was pallid with horror, and whose vermilion was darkened with blood, the remembrance of its rough gray rocks and purple heaths must have risen before the sight of the Highland soldier; how often the hailing of the shot and the shriek of battle would pass away from his hearing, and leave only the whisper of the old pine branches,—"Stand fast, Craig Ellachie!"

measured meaning in every syllable. Here's a bit of first-rate work for example:—

"Tweed said to Till,
'What gars ye rin sae still?'
Till said to Tweed,
'Though ye rin wi' speed,
And I rin slaw,
Whar ye droon ae man,
I droon twa.'"[1]

[1] [The last three lines of this popular rhyme are sometimes given differently:—"Div ye no ken, Where ye droon ae man, I droon ten."]

18. You have, in these two nations, seen in direct opposition the effects on moral sentiment of art without nature, and of nature without art. And you see enough to justify you in suspecting—while, if you choose to investigate the subject more deeply and with other examples, you will find enough to justify you in *concluding*—that art, followed as such, and for its own sake, irrespective of the interpretation of nature by it, is destructive of whatever is best and noblest in humanity;[1] but that nature, however simply observed, or imperfectly known, is, in the degree of the affection felt for it, protective and helpful to all that is noblest in humanity.

14. You might then conclude farther, that art, so far as it was devoted to the record or the interpretation of nature, would be helpful and ennobling also.

15. And you would conclude this with perfect truth. Let me repeat the assertion distinctly and solemnly, as the first that I am permitted to make in this building, devoted in a way so new and so admirable to the service of the art-students of England[2]—Wherever art is practised for its own sake, and the delight of the workman is in what he *does* and *produces*, instead of in what he *interprets* or *exhibits*,—there art has an influence of the most fatal kind on brain and heart, and it issues, if long so pursued, in the *destruction both of intellectual power* and *moral principle;* whereas art, devoted humbly and self-forgetfully to the clear statement and record of the facts of the universe, is always helpful and beneficent to mankind, full of comfort, strength, and salvation.

16. Now, when you were once well assured of this, you might logically infer another thing, namely, that when Art was occupied in the function in which she was serviceable, she would herself be strengthened by the service; and when she was doing what Providence without doubt intended her to do, she would gain in vitality and dignity just as she

[1] [Here again compare the *Cambridge Address*, § 21, p. 196.]

[2] [In the previous year the Science and Art Department had been moved from Marlborough House to the South Kensington Museum.]

advanced in usefulness. On the other hand, you might gather, that when her agency was distorted to the deception or degradation of mankind, she would herself be equally misled and degraded—that she would be checked in advance, or precipitated in decline.

17. And this is the truth also; and holding this clue you will easily and justly interpret the phenomena of history. So long as Art is steady in the contemplation and exhibition of natural facts, so long she herself lives and grows; and in her own life and growth partly implies, partly secures, that of the nation in the midst of which she is practised. But a time has always hitherto come, in which, having thus reached a singular perfection, she begins to contemplate that perfection, and to imitate it, and deduce rules and forms from it; and thus to forget her duty and ministry as the interpreter and discoverer of Truth. And in the very instant when this diversion of her purpose and forgetfulness of her function take place—forgetfulness generally coincident with her apparent perfection—in that instant, I say, begins her actual catastrophe; and by her own fall—so far as she has influence—she accelerates the ruin of the nation by which she is practised.

18. The study, however, of the effect of art on the mind of nations is one rather for the historian than for us; at all events it is one for the discussion of which we have no more time this evening. But I will ask your patience with me while I try to illustrate, in some farther particulars, the dependence of the healthy state and power of art itself upon the exercise of its appointed function in the interpretation of fact.

19. You observe that I always say *interpretation*, never *imitation*.[1] My reason for doing so is, first, that good art rarely imitates; it usually only describes or explains. But my second and chief reason is that good art always consists of two things: First, the observation of fact; secondly, the

[1] [Compare Vol. III. p. 12.]

manifesting of human design and authority in the way that fact is told. Great and good art must unite the two; it cannot exist for a moment but in their unity; it consists of the two as essentially as water consists of oxygen and hydrogen, or marble of lime and carbonic acid.

20. Let us inquire a little into the nature of each of the elements. The first element, we say, is the love of Nature, leading to the effort to observe and report her truly. And this is the first and leading element. Review for yourselves the history of art, and you will find this to be a manifest certainty, that *no great school ever yet existed which had not for primal aim the representation of some natural fact as truly as possible.* There have only yet appeared in the world three schools of perfect art—schools, that is to say, which did their work as well as it seems possible to do it. These are the Athenian,* Florentine, and Venetian. The Athenian proposed to itself the perfect representation of the form of the human body. It strove to do that as well as it could; it did that as well as it can be done; and all its greatness was founded upon and involved in that single and honest effort. The Florentine school proposed to itself the perfect expression of human emotion—the showing of the effects of passion in the human face and gesture. I call this the Florentine school, because, whether you take Raphael for the culminating master of expressional art in Italy, or Leonardo, or Michael Angelo, you will find that the whole energy of the national effort which produced those masters had its root in Florence; not at Urbino or Milan. I say, then, this Florentine or leading Italian school proposed to itself human expression for its aim in natural truth; it strove to do that as well as it could—did it as well as it can be done—and all its greatness is rooted in that single and honest effort. Thirdly, the Venetian school proposed to itself the representation of the effect of colour and shade

* See below, the farther notice of the real spirit of Greek work, in the address at Bradford [p. 325].

on all things; chiefly on the human form. It tried to do that as well as it could—did it as well as it can be done—and all its greatness is founded on that single and honest effort.

21. Pray, do not leave this room without a perfectly clear holding of these three ideas. You may try them, and toss them about, afterwards, as much as you like, to see if they'll bear shaking; but do let me put them well and plainly into your possession.[1] Attach them to three works of art which you all have either seen or continually heard of. There's the (so-called) "Theseus" of the Elgin Marbles.[2] That represents the whole end and aim of the Athenian school—the natural form of the human body. All their conventional architecture—their graceful shaping and painting of pottery—whatsoever other art they practised—was dependent for its greatness on this sheet-anchor of central aim: true shape of living man. Then take, for your type of the Italian school, Raphael's "Disputa del Sacramento;"[3] that will be an accepted type by everybody, and will involve no possibly questionable points: the Germans will admit it; the English academicians will admit it; and the English purists and pre-Raphaelites will admit it. Well, there you have the truth of human expression proposed as an aim. That is the way people look when they feel this or that—when they have this or that other mental character: are they devotional, thoughtful, affectionate, indignant, or inspired? are they prophets, saints, priests, or kings? then—whatsoever is truly thoughtful, affectionate, prophetic, priestly, kingly—*that* the Florentine school tried to discern, and show; *that* they have discerned and shown; and all their greatness is first fastened in their aim at this

[1] [So in a letter to F. T. Palgrave, who had apparently questioned Ruskin's statement, he wrote (January 28, 1860): "I think you will ultimately find my statement in *The Two Paths* a tolerably true one, that there never have been any great schools of art save three—Athenian, Florentine, Venetian."]

[2] [For list of other references to the "Theseus," see Vol. IV. p. 119 *n.*; see also *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. p. 188).]

[3] [For other references to this work, in the Camera della Segnatura in the Vatican, see Vol. XV. p. 166 *n.*]

central truth — the open expression of the living human soul.

22. Lastly, take Veronese's "Marriage in Cana" in the Louvre.[1] There you have the most perfect representation possible of colour, and light, and shade, as they affect the external aspect of the human form, and its immediate accessories, architecture, furniture, and dress. This external aspect of noblest nature was the first aim of the Venetians, and all their greatness depended on their resolution to achieve, and their patience in achieving it.

23. Here, then, are the three greatest schools of the former world exemplified for you in three well-known works. The Phidian "Theseus" represents the Greek school pursuing truth of form; the "Disputa" of Raphael, the Florentine school pursuing truth of mental expression;[2] the "Marriage in Cana," the Venetian school pursuing truth of colour and light. But do not suppose that the law which I am stating to you—the great law of art-life—can only be seen in these, the most powerful of all art schools. It is just as manifest in each and every school that ever has had life in it at all. Wheresoever the search after truth begins, there life begins; wheresoever that search ceases, there life ceases. As long as a school of art holds any chain of natural facts, trying to discover more of them and express them better daily, it may play hither and thither as it likes on this side of the chain or that; it may design grotesques and conventionalisms, build the simplest buildings, serve the most practical utilities, yet all it does will be gloriously designed and gloriously done; but let it once quit hold of the chain of natural fact, cease to pursue that as the clue to its work; let it propose to itself any other end than preaching this living word, and

[1] [For this picture, as one of the supreme manifestations of the painter's art, see Vol. XII. p. 456.]

[2] [In his copy Ruskin here notes, "Connect with it Botticelli's Moses and Angelico's, all in the Vatican." For the Moses of Botticelli (who had not at this time been "discovered" by Ruskin), see *Ariadne Florentina*, § 153. By "Angelico's," Ruskin probably meant the paintings in the Chapel of Nicholas V., for which see Vol. XV. p. 421 *n.*]

think first of showing its own skill or its own fancy, and from that hour its fall is precipitate—its destruction sure; nothing that it does or designs will ever have life or loveliness in it more; its hour has come, and there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither it goeth.[1]

24. Let us take for example that school of art over which many of you would perhaps think this law had little power—the school of Gothic architecture. Many of us may have been in the habit of thinking of that school rather as one of forms than of facts—a school of pinnacles, and buttresses, and conventional mouldings, and disguise of nature by monstrous imaginings—not a school of truth at all. I think I shall be able, even in the little time we have to-night, to show that this is not so; and that our great law holds just as good at Amiens and Salisbury as it does at Athens and Florence.

25. I will go back then first to the very beginnings of Gothic art, and before you, the students of Kensington, as an impannelled jury, I will bring two examples of the barbarism out of which Gothic art merges, approximately contemporary in date and parallel in executive skill; but, the one, a barbarism that did not get on, and could not get on; the other, a barbarism that could get on, and did get on; and you, the impannelled jury, shall judge what is the essential difference between the two barbarisms, and decide for yourselves what is the seed of life in the one, and the sign of death in the other.

26. The first,—that which has in it the sign of death,—furnishes us at the same time with an illustration far too interesting to be passed by, of certain principles much depended on by our common modern designers. Taking up one of our architectural publications the other day, and opening it at random, I chanced upon this piece of information, put in rather curious English; but you shall have it as it stands:—

"Aristotle asserts, that the greatest species of the beautiful are Order, Symmetry, and the Definite."

[1] [Ecclesiastes ix. 10.]

27. I should tell you, however, that this statement is not given as authoritative; it is one example of various Architectural teachings, given in a report in the *Building Chronicle* for May, 1857, of a lecture on Proportion;[1] in which the only thing the lecturer appears to have proved was that,—

"The system of dividing the diameter of the shaft of a column into parts for copying the ancient architectural remains of Greece and Rome, adopted by architects from Vitruvius (*circa* B.C. 25) to the present period, as a method for producing ancient architecture, *is entirely useless*, for the several parts of Grecian architecture cannot be reduced or subdivided by this system; neither does it apply to the architecture of Rome."

28. Still, as far as I can make it out, the lecture appears to have been just one of those of which you will at present hear so many, the protests of architects who have no knowledge of sculpture — or of any other mode of expressing natural beauty—*against* natural beauty; and their endeavour to substitute mathematical proportions for the knowledge of life they do not possess, and the representation of life of which they are incapable. Now, this substitution of obedience to mathematical law for sympathy with observed life, is the first characteristic of the hopeless work of all ages; as such, you will find it eminently manifested in the specimen I have to give you of the hopeless Gothic barbarism; the barbarism from which nothing could emerge—for which no future was possible but extinction. The Aristotelian principles of the Beautiful are, you remember, Order, Symmetry, and the Definite. Here you have the three, in perfection, applied to the ideal of an angel, in a psalter of the eighth century, existing in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge.*

* I copy this woodcut from Westwood's *Palæographia Sacra*.[2]

[1] [The reference should have been to the *Building News* of April 17, 1857. The passage here cited comes from a paper on Proportion, read by W. Pettit Griffith, F.S.A., at Liverpool (p. 385).]

[2] [See the coloured plate (Fig. 1) facing the first page of the section devoted to Irish manuscripts in *Palæographia Sacra Pictoria: being a Series of Illustrations of the Ancient Versions of the Bible copied from Illuminated Manuscripts*. By J. O. Westwood, 1843–1845. With §§ 28 *seq.* compare *The Pleasures of England*, § 33; and *Sesame*

29. Now, you see the characteristics of this utterly dead school are, first, the wilful closing of its eyes to natural facts;—for, however ignorant a person may be, he need only look at a human being to see that it has a mouth as well as eyes; and secondly, the endeavour to adorn or idealize natural fact according to its own notions: it puts red spots in the middle of the hands, and sharpens the thumbs, thinking to improve them. Here you have the most pure type possible of the principles of idealism in all ages: whenever people don't look at Nature, they always think they can improve her. You will also admire, doubtless, the exquisite result of the application of our great modern architectural principle of beauty—symmetry, or equal balance of part by part; you see even the eyes are made symmetrical —entirely round, instead of irregularly oval; and the iris is set properly in the middle, instead of—as nature has absurdly put it—rather under the upper lid. You will also observe the "principle of the pyramid" in the general arrangement of the figure, and the value of "series" in the placing of the dots.[1]

Fig. 1

30. From this dead barbarism we pass to living barbarism —to work done by hands quite as rude, if not ruder, and by minds as uninformed; and yet work which in every line of it is prophetic of power, and has in it the sure dawn of day. You have often heard it said that Giotto was the founder of art in Italy. He was not: neither he, nor Giunta Pisano, nor Niccolo Pisano. They all laid strong hands to the work, and brought it first into aspect above ground; but

and Lilies, § 123, where the "corrigible Eve" and the "incorrigible Angel" are referred to. With this lecture generally, compare also *Lectures on Art*, § 80. For Westwood, see *The Laws of Fésole* (Vol. XV. p. 424 *n.*).]

[1] [In the MS. Ruskin here says:—

"These portions of the lecture, being thought, I suppose, likely to be of little service to the architects who read the *Building Chronicle*, were omitted in the report by that ingenious journal."]

the foundation had been laid for them by the builders of the Lombardic churches in the valleys of the Adda and the Arno.[1] It is in the sculpture of the round arched churches of North Italy, bearing disputable dates, ranging from the eighth to the twelfth century, that you will find the lowest struck roots of the art of Titian and Raphael.* I go, therefore, to the church which is certainly the earliest of these, St. Ambrogio, of Milan,[2] said still to retain some portions of the actual structure from which St. Ambrose excluded Theodosius, and at all events furnishing the most archaic examples of Lombardic sculpture in North Italy. I do not venture to guess their date; they are barbarous enough for any date.

31. We find the pulpit of this church covered with interlacing patterns, closely resembling those of the manuscript at Cambridge, but among them is figure sculpture of a very different kind. It is wrought with mere incisions in the stone, of which the effect may be tolerably given by single lines in a drawing. Remember, therefore, for a moment—as characteristic of culminating Italian art—Michael Angelo's fresco of the "Temptation of Eve," in the Sistine chapel, and you will be more interested in seeing the birth of Italian art, illustrated by the same subject, from St. Ambrogio of Milan, the "Serpent beguiling Eve." †

* I have said elsewhere, "The root of *all* art is struck in the thirteenth century."[3] This is quite true: but of course some of the smallest fibres run lower, as in this instance.

† This cut is ruder than it should be; the incisions in the marble have a lighter effect than these rough black lines; but it is not worth while to do it better.

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[1] [In his copy Ruskin notes here, "Explain Lombardic." The exposition of the importance he attached to the architecture of the Lombard invaders is to be found in ch. i. of vol. i. of *The Stones of Venice* (Vol. IX. pp. 38–40); and compare the Review of Lord Lindsay, § 39, Vol. XII. p. 209.]

[2] [For this church, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. p. 40); and for the pulpit (of which Ruskin's drawing is here given), *ibid.*, p. 427. The story of the excommunication of the Emperor Theodosius by St. Ambrose, Archbishop of Milan (A.D. 390), may be read in Gibbon (ch. xxvii.), and is the subject of a picture by Van Dyck in the National Gallery (No. 50).]

[3] [See *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, § 82, Vol. XII. p. 108. Compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 306), and *Eagle's Nest*, § 239.]

The Pulpit of Sant'Ambrogio, Milan.

the Sistian chapel, and you will be more interested in seeing the ~~origin~~ of Italian art, illustrated by the same subject, from St. Ambrogio, of Milan, the "Serpent beguiling Eve."

~~Now~~, in that sketch, rude as it is, you have ~~all~~ the elements of life in their ~~purest~~ form. The people who could do that were sure to get on. For observe, the workman's whole aim is straight at the facts, as well as he can ~~do~~ them; and not merely at the facts, but at the very cream and heart of the facts; ~~a~~ common workman might have looked at nature for his serpent, but thought only of its scales. But this fellow does not want scales—he can do without them; he wants the serpent's heart—malice and insinuation—and he has ~~got that~~. So ~~a~~ common workman, even ~~at~~ this stage of art, might have carved Eve's arms and body a good deal better; but this fellow does not care about arms and body, if he can only get at Eve's ~~heart~~—show that she is pleased at being flattered, and yet in a state of uncomfortable hesitation. And ~~the~~ look of listening, of complacency, and of embarrassment he has got ~~nearly as well as they can be got~~—note the eyes

A Leaf of the Proof Sheets of "The Two Paths" (§§ 32, 33)

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A Leaf of the Proof Sheets of "The Two Paths" (§§ 32, 33)

pp. 276-277

slightly askance, the lips compressed, and the right hand nervously grasping the left arm: nothing is impossible to the man who could do that—the world is open to him, and all that is in it; while, on the contrary, nothing is possible to the man who did this—the world is closed to them for ever: he has made a cell for himself in which he must abide, barred up for ever—there is no more hope for him than for a sponge or a madrepore.

I shall not trace the progress of Gothic art in Italy, because it is much more complicated and involved with traditions of other schools, and because most of the students will be less familiar with its results than with their own Northern buildings. So, this being characteristic of the beginning of the mediæval art, we will take an example of its progress from our Northern work. Now, many of you, doubtless, have been as interested by the mass, grandeur, and gloom of Norman architecture, as much as by Gothic traceries; and when you hear one say that the root of all good work lies in natural facts, you doubtless think instantly of your round arches, with their

32. Yet, in that sketch, rude and ludicrous as it is, you have the elements of life in their first form. The people who could do that were sure to get on. For, observe, the workman's whole aim is straight at the facts, as well as he can get them; and not merely at the facts, but at the very heart of the facts. A common workman might have looked at nature for his serpent, but he would have thought only of its scales. But this fellow does not want scales, nor coils; he can do without them; he wants the serpent's heart —malice and insinuation; —and he has actually got them to some extent. So also a common workman, even in this barbarous stage of art, might have carved Eve's arms and body a good deal better; but this man does not care about arms and body, if he can only get at Eve's mind—show that she is pleased at being flattered, and yet in a state of uncomfortable hesitation. And some look of listening, of complacency, and of embarrassment he has verily got:—note the eyes slightly askance, the lips compressed, and the right hand nervously grasping the left arm:[1] nothing can be declared impossible to the people who could begin thus—the world is open to them, and all that is in it; while, on the contrary, nothing is possible to the man who did the symmetrical angel—the world is keyless to him; he has built a cell for himself in which he must abide, barred up for ever—there is no more hope for him than for a sponge or a madrepore.

Fig. 2

33. I shall not trace from this embryo the progress of

[1] [Ruskin here notes in his copy: "Mine not well drawn enough. She's exactly like the Professor in *Punch*." For Du Maurier's "Herr Professor," see *Art of England*, § 150.]

Gothic art in Italy, because it is much complicated and involved with traditions of other schools, and because most of the students will be less familiar with its results than with their own northern buildings. So, these two designs indicating Death and Life in the beginnings of mediæval art, we will take as example of the *progress* of that art from our northern work. Now, many of you, doubtless, have been interested by the mass, grandeur, and gloom of Norman architecture, as much as by Gothic traceries; and when you hear me say that the root of all good work lies in natural facts, you doubtless think instantly of your round arches, with their rude cushion capitals, and of the billet or zigzag work by which they are surrounded, and you cannot see what the knowledge of nature has to do with either the simple plan or the rude mouldings. But all those simple conditions of Norman art are merely the expiring of it towards the extreme north. Do not study Norman architecture in Northumberland, but in Normandy, and then you will find that it is just a peculiarly manly, and practically useful form of the whole great French school of rounded architecture. And where has that French school its origin? Wholly in the rich conditions of sculpture, which, rising first out of imitations of the Roman bas-reliefs, covered all the façades of the French early churches with one continuous arabesque of floral or animal life. If you want to study round-arched buildings, do not go to Durham, but go to Poictiers,[1] and there you will see how all the simple decorations which give you so much pleasure even in their isolated application were invented by persons practised in carving men, monsters, wild animals, birds, and flowers, in overwhelming redundance; and then trace this architecture forward in central France, and you will find it loses nothing of its richness—it only gains in truth, and therefore in

[1] [For a later reference to the architecture of Poictiers, see *The Pleasures of England*, § 85 *n.* For other references to Durham, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. I. (Vol. IX. p. 118); *Bible of Amiens*, ch. iv. § 1; *St. Mark's Rest*, § 21 (and the "Circular" now reprinted in the same volume with it).]

grace, until just at the moment of transition into the pointed style, you have the consummate type of the sculpture of the school given you in the west front of the Cathedral of Chartres. From that front I have chosen two fragments to illustrate it.*

84. These statues have been long, and justly, considered as representative of the highest skill of the twelfth or earliest part of the thirteenth century in France; and they indeed possess a dignity and delicate charm, which are for the most part wanting in later works. It is owing partly to real nobleness of feature, but chiefly to the grace, mingled with severity, of the falling lines of excessively *thin* drapery; as well as to a most studied finish in composition, every part of the ornamentation tenderly harmonizing with the rest. So far as their power over certain tones of religious mind is owing to a palpable degree of non-naturalism in them, I do not praise it—the exaggerated thinness of body and stiffness of attitude are faults; but they are noble faults, and give the statues a strange look of forming part of the very building itself, and sustaining it—not like the Greek caryatid, without effort[1]—nor like the Renaissance caryatid, by painful or impossible effort—but as if all that was silent, and stern, and withdrawn apart, and stiffened in chill of heart against the terror of earth, had passed into a shape

* This part of the lecture was illustrated by two drawings, made admirably by Mr. J. J. Laing, with the help of photographs, from statues at Chartres. The drawings may be seen at present at the Kensington Museum; but any large photograph of the west front of Chartres will enable the reader to follow what is stated in the lecture, as far as is needful.[2]

[1] [On the architectural ethics of the Caryatid, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. p. 356).]

[2] [For list of other references to Chartres Cathedral generally, see Vol. I. p. 377 *n.*, and of those to its painted windows, Vol. XII. p. 437 *n.* At a later period Ruskin commissioned Mr. T. M. Rooke to make drawings of the porches here described: they were placed in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield, and one of them is reproduced here. The statue of the Queen referred to in the text is among the four statues conspicuous in the centre of the drawing. It is said to represent Bertha, the mother of Charlemagne. For full particulars of the porches, see an illustrated article by Mr. T. M. Rooke ("Chartres' Porches") in the *Architectural Review* for December 1897. For J. J. Laing, see Vol. V. pp. lxii., 12.]

of eternal marble; and thus the Ghost had given, to bear up the pillars of the church on earth, all the patient and expectant nature that it needed no more in heaven. This is the transcendental view of the meaning of those sculptures. I do not dwell upon it. What I do lean upon is their purely naturalistic and vital power. They are all portraits—unknown, most of them, I believe,—but palpably and unmistakably portraits, if not taken from the actual person for whom the statue stands, at all events studied from some living person whose features might fairly represent those of the king or saint intended. Several of them I suppose to be authentic; there is one of a queen, who has evidently, while she lived, been notable for her bright black eyes. The sculptor has cut the iris deep into the stone, and her dark eyes are still suggested with her smile.

35. There is another thing I wish you to notice especially in these statues—the way in which the floral moulding is associated with the vertical lines of the figure. You have thus the utmost complexity and richness of curvature set side by side with the pure and delicate parallel lines, and both the characters gain in interest and beauty; but there is deeper significance in the thing than that of mere effect in composition;—significance not intended on the part of the sculptor, but all the more valuable because unintentional. I mean the close association of the beauty of lower nature in animals and flowers, with the beauty of higher nature in human form.[1] You never get this in Greek work. Greek statues are always isolated; blank fields of stone, or depths of shadow, relieving the form of the statue, as the world of lower nature which they despised retired in darkness from their hearts. Here, the clothed figure seems the type of the Christian spirit—in many respects feebler and more contracted—but purer; clothed in its white robes and crown, and with the riches of all creation at its side.

36. The next step in the change will be set before you

[1] [See further on this subject, *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. vi. ch. v. § 4.]

The Kings and Queens of Chartres Cathedral

in a moment, merely by comparing this statue from the west front of Chartres with that of the Madonna, from the south transept door of Amiens.*

This Madonna, with the sculpture round her, represents the culminating power of Gothic art in the thirteenth century. Sculpture has been gaining continually in the interval; gaining, simply because becoming every day more truthful, more tender, and more suggestive. By the way, the old Douglas motto, "Tender and true," may wisely be taken up again by all of us, for our own, in art no less than in other things.[1] Depend upon it, the first universal characteristic of all great art is Tenderness, as the second is Truth. I find this more and more every day: an infinitude of tenderness is the chief gift and inheritance of all the truly great men. It is sure to involve a relative intensity of disdain towards base things, and an appearance of sternness and arrogance in the eyes of all hard, stupid, and vulgar people — quite terrific to such, if they are capable of terror, and hateful to them, if they are capable of nothing higher than hatred. Dante's is the great type of this class of mind.[2] I say the *first* inheritance is Tenderness— the *second* Truth, because the Tenderness is in the make of the creature, the Truth in his acquired habits and knowledge: besides, the love comes first in dignity as well as in time, and that is always pure and complete: the truth, at best, imperfect.

87. To come back to our statue. You will observe that the arrangement of this sculpture is exactly the same as at Chartres—severe falling drapery, set off by rich floral ornament at the side; but the statue is now completely animated;

* There are many photographs of this door and of its central statue.[3] Its sculpture in the tympanum is farther described in the Fourth Lecture [p. 356].

[1] [Compare *Præterita*, iii. ch. iv. § 81.]

[2] [On the tenderness of Dante, see Vol. IV. p. 257, and compare Vol. V. p. 210.]

[3] [Ruskin subsequently published a series of photographs to illustrate his *Bible of Amiens* (see Appendix to that work); where for another description of the Madonna here discussed, see ch. iv. § 7.]

it is no longer fixed as an upright pillar, but bends aside out of its niche, and the floral ornament, instead of being a conventional wreath, is of exquisitely arranged hawthorn. The work, however, as a whole, though perfectly characteristic of the advance of the age in style and purpose, is in some subtler qualities inferior to that of Chartres. The individual sculptor, though trained in a more advanced school, has been himself a man of inferior order of mind compared to the one who worked at Chartres. But I have not time to point out to you the subtler characters by which I know this.

88. This statue, then, marks the culminating point of Gothic art, because, up to this time, the eyes of its designers had been steadily fixed on natural truth—they had been advancing from flower to flower, from form to form, from face to face,—gaining perpetually in knowledge and veracity —therefore, perpetually in power and in grace. But at this point a fatal change came over their aim. From the statue they now began to turn the attention chiefly to the niche of the statue, and from the floral ornament to the mouldings that enclosed the floral ornament.[1] The first result of this was, however, though not the grandest, yet the most finished of northern genius. You have, in the earlier Gothic, less wonderful construction, less careful masonry, far less expression of harmony of parts in the balance of the building. Earlier work always has more or less of the character of a good solid wall with irregular holes in it, well carved wherever there was room. But the last phase of good Gothic has no room to spare; it rises as high as it can on narrowest

[1] [The passage "The first result of this . . . not a light without life" was rewritten on revision in substitution for the following :—

"In this Amiens design the floral ornament is everything, the moulding nothing. It is literally nothing more than the angle of the door-jamb rounded off and cut into hawthorns. And though the statue has a niche over it, the whole thought of the sculptor is put into the figure; the niche is barren. So here you have—beautiful figure, but barren niche; beautiful flowers, but barren moulding. The fatal step which brought about the utter destruction of Gothic art was to reverse the precedence—beautiful niche, but barren figure; beautiful tracery, but withered flowers. The step was not taken all at once; there was a lovely intermediate condition about fifty years later than this statue . . ."]

foundation, stands in perfect strength with the least possible substance in its bars; connects niche with niche, and line with line, in an exquisite harmony, from which no stone can be removed, and to which you can add not a pinnacle; and yet introduces in rich, though now more calculated profusion, the living element of its sculpture: sculpture in the quatrefoils—sculpture in the brackets—sculpture in the gargoyles—sculpture in the niches—sculpture in the ridges and hollows of its mouldings,—not a shadow without meaning, and not a light without life.* But with this very perfection of his work came the unhappy pride of the builder in what he had done. As long as he had been merely raising clumsy walls and carving them, like a child, in waywardness of fancy, his delight was in the things he thought of as he carved; but when he had once reached this pitch of constructive science, he began to think only how cleverly he could put the stones together. The question was not now with him, What can I represent? but, How high can I build—how wonderfully can I hang this arch in air, or weave this tracery across the clouds? And the catastrophe was instant and irrevocable. Architecture became in France a mere web of waving lines,—in England a mere grating of perpendicular ones. Redundance was substituted for invention, and geometry for passion; the Gothic art became a mere expression of wanton expenditure, and vulgar mathematics; and was swept away, as it then deserved to be swept away, by the severer pride, and purer learning, of the schools founded on classical traditions.[1]

89. You cannot now fail to see how, throughout the history of this wonderful art—from its earliest dawn in Lombardy to its last catastrophe in France and England—

* The two *transepts* of Rouen Cathedral illustrate this style. There are plenty of photographs of them. I take this opportunity of repeating what I have several times before stated,[2] for the sake of travellers, that St. Ouen, impressive as it is, is entirely inferior to the transepts of Rouen Cathedral.

[1] [Compare the passage in *Seven Lamps*, where the fall of Gothic Architecture is similarly described, Vol. VIII. pp. 91–99.]

[2] [See *Seven Lamps*, Vol. VIII. pp. 64, 65 n.]

sculpture, founded on love of nature, was the talisman of its existence; wherever sculpture was practised, architecture arose—wherever that was neglected, architecture expired; and, believe me, all you students who love this mediæval art, there is no hope of your ever doing any good with it, but on this everlasting principle. Your patriotic associations with it are of no use; your romantic associations with it—either of chivalry or religion—are of no use; they are worse than useless, they are false. Gothic is not an art for knights and nobles; it is an art for the people; it is not an art for churches or sanctuaries; it is an art for houses and homes; it is not an art for England only, but an art for the world: above all, it is not an art of form or tradition only, but an art of vital practice and perpetual renewal. And whosoever pleads for it as an ancient or a formal thing, and tries to teach it you as an ecclesiastical tradition or a geometrical science, knows nothing of its essence, less than nothing of its power.

40. Leave, therefore, boldly, though not irreverently, mysticism and symbolism on the one side; cast away with utter scorn geometry and legalism on the other; seize hold of God's hand, and look full in the face of His creation, and there is nothing He will not enable you to achieve.[1]

41. Thus, then, you will find—and the more profound and accurate your knowledge of the history of art the more assuredly you will find—that the living power in all the real schools, be they great or small, is love of nature. But do not mistake me by supposing that I mean this law to be all that is necessary to form a school. There needs to be much superadded to it, though there never must be anything superseding it. The main thing which needs to be superadded is the gift of design.

42. It is always dangerous, and liable to diminish the clearness of impression, to go over much ground in the course of one lecture. But I dare not present you with

[1] [At this point, in the original delivery of the lecture, Ruskin diverged to present the prizes, as described in the Introduction, p. lix.]

a maimed view of this important subject: I dare not put off to another time, when the same persons would not be again assembled, the statement of the great collateral necessity which, as well as the necessity of truth, governs all noble art.

That collateral necessity is *the visible operation of human intellect in the presentation of truth*, the evidence of what is properly called design or plan in the work, no less than of veracity. A looking-glass does not design—it receives and communicates indiscriminately all that passes before it; a painter designs when he chooses some things, refuses others, and arranges all.

48. This selection and arrangement must have influence over everything that the art is concerned with, great or small—over lines, over colours, and over ideas. Given a certain group of colours, by adding another colour at the side of them, you will either improve the group and render it more delightful, or injure it, and render it discordant and unintelligible. "Design" is the choosing and placing the colour so as to help and enhance all the other colours it is set beside. So of thoughts: in a good composition, every idea is presented in just that order, and with just that force, which will perfectly connect it with all the other thoughts in the work, and will illustrate the others as well as receive illustration from them; so that the entire chain of thoughts offered to the beholder's mind shall be received by him with as much delight and with as little effort as is possible. And thus you see design, properly so called, is human invention,[1] consulting human capacity. Out of the infinite heap of things around us in the world, it chooses a certain number which it can thoroughly grasp, and presents this group to the spectator in the form best calculated to enable him to grasp it also, and to grasp it with delight.

44. And accordingly, the capacities of both gatherer and receiver being limited, the object is to make *everything that*

[1] [So in all editions; but the MS. reads "intention," which is probably the word meant by the author.]

you offer helpful and precious. If you give one grain of weight too much, so as to increase fatigue without profit, or bulk without value—that added grain is hurtful: if you put one spot or one syllable out of its proper place, that spot or syllable will be destructive—how far destructive it is almost impossible to tell: a misplaced touch may sometimes annihilate the labour of hours. Nor are any of us prepared to understand the work of any great master, till we feel this, and feel it as distinctly as we do the value of arrangement in the notes of music. Take any noble musical air, and you find, on examining it, that not one even of the faintest or shortest notes can be removed without destruction to the whole passage in which it occurs; and that every note in the passage is twenty times more beautiful so introduced, than it would have been if played singly on the instrument.[1] Precisely this degree of arrangement and relation must exist between every touch* and line in a great picture. You may consider the whole as a prolonged musical composition: its parts, as separate airs connected in the story; its little bits and fragments of colour and line, as separate passages or bars in melodies; and down to the minutest note of the whole—down to the minutest *touch*,—if there is one that can be spared—that one is doing mischief.[2]

* Literally. I know how exaggerated this statement sounds; but I mean it,—every syllable of it. See Appendix IV. [p. 419].

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[1] [For these musical analogies, compare Vol. XIV. p. xxvi.; and for other musical references in this volume, see §§ 104, 160, pp. 350, 386.]

[2] [The MS. here has an additional passage:—

"Now, we in England have been so little accustomed to the study of the great Designers that I daresay there may be very few in the room who will be prepared at once to admit the facts I am bringing before them. We study in England hardly ever the Designers, but the Imitators—or sentimentalists; we study the Dutch for their imitation, and the later Italians with Murillo among the Spaniards for sentiment; but of the great Florentine and Venetian designers, of Orcagna, Ghirlandajo, Tintoret, and Veronese, we know hardly anything. But I can assure the students that as they have more opportunities for the study of their mightier men, they will find that in their works there is literally never a single touch laid on but with a purposed co-operation in the harmony of the whole; nor down to the least fragment of their colour, one grain that you can remove with impunity or change with success."]

45. Remember therefore always, you have two characters in which all greatness of art consists:—First, the earnest and intense seizing of natural facts: then the ordering those facts by strength of human intellect, so as to make them, for all who look upon them, to the utmost serviceable, memorable, and beautiful. And thus great art is nothing else than the type of strong and noble life; for, as the ignoble person, in his dealings with all that occurs in the world about him, first sees nothing clearly,—looks nothing fairly in the face, and then allows himself to be swept away by the trampling torrent, and unescapable force, of the things that he would not foresee, and could not understand: so the noble person, looking the facts of the world full in the face, and fathoming them with deep faculty, then deals with them in unalarmed intelligence and unhurried strength, and becomes, with his human intellect and will, no unconscious nor insignificant agent in consummating their good, and restraining their evil.

46. Thus in human life you have the two fields of rightful toil for ever distinguished, yet for ever associated; Truth first—plan, or design, founded thereon: so in art, you have the same two fields for ever distinguished, for ever associated; Truth first—plan, or design, founded thereon.[1]

47. Now hitherto there is not the least difficulty in the subject; none of you can look for a moment at any great sculptor or painter without seeing the full bearing of these principles. But a difficulty arises when you come to examine the art of a lower order, concerned with furniture

[1] [The passage, beginning with § 41 and to the end of this lecture as printed, was the concluding portion of Lecture ii. ("The Unity of Art") as delivered. The pamphlet, containing a verbatim report of the latter, shows, however, several variations. Here, for instance, the pamphlet reads briefly:—

> ". . . founded thereon. Now, then, remember whatever the work you have to set yourselves to, whatever the toil you have to undergo, it will only be rightly performed, rightly undergone, if you go first to the highest source of all truth. Look back to history fearlessly and accurately, and you will find this one thing forced upon you perpetually by the lives of artists. Giotto was primarily . . ."

The present lecture, as delivered, seems from the report in the *Building News* to have ended at the end of § 49; § 50 was added when Ruskin repeated the peroration at Manchester.]

and manufacture, for in that art the element of design enters without, apparently, the element of truth. You have often to obtain beauty and display invention without direct representation of nature. Yet, respecting all these things also, the principle is perfectly simple. If the designer of furniture, of cups and vases, of dress patterns, and the like, exercises himself continually in the imitation of natural form in some leading division of his work; then, holding by this stem of life, he may pass down into all kinds of merely geometrical or formal design with perfect safety, and with noble results.* Thus Giotto, being primarily a figure painter and sculptor, is, secondarily, the richest of all designers in mere mosaic of coloured bars and triangles; thus Benvenuto Cellini, being in all the higher branches of metal-work a perfect imitator of nature, is in all its lower branches the best designer of curve for lips of cups and handles of vases; thus Holbein, exercised primarily in the noble art of truthful portraiture, becomes, secondarily, the most exquisite designer of embroideries of robe, and blazonries on walls; and thus Michael Angelo, exercised primarily in the drawing of body and limb, distributes in the mightiest masses the order of his pillars, and in the loftiest shadow the hollows of his dome. But once quit hold[1] of this living stem, and set

* This principle, here cursorily stated, is one of the chief subjects of inquiry in the following Lectures.

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[1] [In the first MS. draft the passage from this point down to line 4 of § 48 was different:—

"... of the living stem of natural truth, and design of the lower kinds will either become impossible to you, or, as in the case of the Indian and Chinese, degrading, or both. In Europe, whenever the schools cease to study nature, lower design has always become impossible: there is no instance of fine conventional ornament produced in any place, or in any school, where there was not the natural element also, strongly developed; but in the East you have dextrous and often beautiful ornamentation produced without nature, and the tendency of that art is always degrading.

"One point more is to be noticed, and I have done. I am often asked by architects, who study in the best schools of mediæval Gothic, how it is that if so much depends on natural truth, they almost always find those capitals and mouldings most delightful in which the imitation of truth is not completely carried out, or even in which merely a few beautiful curves are used, without any distinct suggestion of natural form at all. The reason of this

yourself to the designing of ornamentation, either in the ignorant play of your own heartless fancy, as the Indian does, or according to received application of heartless laws, as the modern European does, and there is but one word for you—Death:—death of every healthy faculty, and of every noble intelligence, incapacity of understanding one great work that man has ever done, or of doing anything that it shall be helpful for him to behold.[1] You have cut yourselves off voluntarily, presumptuously, insolently, from the whole teaching of your Maker in His universe; you have cut yourselves off from it, not because you were forced to mechanical labour for your bread—not because your fate had appointed you to wear away your life in walled chambers, or dig your life out of dusty furrows; but, when your whole profession, your whole occupation—all the necessities and chances of your existence, led you straight to the feet of the great Teacher, and thrust you into the treasury of His

is mainly that it requires the powers of the very highest intellect to go on to the perfection of natural truth, and yet retain the melodies and organization of design. You cannot get the full power in one man out of ten thousand; so that nearly always the absolutely imitative capitals are done by carvers in whom the power of design was less distinct than that of imitation, and their work becomes overloaded and therefore less pleasurable than that consisting of fewer and less imitative, but entirely well applied lines arranged by the great designers. But they will invariably find that these beautiful conventionalities are either executed in the inferior portions of the building by men practised in figure sculpture in the main parts of it, or else they are forms generally agreed upon by the school as the best for simple work, invented first by the men who were practised in floral or figure sculpture, and then given to their inferior masons to be used in buildings when poverty or haste forbade the introduction of more elaborate design. And it will be found also that we, unless we practise ourselves in the higher sculpture, shall not be able to invent one more form of this conventional kind: that every attempt will have a strange stiffness and harshness about it, and be either valueless or painful. In order to be simple in architecture you must first be splendid, and in order to be nobly conventional you must first be true. And let me entreat you to consider these things gravely."]

[1] [The following passage (to the end of § 47) was either inadequately reported, or much elaborated in revision; for the pamphlet reads:—

". . . to behold. By cutting yourselves off from nature you cut yourselves voluntarily and presumptuously and insolently from the whole teaching of your Maker and His universe; you cut yourselves off, not because you are forced to mechanical labour for your bread, but because you wilfully bind up your eyes from the splendour of nature, and what can remain for you then but helplessness and blindness, except the worse fate than that of being blind yourselves, that of being leaders of the blind? Do not think . . . "]

works; where you have nothing to do but to live by gazing, and to grow by wondering;—wilfully you bind up your eyes from the splendour—wilfully bind up your life-blood from its beating—wilfully turn your backs upon all the majesties of Omnipotence—wilfully snatch your hands from all the aids of love; and what can remain for you, but helplessness and blindness,—except the worse fate than the being blind yourselves—that of becoming Leaders of the blind?[1]

48. Do not think that I am speaking under excited feeling, or in any exaggerated terms. I have *written* the words I use, that I may know what I say, and that you, if you choose, may see what I have said. For, indeed, I have set before you to-night, to the best of my power, the sum and substance of the system of art to the promulgation of which I have devoted my life hitherto, and intend to devote what of life may still be spared to me. I have had but one steady aim in all that I have ever tried to teach, namely—to declare that whatever was great in human art was the expression of man's delight in God's work.[2]

49. And at this time I have endeavoured to prove to you—if you investigate the subject you may more entirely prove to yourselves—that no school ever advanced far which had not the love of natural fact as a primal energy. But it is still more important for you to be assured that the conditions of life and death in the art of nations are also the conditions of life and death in your own; and that you have it, each in his power at this very instant, to determine in which direction his steps are turning.[3] It seems

[1] [Matthew xv. 14.]

[2] [See *Stones of Venice*, Vol. IX. p. 70, and *Harbours of England*, § 19 (Vol. XIII. p. 29).]

[3] [One draft of this passage puts the test somewhat differently:—

"I give you to-night an infallible test by which to know if there is any painting in you, namely, the continual presence in your mind of an instinctive craving after natural visible truth. It is not, observe, a feeling to be described in any exalted terms; it is a sort of hunger, an instinct more like that of the young of a wild beast for its prey, than anything else: it has hardly anything to do with conscientiousness or religious feeling. I am sorry to say that very pious and good people don't generally make good

almost a terrible thing to tell you, that all here have all the power of knowing at once what hope there is for them as artists; you would, perhaps, like better that there was some unremovable doubt about the chances of the future—some possibility that you might be advancing, in unconscious ways, towards unexpected successes—some excuse or reason for going about, as students do so often, to this master or the other, asking him if they have genius, and whether they are doing right, and gathering, from his careless or formal replies, vague flashes of encouragement, or fitfulnesses of despair. There is no need for this—no excuse for it. All of you have the trial of yourselves in your own power; each may undergo at this instant, before his own judgment seat, the ordeal by fire. Ask yourselves what is the leading motive which actuates you while you are at work. I do not ask you what your leading motive is for working—that is a different thing; you may have families to support—parents to help—brides to win; you may have all these, or other such sacred and pre-eminent motives, to press the morning's labour and prompt the twilight thought.[1] But when you are fairly *at* the work, what is the motive then which tells upon every touch of it? If it is the love of that which your work represents—if, being a landscape painter, it is love of hills and trees that moves you—if, being a figure painter, it is love of human beauty and human soul that moves you—if, being a flower or animal painter, it is love, and wonder, and delight in petal and in limb that move

painters: if ever a pupil comes to me with very grand ideas about benefiting his race by his work, I've no hope of him; he had better go and be a missionary—he won't paint. But the real feeling is just an unreasonable, unaccountable, insatiable fury for seeing things and setting them down. If there were no other living being in the world, still your real painter would go on painting; quite as certainly as a bee would go on sucking honey. He doesn't paint for any good purpose, but because he can't help it; he doesn't think it the best thing to be done, but he can't do anything else; nothing can stop him, nothing comes amiss to him: if he were going to be hanged, he would sketch the gallows."

With this passage compare the additional chapter on "A Painter's Profession" in Vol. IV. p. 388.]

[1] [The MS. affords an instance of careful revision here, the first draft having ". . . motives, to urge you to your morning's labour and to twilight thought."]

you, then the Spirit is upon you, and the earth is yours, and the fulness thereof. But if, on the other hand, it is petty self-complacency in your own skill, trust in precepts and laws, hope for academical or popular approbation, or avarice of wealth,—it is quite possible that by steady industry, or even by fortunate chance, you may win the applause, the position, the fortune, that you desire; but one touch of true art you will never lay on canvas or on stone as long as you live.

50. Make, then, your choice, boldly and consciously, for one way or other it *must* be made.[1] On the dark and dangerous side are set the pride which delights in self-contemplation—the indolence which rests in unquestioned forms —the ignorance that despises what is fairest among God's creatures, and the dulness that denies what is marvellous in His working: there is a life of monotony for your own souls, and of misguiding for those of others. And, on the other side, is open to your choice the life of the crowned spirit, moving as a light in creation—discovering always—illuminating always, gaining every hour in strength, yet bowed down every hour into deeper humility; sure of being right in its aim, sure of being irresistible in its progress; happy in what it has securely done—happier in what, day by day, it may as securely hope; happiest at the close of life, when the right hand begins to forget its cunning,[2] to remember, that there was never a touch of the chisel or the pencil it wielded, but has added to the knowledge and quickened the happiness of mankind.

[1] [For "Make, then, . . . made" the MS. reads:—
"I cannot use any terms strong enough to express to you the importance to your happiness, and usefulness in this world, of your choosing, in the beginning of your lives as art students, whether you will turn to the right or the left in this matter; whether you will be naturalists or formalists; whether you will pass your days in representing God's truth, or in repeating men's errors."]

[2] [Psalms cxxxvii. 5.]

LECTURE II

THE UNITY OF ART

Part of an Address delivered at Manchester, February 22nd, 1859.*

51. It is sometimes my pleasant duty to visit other cities, in the hope of being able to encourage their art students; but here it is my pleasanter privilege to come for encouragement myself. I do not know when I have received so much as from the report read this evening by Mr. Hammersley,[1] bearing upon a subject which has caused me great anxiety. For I have always felt in my own pursuit of art, and in my endeavours to urge the pursuit of art on others, that while there are many advantages now that never existed before, there are certain grievous difficulties existing, just in the very cause that is giving the stimulus to art—in the immense spread of the manufactures of every country which is now attending vigorously to art. We find that manufacture and art are now going on always together; that where there is no manufacture there is no art. I know how much there is of pretended art where there is no manufacture: there is much in Italy, for instance; no

* I was prevented, by press of other engagements, from preparing this address with the care I wished; and forced to trust to such expression as I could give at the moment to the points of principal importance; reading, however, the close of the preceding lecture, which I thought contained some truths that would bear repetition. The whole was reported, better than it deserved, by Mr. Pitman, of the *Manchester Courier*, and published nearly verbatim. I have here extracted, from the published report, the facts which I wish especially to enforce; and have a little cleared their expression; its loose and colloquial character I cannot now help, unless by re-writing the whole, which it seems not worth while to do.

[1] [Master of the School of Art, Manchester, at the annual meeting of which this lecture was delivered: see above, p. 248.]

country makes so bold pretence to the production of new art as Italy at this moment; yet no country produces so little. If you glance over the map of Europe, you will find that where the manufactures are strongest, there art also is strongest. And yet I always felt that there was an immense difficulty to be encountered by the students who were in these centres of modern movement. They had to avoid the notion that art and manufacture were in any respect one. Art may be healthily associated with manufacture, and probably in future will always be so; but the student must be strenuously warned against supposing that they can ever be one and the same thing, that art can ever be followed on the principles of manufacture. Each must be followed separately; the one must influence the other, but each must be kept distinctly separate from the other.

52. It would be well if all students would keep clearly in their mind the real distinction between those words[1] which we use so often, "Manufacture," "Art," and "Fine Art." MANUFACTURE is, according to the etymology and right use of the word, "the making of anything by hands," —directly or indirectly, with or without the help of instruments or machines. Anything proceeding from the hand of man is manufacture; but it must have proceeded from his hand only, acting mechanically, and uninfluenced at the moment by direct intelligence.

53. Then, secondly, ART is the operation of the hand and the intelligence of man together: there is an art of making machinery; there is an art of building ships; an art of making carriages;[2] and so on. All these, properly called Arts, but not Fine Arts, are pursuits in which the hand of man and his head go together, working at the same instant.

54. Then FINE ART is that in which the hand, the head, and the *heart* of man go together.

[1] [Compare *Queen of the Air*, § 104.]

[2] [The pamphlet adds "an art of fencing," in which connexion compare *Lectures on Art*, § 71.]

55. Recollect this triple group; it will help you to solve many difficult problems. And remember that though the hand must be at the bottom of everything, it must also go to the top of everything; for Fine Art must be produced by the hand of man in a much greater and clearer sense than Manufacture is. Fine Art must always be produced by the subtlest of all machines, which is the human hand. No machine yet contrived, or hereafter contrivable, will ever equal the fine machinery of the human fingers. Thoroughly perfect art is that which proceeds from the heart, which involves all the noble emotions;—associates with these the head, yet as inferior to the heart; and the hand, yet as inferior to the heart and head; and thus brings out the whole man.

56. Hence it follows that since Manufacture is simply the operation of the hand of man in producing that which is useful to him, it essentially separates itself from the emotions; when emotions interfere with machinery they spoil it: machinery must go evenly, without emotion. But the Fine Arts cannot go evenly; they always must have emotion ruling their mechanism, and until the pupil begins to feel, and until all he does associates itself with the current of his feeling, he is not an artist. But pupils in all the schools in this country are now exposed to all kinds of temptations which blunt their feelings. I constantly feel discouraged in addressing them, because I know not how to tell them boldly what they ought to do, when I feel how practically difficult it is for them to do it. There are all sorts of demands made upon them in every direction, and money is to be made in every conceivable way but the right way. If you paint as you ought, and study as you ought, depend upon it the public will take no notice of you for a long while. If you study wrongly, and try to draw the attention of the public upon you,—supposing you to be clever students—you will get swift reward; but the reward does not come fast when it is sought wisely; it is always held aloof for a little while; the right roads of early life are very quiet ones, hedged in from nearly all help or praise.

But the wrong roads are noisy,—vociferous everywhere with all kinds of demands upon you for art which is not properly art at all; and in the various meetings of modern interests, money is to be made in every way; but art is to be followed only in *one* way. That is what I want mainly to say to you, or if not to you yourselves (for, from what I have heard from your excellent master to-night, I know you are going on all rightly), you must let me say it through you to others.[1] Our Schools of Art are confused by the various teaching and various interests that are now abroad among us. Everybody is talking about art, and writing about it, and more or less interested in it; everybody wants art, and there is not art for everybody, and few who talk know what they are talking about; thus students are led in all variable ways, while there is only one way in which they can make steady progress, for true art is always and will be always one. Whatever changes may be made in the customs of society, whatever new machines we may invent, whatever new manufactures you may supply, Fine Art must remain what it was two thousand years ago, in the days of Phidias; two thousand years hence, it will be, in all its principles, and in all its great effects upon the mind of man, just the same. Observe this that I say, please, carefully, for I mean it to the very utmost.[2] *There is but one right way of doing any given thing required of an artist;* there may be a hundred wrong, deficient, or mannered ways, but there is only one complete and right way. Whenever two artists are trying to do the same thing with the same materials, and do it in different ways, one of them is wrong; he may be charmingly wrong, or impressively wrong—various circumstances in his temper may make his wrong pleasanter than

[1] [The pamphlet here adds :—
"As long as you have such a master as you have here in Mr. Hammersley, there is no fear for you; I need not come and talk to you, but it is not every school that has such a master. For other schools you must allow me to say, through you, one or two things that I have deeply at heart."]

[2] [The pamphlet here reads :—
". . . just the same. I have written this because I want to be sure of what I say, that there is but one right way . . . "

any person's right; it may for him, under his given limitations of knowledge or temper, be better perhaps that he should err in his own way than try for anybody else's—but for all that his way *is* wrong, and it is essential for all masters of schools to know what the right way is, and what right art is, and to see how simple and how single all right art has been, since the beginning of it.

57. But farther, not only is there but one way of *doing* things rightly, but there is only one way of *seeing* them, and that is, seeing the whole of them, without any choice, or more intense perception of one point than another, owing to our special idiosyncrasies. Thus, when Titian or Tintoret look at a human being, they see at a glance the whole of its nature, outside and in; all that it has of form, of colour, of passion, or of thought; saintliness, and loveliness; fleshly beauty,[1] and spiritual power; grace, or strength, or softness, or whatsoever other quality, those men will see to the full, and so paint, that, when narrower people come to look at what they have done, every one may, if he chooses, find his own special pleasure in the work. The sensualist will find sensuality in Titian; the thinker will find thought; the saint, sanctity; the colourist, colour; the anatomist, form; and yet the picture will never be a popular one in the full sense, for none of these narrower people will find their special taste so alone consulted, as that the qualities which would ensure their gratification shall be sifted or separated from others; they are checked by the presence of the other qualities which ensure the gratification of other men. Thus, Titian is not soft enough for the sensualist, Correggio suits him better; Titian is not defined enough for the formalist,—Leonardo suits him better; Titian is not pure enough for the religionist, —Raphael suits him better; Titian is not polite enough for the man of the world,—Vandyke suits him better; Titian is not forcible enough for the lover of the picturesque,—Rembrandt suits him better. So Correggio is popular with a

[1] [So the MS. All the editions hitherto have read "body," following a misprint in the original report.]

certain set, and Vandyke with a certain set, and Rembrandt with a certain set. All are great men, but of inferior stamp,[1] and therefore Vandyke is popular, and Rembrandt is popular,* but nobody cares much at heart about Titian; only there is a strange undercurrent of everlasting murmur about his name, which means the deep consent of all great men that he is greater than they—the consent of those who, having sat long enough at his feet, have found in that restrained harmony of his strength there are indeed depths of each balanced power more wonderful than all those separate manifestations in inferior painters; that there is a softness more exquisite than Correggio's, a purity loftier than Leonardo's, a force mightier than Rembrandt's, a sanctity more solemn even than Raphael's.

58. Do not suppose that in saying this of Titian, I am returning to the old eclectic theories of Bologna;[2] for all those eclectic theories, observe, were based, not upon an endeavour to unite the various characters of nature (which it is possible to do), but the various narrownesses of taste, which it is impossible to do. Rubens is not more vigorous than Titian, but less vigorous; but because he is so narrow-minded as to enjoy vigour only, he refuses to give the other qualities of nature, which would interfere with that vigour and with our perception of it. Again, Rembrandt is not a greater master of chiaroscuro than Titian;—he is a less master, but because he is so narrow-minded as to enjoy chiaroscuro only, he withdraws from you the splendour of

* And Murillo, of all true painters the narrowest, feeblest, and most superficial, for those reasons the most popular.[3]

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[1] [Here the pamphlet reads :—
"... inferior stamp. I consider no man worthy of being compared with Titian. Vandyke is popular ..."]

[2] [The MS. explains and adds :—
"... and that I suppose you can unite the vigour of Rubens with the precision of Holbein, and the asceticism of Perugino with the sensuousness of Greuze."
For another reference to, and note on, the eclectic theories of the Bolognese School, see Vol. XII. p. 201 and *n.*]

[3] [On Murillo, see Vol. III. p. 635 *n.*]

hue which would interfere with this, and gives you only the shadow in which you can at once feel it. Now all these specialties have their own charm in their own way; and there are times when the particular humour of each man is refreshing to us from its very distinctness; but the effort to add any other qualities to this refreshing one instantly takes away the distinctness; and therefore the exact character to be enjoyed in its appeal to a particular humour in us. Our enjoyment arose from a weakness meeting a weakness, from a partiality in the painter fitting to a partiality in us, and giving us sugar when we wanted sugar, and myrrh when we wanted myrrh; but sugar and myrrh are not meat: and when we want meat and bread, we must go to better men.

59. The eclectic schools endeavoured to unite these opposite partialities and weaknesses. They trained themselves under masters of exaggeration, and tried to unite opposite exaggerations. That was impossible. They did not see that the only possible eclecticism had been already accomplished; —the eclecticism of temperance, which, by the restraint of force, gains higher force; and by the self-denial of delight, gains higher delight. This you will find is ultimately the case with every true and right master; at first, while we are tyros in art, or before we have earnestly studied the man in question, we shall see little in him; or perhaps see, as we think, deficiencies; we shall fancy he is inferior to this man in that, and to the other man in the other; but as we go on studying him we shall find that he has got both that and the other; and both in a far higher sense than the man who seemed to possess those qualities in excess.[1] Thus in Turner's lifetime,[2] when people first looked at him,

[1] [The pamphlet here adds:—

"Now if you will allow me, I will speak about one of my hobbies for a few minutes, and give another instance of a man who, I believe, although not felt by the great public, united all great qualities. When people looked at Turner, those who liked . . ."]

[2] [Here the MS. enables us to identify a passage which was trusted to extempore expression (see above, p. 293 *n.*). The following portion of § 59 was not written out, the lecturer's notes being simply—"Thus Turner—compared with Copley Fielding—Prout—De Wint—Callcott." For all the artists mentioned, see General Index.]

those who liked rainy weather, said he was not equal to Copley Fielding; but those who looked at Turner long enough found that he could be much more wet than Copley Fielding, when he chose. The people who liked force, said that "Turner was not strong enough for them; he was effeminate; they liked De Wint,—nice strong tone;—or Cox —great, greeny, dark masses of colour—solemn feeling of the freshness and depth of nature;—they liked Cox—Turner was too hot for them." Had they looked long enough they would have found that he had far more force than De Wint, far more freshness than Cox when he chose,—only united with other elements; and that he didn't choose to be cool, if nature had appointed the weather to be hot. The people who liked Prout said "Turner had not firmness of hand —he did not know enough about architecture—he was not picturesque enough." Had they looked at his architecture long, they would have found that it contained subtle picturesqueness, infinitely more picturesque than anything of Prout's. People who liked Callcott said that "Turner was not correct or pure enough—had no classical taste." Had they looked at Turner long enough they would have found him as severe, when he chose, as the greater Poussin;—Callcott, a mere vulgar imitator of other men's high breeding. And so throughout with all thoroughly great men, their strength is not seen at first, precisely because they unite, in due place and measure, every great quality.

60. Now the question is, whether, as students, we are to study only these mightiest men, who unite all greatness, or whether we are to study the works of inferior men, who present us with the greatness which we particularly like?[1] That question often comes before me when I

[1] [Here, again, §§ 60, 61 are represented in the MS. by notes only; these are here given in order to illustrate Ruskin's methods in public lecturing:—

"May we not be narrow in our own way—as narrowness is charming—and study some narrow master, whom we like? A question which has often brought me to pause.

"Prout as an instance of non-education and partial preference. He would have been something so different from Prout.

"The answer is—if by any accident, circumstances, or education a man

see a strong idiosyncrasy in a student, and he asks me what he should study. Shall I send him to a true master, who does not present the quality in a prominent way in which that student delights, or send him to a man with whom he has direct sympathy? It is a hard question. For very curious results have sometimes been brought out, especially in late years, not only by students following their own bent, but by their being withdrawn from teaching altogether. I have just named a very great man in his own field—Prout. We all know his drawings, and love them: they have a peculiar character which no other architectural drawings ever possessed, and which no others ever can possess, because all Prout's subjects are being knocked down, or restored. (Prout did not like restored buildings any more than I do.) There will never be any more Prout drawings.[1] Nor could he have been what he was, or expressed with that mysteriously effective touch that peculiar delight in broken and old buildings, unless he had been withdrawn from all high art influence. You know that Prout was born of poor parents—that he was educated down in Cornwall; and that, for many years, all the art-teaching he had was his own, or the fishermen's. Under the keels of the fishing-boats, on the sands of our southern coasts, Prout learned all he needed to learn about art. Entirely by himself, he felt his way to this particular style, and became the painter of pictures which I think we should all regret to lose. It becomes a very difficult question what that man would have been, had he been brought under some

> cannot [have] education, let him console himself that if he has genius he may by the picking up process turn into something charming.
>
> "But if you are to *teach* at all, teach the right thing from the right and highest men.
>
> "There is a quality about Burns and about Dickens which as highly educated men they could not have had; but if you are to teach English literature, teach it from Shakespeare, not from Burns, and from Bacon, not from Dickens.
>
> "Well, you are to have Titian and Turner. Then supposing we accept this, how are Titian and Turner to show us how to meet lower requirements —manufactures, etc.?"

[1] [On this subject, compare Vol. XII. p. 315; and for a further sketch of Prout's early years, *ibid.*, pp. 305 *seq.*]

entirely wholesome artistic influence. He had immense gifts of composition. I do not know any man who had more power of invention than Prout, or who had a sublimer instinct in his treatment of things; but being entirely withdrawn from all artistical help, he blunders his way to that short-coming representation, which, by the very reason of its short-coming, has a certain charm we should all be sorry to lose. And therefore I feel embarrassed when a student comes to me, in whom I see a strong instinct of that kind: and cannot tell whether I ought to say to him, "Give up all your studies of old boats, and keep away from the sea-shore, and come up to the Royal Academy in London, and look at nothing but Titian." It is a difficult thing to make up one's mind to say that. However, I believe, on the whole, we may wisely leave such matters in the hands of Providence; that if we have the power of teaching the right to anybody, we should teach them the right; if we have the power of showing them the best thing, we should show them the best thing; there will always, I fear, be enough want of teaching, and enough bad teaching, to bring out very curious erratical results if we want them. So, if we are to teach at all, let us teach the right thing, and ever the right thing. There are many attractive qualities inconsistent with rightness;—do not let us teach them,—let us be content to waive them. There are attractive qualities in Burns, and attractive qualities in Dickens, which neither of those writers would have possessed if the one had been educated, and the other had been studying higher nature than that of cockney London; but those attractive qualities are not such as we should seek in a school of literature. If we want to teach young men a good manner of writing, we should teach it from Shakespeare,—not from Burns; from Walter Scott,—and not from Dickens. And I believe that our schools of painting are at present inefficient in their action, because they have not fixed on this high principle which are the painters to whom to point; nor boldly resolved to point

to the best, if determinable. It is becoming a matter of stern necessity that they should give a simple direction to the attention of the student, and that they should say, "This is the mark you are to aim at; and you are not to go about to the print-shops, and peep in, to see how this engraver does that, and the other engraver does the other, and how a nice bit of character has been caught by a new man, and why this odd picture has caught the popular attention. You are to have nothing to do with all that; you are not to mind about popular attention just now; but here is a thing which is eternally right and good: you are to look at that, and see if you cannot do something eternally right and good too."

61. But suppose you accept this principle; and resolve to look to some great man, Titian, or Turner, or whomsoever it may be, as the model of perfection in art;—then the question is, since this great man pursued his art in Venice, or in the fields of England, under totally different conditions from those possible to us now—how are you to make your study of him effective here in Manchester? how bring it down into patterns, and all that you are called upon as operatives to produce? how make it the means of your livelihood, and associate inferior branches of art with this great art? That may become a serious doubt to you. You may think there is some other way of producing clever, and pretty, and saleable patterns, than going to look at Titian, or any other great man. And that brings me to the question, perhaps the most vexed question of all amongst us just now, between conventional and perfect art. You know that among architects and artists there are, and have been almost always, since art became a subject of much discussion, two parties, one maintaining that nature should be always altered and modified, and that the artist is greater than nature; they do not maintain, indeed, in words, but they maintain in idea, that the artist is greater than the Divine Maker of these things, and can improve them; while the other party say that he cannot improve nature, and that

nature on the whole should improve him. That is the real meaning of the two parties, the essence of them; the practical result of their several theories being that the Idealists are always producing more or less formal conditions of art, and the Realists striving to produce in all their art either some image of nature, or record of nature;[1] these, observe, being quite different things, the image being a resemblance, and the record, something which will give information about nature, but not necessarily imitate it.

. . . . . .*

62. You may separate these two groups of artists more distinctly in your mind as those who seek for the pleasure

* The portion of the lecture here omitted was a recapitulation of that part of the previous one which opposed conventional art to natural art.[2]

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[1] [Compare § 19, above, p. 269.]

[2] [As, however, the language and to some extent the course of the argument were different, the passage is here reprinted from the pamphlet:—

". . . Now, a very important book has just been written by one of our most learned men, and a book of great value in many respects, liable to do harm in one respect only, I believe; I mean Sir Gardiner Wilkinson's work on *Decorative Art* [see above, p. xxxi.]. It ought to be in the hands of every one who can obtain it. It is excellent in almost all points, but it yields slightly too much indulgence to that old idea that nature is to be idealised or improved when it is brought down to manufacture or to decoration. And here, in Manchester, I ask your permission to protest strongly against the notion—I ask your permission, because it sounds rude to do so—to protest strongly against the idea that nature is improved when she is brought down into decorative service. I believe I may state the matter clearly to you in very few words.

"The best of all decoration, the noblest of all decoration, would be a perfect representation of nature by the hand of Titian or Phidias. I keep to my text—Titian; any other great man would not do nearly as well; Titian and Phidias are alike, so I name those. The best of all decoration would be painting, decoration of walls, by Titian; sculpture, decoration of walls, by Phidias; both those men striving to represent the noblest nature, the human form, as truly and faithfully as they could under the conditions submitted to them. That is the noblest of all decoration. You have the types of both. You have Phidias's decoration of the Parthenon, and Titian's fresco decoration, very little heeded, at Padua [see Vol. V. p. 398]; Raffaelle's in the Vatican; and by Michael Angelo, in the decorations of the Sistine Chapel. That is the best of all decorative art—the noblest representation of nature by the noblest men.

"Note that decorative art falls according to its inferiority of office and to its inferiority of material. As the material becomes inferior, nature should be gradually withdrawn. The lower the service to which you put your art, the baser the material in which you express your art, the less of nature you should put into your art. That is the law. You are

of art, in the relations of its colours and lines, without caring to convey any truth with it; and those who seek for the truth first, and then go down from the truth to the pleasure of colour and line. Marking those two bodies distinctly as separate, and thinking over them, you may come to some rather notable conclusions respecting the mental dispositions

not improving nature, you are degrading her, when you conventionalise her; but you ought to conventionalise her when you lower the office to which you put your work. For instance, one of the most ordinary offices to which decorative work is put is the decoration of the borders of dresses. Well, it would not do to have on the borders of dresses, if such things were possible, beautiful paintings; it would be a wrong thing to put beautiful paintings where they were crumpled up by every movement of the wearer. It would also be a wrong thing to try to draw attention away from the face of the wearer to the dress, if that were possible; by so doing you would put art in the wrong place. Not only ought there to be nothing to draw attention from the face, but you ought not to appear even to think you could do so.

"In all other inferiorities, in like manner, no noble art should be put into a subordinate service; and all so-called conventionalism, all right conventionalism at least, is that submission of the art which you introduce to the place in which you put it. In old Greek art you have the thing perfectly simple; you have the noblest decoration, the human figure, put in the principal place; then you have the subordinate decoration, the Anthemion and the other forms of leaf moulding put above that; not because the Greek thought he was improving leaves by putting them into formal types, but because he wanted to indicate the submission, the inferiority of the border to that which it bordered; the inferiority of the frame to that which it framed; and he subdued his flowers that they might not draw by their beauty the mind away from the sculpture in the centre. In all conventional ornament, there is an inferiority, either of material, or of position, or of the workman's skill, or in some way or other an inferiority which must be consulted.

"Take another instance, that of missal painting in books. It would be a wrong thing to put beautiful painting into leaves which were being perpetually turned over, and worn by the fingers of the reader. Therefore you require something which shall decorate the writing, which shall make the writing beautiful, without spending too much time or skill upon it. Then you introduce an inferior art, but an art which is in itself noble and beautiful exactly in proportion to the propriety with which it is fitted to its service. In all these cases you find the balance and the beauty of the thing depending upon its fitness for the service to which it is put; and we often find ourselves disgracing nature by endeavouring to introduce too much nature into places where nature is unfit, or too much fine art, too much noble art, into places where that art is not wanted. There is a little attempt among certain forms of religionists, to revive Gothic missal painting, and I have often to protest against the effort to introduce natural flower-painting into the leaves of those missals. I have just as strongly to protest against it as I have to protest against any want of nature in landscape painting, because the moment you begin to introduce natural flowers, you must have beautiful painting, or none, and beautiful painting ought not to be put upon the leaves of a book thus handled and crumpled. So, then, you have first of all your noblest decoration, which

which are involved in each mode of study. You will find that large masses of the art of the world fall definitely under one or the other of these heads. Observe, pleasure first and truth afterwards, (or not at all,) as with the Arabians and Indians: or, truth first and pleasure afterwards, as with Angelico and all other great European painters. You will find that the art whose end is pleasure only is pre-eminently the gift of cruel and savage nations, cruel in temper, savage in habits and conception;[1] but that the art which is especially

is noble, natural art, put in the place worthy of it, and then you have your inferior decoration of various kinds, which means the submission of art to some inferior place or material.

"Now the question is, how you are to get this inferior art, how you are to get practised in doing it. There are two ways of getting the skill of it. You know the nation and sort of persons who had skill in it. You know the noble conventional Gothic art of painting windows, the art of ornamenting Indian shawls, all that art which is beautiful in colour and line and represents no natural form—much of that we want. You know also the art of the Giotto mosaic, which had no natural form at all, but merely the symmetrical and beautiful and pleasing forms of variously coloured marble. Much of that art we want, for it bears especially upon our manufactures, but the question is how to get at it. There are two ways, one from above, and one from below. The one from above is the way that all the great painters got at it. I have named Giotto, and he got it from above. Giotto learned to paint the figure first, and from his knowledge of the figure he learned all that was beautiful in line and lovely in colour, abstracted that and put it into mosaic. So again, Paul Veronese produced conventional patterns of endless variety, and infinite and exquisite beauty. He gets it from above; he learns his figure first, goes down, and introduces whatever is lovely in line and colour into the subdued ornaments of his drapery. So, Angelico, the master of all for sacred feeling, gets at it from above. He dreams perpetually of saints and angels, and in those dreams there come across him also little dreams of beauty, mere bits of ornament, but there never was such exquisite ornament invented for its tenderness, purity, and loveliness, as those little bits got at from above; they descend from heaven; he brings down little bits of the golden pavement with him—that is getting at it from above.

"Then, there is another way—getting at it from below. There are a large mass of the nations of the earth which appear to have a peculiar skill in this conventional ornament. They get at it from below by refusing all natural art whatsoever. The Arabians of old, for instance, refused all natural form, and sought out all possible grotesque ornament of mere line and colour—they got at it from below. And so the Indians at this moment get at it from below; they refuse all true portraiture of nature, produce nothing but grotesques and monsters, and seek mere relations of colour and line. That is what I call getting at it from below. But you may separate . . ."

The pamphlet then proceeds as in § 62.]

[1] [The pamphlet here adds:—

"You will find this kind of formal ornamentation, especially in what I have in *The Stones of Venice* called, and most advisedly—perhaps people

dedicated to natural fact always indicates a peculiar gentleness and tenderness of mind, and that all great and successful work of that kind will assuredly be the production of thoughtful, sensitive, earnest, kind men, large in their views of life, and full of various intellectual power. And farther, when you examine the men in whom the gifts of art are variously mingled, or universally mingled, you will discern that the ornamental, or pleasurable power, though it may be possessed by good men, is not in itself an indication of their goodness, but is rather, unless balanced by other faculties, indicative of violence of temper, inclining to cruelty and to irreligion. On the other hand, so sure as you find any man endowed with a keen and separate faculty of representing natural fact, so surely you will find that man gentle and upright, full of nobleness and breadth of thought.

thought that that was a rash and violent expression, used carelessly, a slip of the pen; no, it was an advised word—that 'detestable' ornament of the Alhambra. All ornamentation of that lower kind is pre-eminently the gift of cruel persons, of Indians, Saracens, Byzantians, and is the delight of the worst and cruellest nations, Moorish, Indian, Chinese, South Sea Islanders, and so on. I say it is their peculiar gift; not, observe, that they are only capable of doing this, while other nations are capable of doing more; but that they are capable of doing this in a way which civilized nations cannot equal. The fancy and delicacy of eye in interweaving lines and arranging colours—mere line and colour, observe, without natural form—seems to be somehow an inheritance of ignorance and cruelty, belonging to men as spots to the tiger or hues to the snake. I do not profess to account for this; I point it out, and you will find it true if you look through the history of nations and their acquirements. I merely assert the fact. Get yourselves to be gentle and civilized, having respect for human life and a desire for good, and somehow or other you will find that you will not be able to make such pretty shawls as before. You know that you cannot make them so pretty as those Sepoys do at this moment. You will find yourselves, as you make yourselves more kind and good, more clumsy in that sort of ornament. If you want a piece of beautiful painted glass at this moment, you do not find that any benevolent Christian can produce it; you have to go back to the thirteenth or fourteenth century, to the days of those precious sovereigns when the Black Prince killed two thousand men, women, and children before breakfast because he got in a passion. This you will find to be a general description of the moral character of those who produce ornamentation dedicated to pleasure only."

The reference in *The Stones of Venice* is to vol. i. Appendix 22 (Vol. IX. p. 469); see also below, § 67, where a portion of this passage is included. The reference to the Indian Mutiny occurs also in the first lecture; see above, p. 262. The reference to the Black Prince is to his capture of Limoges, when he massacred every man, woman, and child found within its walls (to the number of 3000)—an act of cruelty which his apologists attribute partly to chagrin and partly to the irritation of ill-health.]

I will give you two instances, the first peculiarly English, and another peculiarly interesting because it occurs among a nation not generally very kind or gentle.

68. I am inclined to think that, considering all the disadvantages of circumstances and education under which his genius was developed, there was perhaps hardly ever born a man with a more intense and innate gift of insight into nature than our own Sir Joshua Reynolds. Considered as a painter of individuality in the human form and mind, I think him, even as it is, the prince of portrait painters. Titian paints nobler pictures, and Vandyke had nobler subjects, but neither of them entered so subtly as Sir Joshua did into the minor varieties of human heart and temper; and when you consider that, with a frightful conventionality of social habitude all around him, he yet conceived the simplest types of all feminine and childish loveliness;—that in a northern climate, and with gray, and white, and black, as the principal colours around him, he yet became a colourist who can be crushed by none, even of the Venetians;—and that with Dutch painting and Dresden china for the prevailing types of art in the saloons of his day, he threw himself at once at the feet of the great masters of Italy, and arose from their feet to share their throne—I know not that in the whole history of art you can produce another instance of so strong, so unaided, so unerring an instinct for all that was true, pure, and noble.

64. Now, do you recollect the evidence respecting the character of this man,—the two points of bright peculiar evidence given by the sayings of the two greatest literary men of his day, Johnson and Goldsmith? Johnson, who, as you know, was always Reynolds' attached friend, had but one complaint to make against him, that he hated nobody:—"Reynolds," he said, "you hate no one living; I like a good hater!"[1] Still more significant is the little touch in Goldsmith's "Retaliation." You recollect how in that poem

[1] [This remark is recorded at p. 168 of *Sir Joshua Reynolds and his Works: Gleanings from his Diary, Unpublished Manuscripts, and from other Sources.* By William Cotton, 1856.]

he describes the various persons who met at one of their dinners at St. James's Coffee-house, each person being described under the name of some appropriate dish. You will often hear the concluding lines about Reynolds quoted—

> "He shifted his trumpet," etc. ;—

less often, or at least less attentively, the preceding ones, far more important—

> "Still born to improve us in every part—
> His pencil our faces, his *manners our heart;*"

and never, the most characteristic touch of all, near the beginning:—

> "Our dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
> Our Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains;
> To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
> That Rich is anchovy, and Reynolds is *lamb.*"

65. The other painter whom I would give you as an instancé of this gentleness is a man of another nation, on the whole I suppose one of the most cruel civilized nations in the world,—the Spaniards. They produced but one great painter, only one; but he among the very greatest of painters, Velasquez. You would not suppose, from looking at Velasquez' portraits generally, that he was an especially kind or good man; you perceive a peculiar sternness about them; for they were as true as steel, and the persons whom he had to paint being not generally kind or good people, they were stern in expression, and Velasquez gave the sternness; but he had precisely the same intense perception of truth, the same marvellous instinct for the rendering of all natural soul and all natural form that our Reynolds had.[1] Let me, then, read you his character as it is given by Mr. Stirling, of Keir:[2]—

> "Certain charges, of what nature we are not informed, brought against him after his death, made it necessary for his executor, Fuensalida, to refute

[1] [The pamphlet adds ", and that Titian had."]

[2] [The quotation is from the Life of Velazquez, by Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, vol. ii. pp. 798–799 of the 1891 edition of *Annals of the Artists of Spain*. Ruskin omits

them at a private audience granted to him by the king for that purpose. After listening to the defence of his friend, Philip immediately made answer: 'I can believe all you say of the excellent disposition of Diego Velasquez.' Having lived for half his life in courts, he was yet capable both of gratitude and generosity, and in the misfortunes, he could remember the early kindness, of Olivares. The friend of the exile of Loeches, it is just to believe that he was also the friend of the all-powerful favourite at Buenretiro. * * * No mean jealousy ever influenced his conduct to his brother artists; he could afford not only to acknowledge the merits, but to forgive the malice, of his rivals. His character was of *that rare and happy kind, in which high intellectual power is combined with indomitable strength of will, and a winning sweetness of temper,* and which seldom fails to raise the possessor above his fellow-men, making his life a

'laurelled victory, and smooth success
Bestrewed before his feet.'" [1]

66. I am sometimes accused of trying to make art too moral; yet, observe, I do not say in the least that in order to be a good painter you must be a good man; but I do say that in order to be a good natural painter there must be strong elements of good in the mind, however warped by other parts of the character.[2] There are hundreds of other gifts of painting which are not at all involved with moral conditions, but this one, the perception of nature, is never given but under certain moral conditions. Therefore, now you have it in your choice; here are your two paths for you: it is required of you to produce conventional ornament, and you may approach the task as the Hindoo does, and as the Arab did, without nature at all, with the chance of approximating your disposition somewhat to that of the Hindoos and Arabs; or as Sir Joshua and Velasquez did, with, not the chance, but the certainty, of approximating your disposition, according to the sincerity of your effort—to the disposition of those great and good men.

a few lines where asterisks are inserted above. It was to Olivares, for many years the all-powerful minister of Philip IV., that Velazquez owed his introduction to the court; on the fall of the minister in 1643, Velazquez was one of the few friends who visited him in his enforced seclusion at Loeches (*ibid.*, p. 744), a proof that the painter's friendship, when the minister was all-powerful in the royal palace of Buenretiro, had been sincere.]

[1] [*Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 3, l. 100.]

[2] [A distinction which Ruskin's critics often ignore. He discusses the question clearly in *Lectures on Art*, Lecture iii.; and see above, p. 25 (*A Joy for Ever*, § 28).]

67. And do you suppose you will lose anything by approaching your conventional art from this higher side? Not so. I called, with deliberate measurement of my expression, long ago, the decoration of the Alhambra "detestable,"[1] not merely because indicative of base conditions of moral being, but because merely as decorative work, however captivating in some respects, it is wholly wanting in the real, deep, and intense qualities of ornamental art. Noble conventional decoration belongs only to three periods. First, there is the conventional decoration of the Greeks, used in subordination to their sculpture. There are then the noble conventional decoration of the early Gothic schools, and the noble conventional arabesque of the great Italian schools. All these were reached from above, all reached by stooping[2] from a knowledge of the human form.[3] Depend upon it you will find, as you look more and more into the matter, that good subordinate ornament has ever been rooted in a higher knowledge; and if you are again to produce anything that is noble, you must have the higher knowledge

[1] [See above, p. 307 *n.*, where the reference is given.]

[2] [On this principle—that noble ornamentation is the stooping of great men—compare what Ruskin calls "*Beneath* ornamentation," in *The Oxford Museum*, § 25 (above, p. 231); and see the fuller treatment of the subject in the next lecture, §§ 72 *seq.*]

[3] [Here, again, the pamphlet adds a passage recapitulating (though in different language) some of the former lecture (see §§ 34 *seq.*), thus :—

> "Do you suppose that early Gothic ornaments were ever reached without great study of figure sculpture? Look at the richest of all the Gothic schools, and you will find that the very centre of all their noble sculpture is always based on a full appreciation of the dignity of the human form, and that the most striking pieces of floral decoration are invariably associated with the full understanding of all that was saintly and noble in the face of every monk and of every king who entered the cathedral. The true centre of Gothic power in the Cathedral of Wells, the Cathedral of Chartres, the Cathedral of Florence—and I name the Cathedral of Wells as our centre in England, Chartres as the centre in France, and Florence as the centre in Italy—in all those cathedrals the first thing that catches the eye is the noble figure sculpture. In our Cathedral of Wells, especially, there are two or three sculptures of young men and women, novices, which are perhaps, of sacred sculpture, the most beautiful things that have ever yet been done. I do not believe that all our modern efforts and all our modern science have as yet produced anything so touching as some of those simple statues at the front of the Cathedral of Wells."

For the high place accorded by Ruskin to Wells among the English cathedrals, compare Vol. VIII. p. 12; Vol. XII. pp. 92, 491, 493.]

first, and descend to all lower service; condescend as much as you like,—condescension never does any man any harm,—but get your noble standing first. So, then, without any scruple, whatever branch of art you may be inclined as a student here to follow,—whatever you are to make your bread by, I say, so far as you have time and power, make yourself first a noble and accomplished artist; understand at least what noble and accomplished art is, and then you will be able to apply your knowledge to all service whatsoever.[1]

68. I am now going to ask your permission to name the masters whom I think it would be well if we could agree, in our Schools of Art in England, to consider our leaders. The first and chief I will not myself presume to name; he shall be distinguished for you by the authority of those two great painters of whom we have just been speaking—Reynolds and Velasquez. You may remember that in your Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition[2] the most impressive things were the works of those two men—nothing told upon the eye so much; no other pictures retained it with such a persistent power. Now, I have the testimony, first of Reynolds to Velasquez, and then of Velasquez to the man whom I want you to take as the master of all your English schools. The testimony of Reynolds to Velasquez is very striking. I take it from some fragments which have just been published by Mr. William Cotton—precious fragments—of Reynolds' diaries,[3] which I chanced upon luckily as I was coming down here: for I was going to take Velasquez' testimony alone, and then fell upon this testimony of Reynolds to Velasquez, written most

[1] [The pamphlet here adds :—

"... all service whatsoever; you may paint then as many boats as you like, you may draw as many patterns for gowns as you like, may go and make the ornaments on the bosses of cornices in any rough, far-away village, as much as you like; but get your pure, deep, and exalted knowledge of the human form first, and of all natural beauty first, and let all other service proceed from that."]

[2] [For the pictures by Reynolds there, see *Modern Painters*, vol. v., preface, § 1.]

[3] [This is the book mentioned on p. 308 *n*. The passage here quoted is at p. 212 of that work. For a later compilation by the same author, see below, Appendix ii., p. 417 and *n*.]

fortunately in Reynolds' own hand—you may see the manuscript. "What *we* are all," said Reynolds, "attempting to do with great labour, *Velasquez does at once.*" Just think what is implied when a man of the enormous power and facility that Reynolds had, says he was "trying to do with great labour" what Velasquez "did at once."

69. Having thus Reynolds' testimony to Velasquez, I will take Velasquez' testimony to somebody else. You know that Velasquez was sent by Philip of Spain, to Italy, to buy pictures for him. He went all over Italy, saw the living artists there, and all their best pictures when freshly painted, so that he had every opportunity of judging; and never was a man so capable of judging. He went to Rome and ordered various works of living artists; and, while there, he was one day asked by Salvator Rosa what he thought of Raphael. His reply, and the ensuing conversation, are thus reported by Boschini,[1] in curious Italian verse, which, thus translated by Dr. Donaldson, is quoted in Mr. Stirling's Life of Velasquez:[2]—

"The master" [Velasquez] "stiffly bowed his figure tall
And said, 'For Rafael, to speak the truth—
I always was plain-spoken from my youth—
I cannot say I like his works at all.'

"'Well,' said the other" [Salvator], "'if you can run down
So great a man, I really cannot see
What you can find to like in Italy;
To him we all agree to give the crown.'

"Diego answered thus: 'I saw in Venice
The true test of the good and beautiful;
First, in my judgment, ever stands that school,
And Titian first of all Italian men is.'"

"*Tisian ze quel che porta la bandiera.*"

[1] [Marco Boschini, author of "The Chart of Pictorial Navigation, a dialogue in eight breezes"—*La Carta del Navegar Pitoresco, dialogo tra un Senator Venetian deletante e un Professor de Pitura, Comparti in oto venti*, opera de Marco Boschini, 4to, Venetia, 1660. His account of Velazquez at Venice is at vento i. p. 56. For another book by Boschini, see Vol. XII. p. 290.]

[2] [See above, § 65 *n.* The passages here quoted are from vol. ii. pp. 762–763 of the reprint of 1891, the version by Dr. Donaldson being supplied for that work.]

Learn that line by heart, and act, at all events for some time to come, upon Velasquez' opinion in that matter. Titian is much the safest master for you. Raphael's power, such as it was, and great as it was, depended wholly upon transcendental characters in his mind; it is "Raphaelesque," properly so called; but Titian's power is simply the power of doing right. Whatever came before Titian, he did wholly as it *ought* to be done. Do not suppose that now in recommending Titian to you so strongly, and speaking of nobody else to-night, I am retreating in anywise from what some of you may perhaps recollect in my works, the enthusiasm with which I have always spoken of another Venetian painter. There are three Venetians who are never separated in my mind,—Titian, Veronese, and Tintoret. They all have their own unequalled gifts, and Tintoret especially has imagination and depth of soul which I think renders him indisputably the greatest man; but, equally indisputably, Titian is the greatest painter; and therefore the greatest painter who ever lived. You may be led wrong by Tintoret * in many respects, wrong by Raphael in more; all that you learn from Titian will be right.[1] Then, with Titian, take Leonardo, Rembrandt, and Albert Dürer. I name those three masters for this reason: Leonardo has powers of subtle drawing which are peculiarly applicable in many ways to the drawing of fine ornament, and are very useful for all students. Rembrandt and Dürer

* See Appendix I.: "Right and Wrong" [p. 413].

[1] [The pamphlet here adds:—

"I want you, therefore, as far as possible, whenever you are going through galleries, to look primarily at the Venetian school, and primarily at Titian. You cannot have Titians about you in your school here, and therefore you must be content with photographs and engravings; but get all the photographs and engravings from the Venetian school. The photographs are supplied better and better every month by those who are now occupied in photographing the paintings and drawings in Italy, many of the photographs being as good as the drawings themselves, not as good as the paintings, but nearly."

At a later date Ruskin included the photograph of one of Titian's pictures among four "Lesson Photographs" which were to be treasured in all "St. George's" homes (see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 59).]

are the only men whose actual work of hand you can have to look at; you can have Rembrandt's etchings, or Dürer's engravings actually hung in your schools; and it is a main point for the student to see the real thing, and avoid judging of masters at second-hand.[1] As, however, in obeying this principle, you cannot often have opportunities of studying Venetian painting, it is desirable that you should have a useful standard of colour, and I think it is possible for you to obtain this. I cannot, indeed, without entering upon ground which might involve the hurting the feelings of living artists, state exactly what I believe to be the relative position of various painters in England at present with respect to power of colour. But I may say this, that in the peculiar gifts of colour which will be useful to you as students, there are only one or two of the pre-Raphaelites, and William Hunt, of the old Water Colour Society, who would be safe guides for you; and as quite a safe guide, there is nobody but William Hunt, because the pre-Raphaelites are all more or less affected by enthusiasm and by various morbid conditions of intellect and temper; but old William Hunt—I am sorry to say "old," but I say it in a loving way, for every year that has added to his life[2] has added also to his skill—William Hunt is as right as the Venetians,[3] as far as he goes, and what is more, nearly as inimitable as they.[4] And I think if we manage to put

[1] [The pamphlet reads :—
". . . in your schools to look at; and the main thing is for the student to see the real thing, and never to copy a fictitious thing in any. Never look at a master second hand. I had rather look at a second-rate master first hand, than a first-rate master second hand. All those models, however, you can keep before you by engraving or by photograph. I have been thinking for some time, both for this school and for others, whether it was possible at all to bring before you a useful standard . . ."]

[2] [Hunt (1790–1864) was at this time sixty-nine. See his photograph in Vol. XIV. opposite p. 440.]

[3] [For "the Venetians . . . they," the pamphlet reads "Titian . . . Titian."]

[4] [Here the pamphlet reads :—
"Therefore, I think, you may not only look at him, but I think we may manage to put in the principal schools of England a little bit of William Hunt's work. And I think if we may make that somewhat of a standard of colour, that we can apply his principles of colouring to subjects of all kinds. Perhaps, unless you have had a work of his before you, unless you

in the principal schools of England a little bit of Hunt's work, and make that somewhat of a standard of colour, that we can apply his principles of colouring to subjects of all kinds. Until you have had a work of his long near you; nay, unless you have been labouring at it, and trying

> have been working at it, and trying to copy it, you do not know the thoroughly grand qualities that are involved in it, the simplicities and intensities both of the highest character, simplicities of aim, and intensities of power and success which are involved in that man's unpretending labour. And in order, as far as I could myself, to advance this purpose, I asked William Hunt the other day whether he would undertake a series of small drawings for this purpose, to be placed in our principal schools. He kindly consented at once, and he has already put in hand a series of ten drawings, which I hope to have the pleasure of presenting to ten of our principal Schools of Art. You need not clap, because they are not large drawings, they are very small, but they will be large enough as specimens of his work, and quite difficult enough for most of the students, and it will be triumph enough to copy even the smallest piece of Hunt's work. Two of these drawings are already executed, and one of them I have brought down to have the pleasure of presenting to this school. You must not be disappointed when you know that it represents such a simple thing as a branch of holly and a snail-shell. The snail-shell we may take as an emblem of domesticity, and the branch of holly somewhat in the same way. I wish it had been mistletoe, but the holly has some English associations about it. The execution of the drawing is, I think, admirable in every respect, and you will find quite enough in it to mark the power of the master, and to be a guide to the students of the school. Then I named last Titian, Leonardo, Rembrandt, Dürer, and William Hunt. You cannot believe that I would omit,—whether it is to your pleasure that I should introduce him or not again—but I must also add my own favourite, Turner; and although he has committed errors in some of his works, I think I may say that he is also a safe guide. In order that I may have the pleasure of associating his name with William Hunt in this matter, I am going to present to each of the ten schools, and to yours first, a print—I can only present prints in this case, it is impossible to get drawings of the character that would be useful to schools, and which it would be well to expose to the ordinary labour of schools—I am going to present as perfect an impression as I can procure, one of the best prints of the 'Liber Studiorum,' in order to be associated with this drawing of Hunt's.
>
> "Now, then, in conclusion, and the conclusion must only be to repeat what I have said, for I feel the importance of this matter so much that I must pray your indulgence a little to repeat myself, in order that I may be sure that I have thoroughly expressed what I meant to say."

(For the drawing of Hunt here referred to, see above, Introduction, p. lxi., and compare Vol. XIV. p. 441.) The pamphlet then concludes (with some variations) with the passage printed as the termination of Lecture i. (§ 41 to end: see above, p. 287 *n.*) The concluding passage of this lecture as printed was partly delivered by Ruskin in response to a vote of thanks, and partly written on revising the lectures for publication in book form. The following is the report of this second speech as printed in "The Unity of Art:"—

> "The thanks of the meeting having been passed in a hearty manner to Mr. Ruskin—on the motion of Mr. Hammersley—for his eloquent and instructive address, Mr. Ruskin, in reply, said: 'I hardly know how to express my thanks for your kindness in listening to me for so long while, saying that

to copy it, you do not know the thoroughly grand qualities that are concentrated in it. Simplicity, and intensity, both of the highest character;—simplicity of aim, and intensity of power and success, are involved in that man's unpretending labour.

which is becoming familiar to all the students of our schools, by the discussions of various writers and thinkers upon art. I am quite sure that the general principles which have been brought forward by Mr. Hammersley in this school are now becoming known and understood, so that any effort to advocate them will be more or less received with indulgence and intelligence at once. In thanking you for the attention you have given me this evening, I may say that as far as any of you feel that you would like to do a kindness to me, if you think I have in any way done a kindness to you, that kindness may always be given by looking at the master from whom I have learned all I know in art, looking at him when you can no longer be kind to him, but when you can only advance your own knowledge and the knowledge of others, as you will always by every careful, thoughtful, and humble hour of study given to the works of Turner. I name him to you especially and separately now, because I fear, from the very number of his works that he has left to the nation, that there is a disposition now rising to look upon his vast bequest to the nation with some contempt. There seems a want of public interest in it, and in the want of that public interest that collection first has been for a long time placed where it could not be seen; and then, now coming to change its place I believe it is going to be put in safety, but I am not sure of that even, and certainly it is likely to be shown by evening light, to be shown perhaps by gas-light [see Vol. XIII. p. 339], and in various ways to be exposed in a manner that pictures comparatively freshly painted ought never to be exposed, and above all, Turner's. I only beg of you, as far as you are interested in art, to believe me in this, that you cannot further the art of England in any way more distinctly than you can by giving attention to the preservation of every fragment that has been left by that man. The time will come when his full power and influence and place will be acknowledged; it will not come for a long time yet, but be assured, that as far as you are inclined to give the least faith to anything I may say to you, be assured that you can act for the good of England, as far as art is concerned, in no better way than by using whatever influence any of you have in any direction for the preservation,—not, observe, for immediate exhibition, for we are not altogether ripe for the exhibition of his works; they are a little too far above us and the public generally; they unite, as I was telling you, too many qualities for us yet to feel fully their range and their influence—but let us only try to preserve them, let us keep them safe, and day by day they will dawn upon us more and more, and be the root of a landscape school in England; and we shall depend more and more upon landscape as these great towns of ours, increasing in political and social power, gain more and more upon the green fields. I was rather horror-struck to-day, as I came into Manchester from the hills of Derbyshire, to see how the chimneys gain upon them in every direction, how many a beautiful glade is now defiled by darkness, and apparently defiled by some forms of human distress also; at all events we shall owe more and more to our landscape painters as we have less and less of landscape within our reach; and be assured that you cannot better show your love for art than by keeping safely the works of Turner. I thank you for your attention and vote.'"]

70. Finally, you cannot believe that I would omit my own favourite, Turner. I fear from the very number of his works left to the nation, that there is a disposition now rising to look upon his vast bequest with some contempt. I beg of you, if in nothing else, to believe me in this, that you cannot further the art of England in any way more distinctly than by giving attention to every fragment that has been left by that man. The time will come when his full power and right place will be acknowledged; that time will not be for many a day yet: nevertheless, be assured—as far as you are inclined to give the least faith to anything I may say to you, be assured—that you can act for the good of art in England in no better way than by using whatever influence any of you have in any direction to urge the reverent study and yet more reverent preservation of the works of Turner. I do not say "the exhibition" of his works, for we are not altogether ripe for it: they are still too far above us; uniting, as I was telling you, too many qualities for us yet to feel fully their range and their influence;—but let us only try to keep them safe from harm, and show thoroughly and conveniently what we show of them at all, and day by day their greatness will dawn upon us more and more, and be the root of a school of Art in England, which I do not doubt may be as bright, as just, and as refined as even that of Venice herself. The dominion of the sea seems to have been associated, in past time, with dominion in the arts also: Athens had them together; Venice had them together; but by so much as our authority over the ocean is wider than theirs over the Ægean or Adriatic, let us strive to make our art more widely beneficent than theirs, though it cannot be more exalted; so working out the fulfilment, in their wakening as well as their warning sense, of those great words of the aged Tintoret:

"SEMPRE SI FA IL MARE MAGGIORE."[1]

[1] [Recorded by Ridolfi: see *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. p. 27).]

LECTURE III

MODERN MANUFACTURE AND DESIGN

A Lecture delivered at Bradford, March 1st, 1859

71. It is with a deep sense of necessity for your indulgence that I venture to address you to-night, or that I venture at any time to address the pupils of schools of design intended for the advancement of taste in special branches of manufacture.[1] No person is able to give useful and definite help towards such special applications of art, unless he is entirely familiar with the conditions of labour and natures of material involved in the work; and *in*definite help is little better than no help at all. Nay, the few remarks which I propose to lay before you this evening will, I fear, be rather suggestive of difficulties than helpful in conquering them: nevertheless, it may not be altogether unserviceable to define clearly for you (and this, at least, I am able to do) one or two of the more stern general obstacles which stand at present in the way of our success in design; and to warn you against exertion of effort in any vain or wasteful way, till these main obstacles are removed.

72. The first of these is our not understanding the scope and dignity of Decorative design. With all our talk about it, the very meaning of the words "Decorative art" remains confused and undecided. I want, if possible, to settle this question for you to-night, and to show you that the principles on which you must work are likely to be false, in proportion as they are narrow; true, only as they are founded on a perception of the connection of all branches of art with each other.

[1] [For the occasion of this lecture, see above, Introduction, pp. lxv.–lxvi.]

73. Observe, then, first—the only essential distinction between Decorative and other art is the being fitted for a fixed place; and in that place, related, either in subordination or in command, to the effect of other pieces of art. And all the greatest art which the world has produced is thus fitted for a place, and subordinated to a purpose. There is no existing highest-order art but is decorative. The best sculpture yet produced has been the decoration of a temple front—the best painting, the decoration of a room. Raphael's best doing is merely the wall-colouring of a suite of apartments in the Vatican, and his cartoons were made for tapestries. Correggio's best doing is the decoration of two small church cupolas at Parma; Michael Angelo's, of a ceiling in the Pope's private chapel; Tintoret's, of a ceiling and side wall belonging to a charitable society at Venice; while Titian and Veronese threw out their noblest thoughts, not even on the inside, but on the outside of the common brick and plaster walls of Venice.[1]

74. Get rid, then, at once of any idea of Decorative art being a degraded or a separate kind of art. Its nature or essence is simply its being fitted for a definite place; and, in that place, forming part of a great and harmonious whole, in companionship with other art; and so far from this being a degradation to it—so far from Decorative art being inferior to other art because it is fixed to a spot—on the whole it may be considered as rather a piece of degradation that it should be portable. Portable art—independent of all place—is for the most part ignoble art.[2] Your little Dutch landscape, which you put over your sideboard to-day, and

[1] [For Raphael's wall-paintings in the Vatican, see Vol. XII. pp. 148, 149. For Correggio's cupolas in the cathedral and church of San Giovanni Evangelista, see Vol. IV. pp. 196, 197 *n.* For Tintoret's pictures in the Scuola di San Rocco, Vol. X. pp. 403 *seq.*; and for the frescoes on Venetian palaces by Titian and Veronese, Vol. III. pp. 212–213. The report of this lecture in the *Bradford Observer* continues, "Mr. Ruskin had seen at Venice some work of the latter (Veronese) actually effaced by the placarded tribute of gratitude to a curate, stencilled in great black letters": see the passage last referred to.]

[2] [Compare *Oxford Museum*, § 5, above, p. 213.]

between the windows to-morrow, is a far more contemptible piece of work than the extents of field and forest with which Benozzo has made green and beautiful the once melancholy arcade of the Campo Santo at Pisa;[1] and the wild boar of silver which you use for a seal, or lock into a velvet case, is little likely to be so noble a beast as the bronze boar who foams forth the fountain from under his tusks in the market-place of Florence.[2] It is, indeed, possible that the portable picture or image may be first-rate of its kind, but it is not first-rate because it is portable; nor are Titian's frescoes less than first-rate because they are fixed; nay, very frequently the highest compliment you can pay to a cabinet picture is to say—"It is as grand as a fresco."[3]

75. Keeping, then, this fact fixed in our minds,—that all art *may* be decorative, and that the greatest art yet produced has been decorative,—we may proceed to distinguish the orders and dignities of Decorative art, thus:—

I. The first order of it is that which is meant for places where it cannot be disturbed or injured, and where it can be perfectly seen; and then the main parts of it should be, and have always been made, by the great masters, as perfect, and as full of nature as possible.

You will every day hear it absurdly said that room decoration should be by flat patterns—by dead colours—by conventional monotonies, and I know not what. Now, just be assured of this—nobody ever yet used conventional art to decorate with, when he could do anything better, and knew that what he did would be safe. Nay, a great painter will always give you the natural art, safe or not. Correggio gets a commission to paint a room on the ground floor of a palace at Parma:[4] any of our people—bred on our fine modern principles—would have covered it with a diaper, or with stripes or flourishes, or mosaic patterns. Not so

[1] [See Vol. IV. pp. xxx., xxxi.]
[2] [See Vol. IX. p. 276 *n.*, and Vol. IV. p. 303.]
[3] [Compare *Lectures on Art*, § 136.]
[4] [The Camera di San Paolo, painted by order of the Abbess, Giovanna da Piacenza: compare Vol. VIII. p. 74.]

Correggio: he paints a thick trellis of vine-leaves, with oval openings, and lovely children leaping through them into the room; and lovely children, depend upon it, are rather more desirable decorations than diaper, if you can do them —but they are not quite so easily done. In like manner Tintoret has to paint the whole end of the Council Hall at Venice. An orthodox decorator would have set himself to make the wall look like a wall—Tintoret thinks it would be rather better, if he can manage it, to make it look a little like Paradise;—stretches his canvas right over the wall, and his clouds right over his canvas; brings the light through his clouds—all blue and clear—zodiac beyond zodiac; rolls away the vaporous flood from under the feet of saints, leaving them at last in infinitudes of light—unorthodox in the last degree, but, on the whole, pleasant.[1]

And so in all other cases whatever, the greatest decorative art is wholly unconventional—downright, pure, good painting and sculpture, but always fitted for its place; and subordinated to the purpose it has to serve in that place.

II. But if art is to be placed where it is liable to injury—to wear and tear; or to alteration of its form; as, for instance, on domestic utensils and armour, and weapons, and dress; in which either the ornament will be worn out by the usage of the thing, or will be cast into altered shape by the play of its folds; then it is wrong to put beautiful and perfect art to such uses, and you want forms of inferior art, such as will be by their simplicity less liable to injury: or, by reason of their complexity and continuousness, may show to advantage, however distorted by the folds they are cast into.

76. And thus arise the various forms of inferior decorative art, respecting which the general law is, that the lower the place and office of the thing, the less of natural

[1] [For Ruskin's detailed description of the Paradise by Tintoret in the Ducal Palace, see *Aratra Pentelici*, §§ 241–243.]

or perfect form you should have in it; a zigzag or a chequer is thus a better, because a more consistent, ornament for a cup or platter than a landscape or portrait is: hence the general definition of the true forms of conventional ornament is, that they consist in the bestowal of as much beauty on the object as shall be consistent with its Material, its Place, and its Office.[1]

77. Let us consider these three modes of consistency a little.

78. (A.) Conventionalism by cause of inefficiency of material.

If, for instance, we are required to represent a human figure with stone only, we cannot represent its colour; we reduce its colour to whiteness. That is not elevating the human body, but degrading it; only it would be a much greater degradation to give its colour falsely. Diminish beauty as much as you will, but do not misrepresent it. So again, when we are sculpturing a face, we can't carve its eyelashes. The face is none the better for wanting its eyelashes—it is injured by the want; but would be much more injured by a clumsy representation of them.

Neither can we carve the hair. We must be content with the conventionalism of vile solid knots and lumps of marble, instead of the golden cloud that encompasses the fair human face with its waving mystery. The lumps of marble are not an elevated representation of hair—they are a degraded one; yet better than any attempt to imitate hair with the incapable material.[2]

In all cases in which such imitation is attempted, instant degradation to a still lower level is the result. For the effort to imitate shows that the workman has only a base and poor conception of the beauty of the reality—else

[1] [Compare the discussion of Conventionalism—"(*a*) by cause of colour, (*b*) by cause of inferiority, (*c*) by cause of means," in *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, §§ 68–71, Vol. XII. pp. 94–96.]

[2] [See the fuller discussion of this subject in *Seven Lamps*, Vol. VIII. pp. 239, 240.]

he would know his task to be hopeless, and give it up at once: so that all endeavours to avoid conventionalism, when the material demands it, result from insensibility to truth, and are among the worst forms of vulgarity. Hence, in the greatest Greek statues, the hair is very slightly indicated, not because the sculptor disdained hair, but because he knew what it was too well to touch it insolently. I do not doubt but that the Greek painters drew hair exactly as Titian does.[1] Modern attempts to produce finished pictures on glass result from the same base vulgarism. No man who knows what painting means, can endure a painted glass window which emulates painters' work.[2] But he rejoices in a glowing mosaic of broken colour: for that is what the glass has the special gift and right of producing.*

79. (B.) Conventionalism by cause of inferiority of place.

When work is to be seen at a great distance, or in dark places, or in some other imperfect way, it constantly becomes necessary to treat it coarsely or severely, in order to make it effective. The statues on cathedral fronts, in good times of design, are variously treated according to their distances: no fine execution is put into the features of the Madonna who rules the group of figures above the south transept of Rouen at 150 feet above the ground: but in base modern work, as Milan Cathedral, the sculpture is finished without any reference to distance; and the merit of every statue is supposed to consist in the visitor's being obliged to ascend three hundred steps before he can see it.[3]

* See Appendix II., Sir Joshua Reynolds' disappointment [p. 417].

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[1] [On the subject of delicacy in the painting of hair, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 78, and Vol. XIV. p. 97.]

[2] [See below, pp. 386, 429.]

[3] [For a fuller discussion of the amount of conventionalism required by the proposition that "ornament should be visible," see *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, § 67, Vol. XII. pp. 91–93, where the same illustration is given from the case of Milan Cathedral.]

80. (c.) Conventionalism by cause of inferiority of office. When one piece of ornament is to be subordinated to another (as the moulding is to the sculpture it encloses, or the fringe of a drapery to the statue it veils), this inferior ornament needs to be degraded in order to mark its lower office; and this is best done by refusing, more or less, the introduction of natural form. The less of nature it contains, the more degraded is the ornament, and the fitter for a humble place; but, however far a great workman may go in refusing the higher organisms of nature, he always takes care to retain the magnificence of natural lines; that is to say, of the infinite curves, such as I have analyzed in the fourth volume of *Modern Painters*.[1] His copyists, fancying that they can follow him without nature, miss precisely the essence of all work; so that even the simplest piece of Greek conventional ornament loses the whole of its value in any modern imitation of it, the finer curves being always missed. Perhaps one of the dullest and least justifiable mistakes which have yet been made about my writing, is the supposition that I have attacked or despised Greek work. I have attacked Palladian work, and modern imitation of Greek work.[2] Of Greek work itself I have never spoken but with a reverence quite infinite: I name Phidias always in exactly the same tone with which I speak of Michael Angelo, Titian, and Dante. My first statement of this faith, now thirteen years ago, was surely clear enough. "We shall see by this light three colossal images standing up side by side, looming in their great rest of spirituality above the whole world horizon. Phidias, Michael Angelo, and Dante,—from these we may go down step by step among the mighty men of every age, securely and certainly observant of diminished lustre in every appearance of restlessness and effort, until the last trace of inspiration vanishes in the tottering affectation

[1] [See in this edition Vol. VI. pp. 323 *seq.*]

[2] [Compare Vol. XV. p. 345. Reference to the General Index will show how much attention Ruskin paid to Greek art, though, indeed, he said that he had "not loved the arts of Greece as others have" (*Lectures on Art*, § 111).]

or tortured insanities of modern times." (*Modern Painters*, vol. ii. p. 63.)[1] This was surely plain speaking enough; and from that day to this my effort has been not less continually to make the heart of Greek work known than the heart of Gothic: namely, the nobleness of conception of form derived from perpetual study of the figure;[2] and my complaint of the modern architect has been, not that he followed the Greeks, but that he denied the first laws of life in theirs as in all other art.

81. The fact is, that all good subordinate forms of ornamentation ever yet existent in the world have been invented, and others as beautiful *can* only be invented, by men primarily exercised in drawing or carving the human figure. I will not repeat here what I have already twice insisted upon, to the students of London and of Manchester,[3] respecting the degradation of temper and intellect which follows the pursuit of art without reference to natural form, as among the Asiatics: here, I will only trespass on your patience so far as to mark the inseparable connection between figure-drawing and good ornamental work, in the great European schools, and all that are connected with them.

82. Tell me, then, first of all, what ornamental work is usually put before our students as the type of decorative perfection? Raphael's arabesques; are they not? Well, Raphael knew a little about the figure, I suppose, before he drew them. I do not say that I like those arabesques;[4] but there are certain qualities in them which are inimitable

[1] [Ruskin's reference is to the page and text of the first edition; see now Vol. IV. p. 119 *n.*]

[2] [See, for instance, § 20, above, p. 270; and in earlier books compare *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. p. 178), where he notices the noble Greek ideal of humanity; vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 114), where he says that what is called "ideal" in Greek art was in fact the representations of noble form actually seen (with which passage compare the analysis of Greek ideas of divinity, in the same volume, pp. 223 *seq.*). So, again, in *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, Phidias is named as one of "the three greatest architects hitherto known in the world"—great because "he carved what he saw" (Vol. XII. pp. 85, 153); and the Parthenon is not merely an arrangement of lines; it "depends more on its grand figure sculpture, than on its proportion of parts" (*ibid.*, p. 87).]

[3] [See above, pp. 268, 304.]

[4] [See Vol. III. p. 198; Vol. XI. p. 171.]

by modern designers; and those qualities are just the fruit of the master's figure study. What is given to the student next to Raphael's work? Cinquecento ornament generally. Well, cinquecento generally, with its birds, and cherubs, and wreathed foliage, and clustered fruit, was the amusement of men who habitually and easily carved the figure, or painted it. All the truly fine specimens of it have figures or animals as main parts of the design.

"Nay, but," some anciently or mediævally minded person will exclaim, "we don't want to study cinquecento. We want severer, purer conventionalism." What will you have? Egyptian ornament? Why, the whole mass of it is made up of multitudinous human figures in every kind of action —and magnificent action; their kings drawing their bows in their chariots, their sheaves of arrows rattling at their shoulders; the slain falling under them as before a pestilence; their captives driven before them in astonied troops; and do you expect to imitate Egyptian ornament without knowing how to draw the figure? Nay, but you will take Christian ornament—purest mediæval Christian—thirteenth century! Yes: and do you suppose you will find the Christian less human? The least natural and most purely conventional ornament of the Gothic schools is that of their painted glass; and do you suppose painted glass, in the fine times, was ever wrought without figures? We have got into the way, among our other modern wretchedness, of trying to make windows of leaf diapers, and of strips of twisted red and yellow bands, looking like the patterns of currant jelly on the top of Christmas cakes; but every casement of old glass contained a saint's history. The windows of Bourges, Chartres, or Rouen have ten, fifteen, or twenty medallions in each, and each medallion contains two figures at least, often six or seven, representing every event of interest in the history of the saint whose life is in question.[1] Nay, but, you say, those figures are rude and quaint,

[1] [See the subjects mentioned in Ruskin's "Letters on Painted Glass," Vol. XII. pp. 437 *seq.*, where also other references to the windows of Chartres are noted.]

and ought not to be imitated. Why, so is the leafage rude and quaint, yet you imitate that. The coloured border pattern of geranium or ivy leaf is not one whit better drawn, or more like geraniums and ivy, than the figures are like figures; but you call the geranium leaf idealized—why don't you call the figures so? The fact is, neither are idealized, but both are conventionalized on the same principles, and in the same way; and if you want to learn how to treat the leafage, the only way is to learn first how to treat the figure. And you may soon test your powers in this respect. Those old workmen were not afraid of the most familiar subjects. The windows of Chartres were presented by the trades of the town, and at the bottom of each window is a representation of the proceedings of the tradesmen at the business which enabled them to pay for the window. There are smiths at the forge, curriers at their hides, tanners looking into their pits, mercers selling goods over the counter—all made into beautiful medallions. Therefore, whenever you want to know whether you have got any real power of composition or adaptation in ornament, don't be content with sticking leaves together by the ends,—anybody can do that; but try to conventionalize a butcher's or a greengrocer's, with Saturday night customers buying cabbage and beef. That will tell you if you can design or not.

88. I can fancy your losing patience with me altogether just now. "We asked this fellow down to tell our workmen how to make shawls, and he is only trying to teach them how to caricature." But have a little patience with me, and examine, after I have done, a little for yourselves into the history of ornamental art, and you will discover why I do this. You will discover, I repeat, that all great ornamental art whatever is founded on the effort of the workman to draw the figure, and, in the best schools, to draw all that he saw about him in living nature. The best art of pottery is acknowledged to be that of Greece, and all the power of design exhibited in it, down to the merest

zigzag, arises primarily from the workman having been forced to outline nymphs and knights; from those helmed and draped figures he holds his power. Of Egyptian ornament I have just spoken. You have everything given there that the workman saw; people of his nation employed in hunting, fighting, fishing, visiting, making love, building, cooking—everything they did is drawn magnificently or familiarly, as was needed. In Byzantine ornament, saints, or animals which are types of various spiritual power, are the main subjects; and from the church down to the piece of enamelled metal, figure,—figure,—figure, always principal. In Norman and Gothic work you have, with all their quiet saints, also other much disquieted persons, hunting, feasting, fighting, and so on; or whole hordes of animals racing after each other. In the Bayeux tapestry,[1] Queen Matilda gave, as well as she could,—in many respects graphically enough, —the whole history of the conquest of England. Thence, as you increase in power of art, you have more and more finished figures, up to the solemn sculptures of Wells Cathedral,[2] or the cherubic enrichments of the Venetian Madonna dei Miracoli. Therefore, I tell you fearlessly, for I know it is true, you must raise your workman up to life, or you will never get from him one line of well-imagined conventionalism. We have at present no good ornamental design. We can't have it yet, and we must be patient if we want to have it. Do not hope to feel the effect of your schools at once, but raise the men as high as you can, and then let them stoop as low as you need; no great man ever minds stooping.[3] Encourage the students in sketching accurately and continually from nature anything that comes in their way—still life, flowers, animals; but, above all, figures; and so far as you allow of any difference between an artist's training and theirs, let it be, not in what

[1] [Compare Vol. X. p. 76.]
[2] [See above, p. 311 *n.*, and for the sculptures of the Miracoli, Vol. XI. p. 393.]
[3] [Compare § 47, above, p. 288.]

they draw, but in the degree of conventionalism you require in the sketch. For my own part, I should always endeavour to give thorough artistical training first; but I am not certain (the experiment being yet untried) what results may be obtained by a truly intelligent practice of conventional drawing, such as that of the Egyptians, Greeks, or thirteenth century French, which consists in the utmost possible rendering of natural form by the fewest possible lines. The animal and bird drawing of the Egyptians is, in their fine age, quite magnificent under its conditions; magnificent in two ways—first, in keenest perception of the main forms and facts in the creature; and, secondly, in the grandeur of line by which their forms are abstracted and insisted on, making every asp, ibis, and vulture a sublime spectre of asp or ibis or vulture power. The way for students to get some of this gift again (*some* only, for I believe the fulness of the gift itself to be connected with vital superstition, and with resulting intensity of reverence; people were likely to know something about hawks and ibises, when to kill one was to be irrevocably judged to death) is never to pass a day without drawing some animal from the life, allowing themselves the fewest possible lines and colours to do it with, but resolving that whatever is characteristic of the animal shall in some way or other be shown.* I repeat, it cannot yet be judged what results might be obtained by a nobly practised conventionalism of this kind; but, however that may be, the first fact,—the necessity of animal and figure drawing,—is absolutely certain, and no person who shrinks from it will ever become a great designer. One great good arises even from the first step in figure drawing, that it gets the student quit at once of the notion of formal symmetry. If you learn

* Plate 75 in Vol. V. of Wilkinson's *Ancient Egypt*[1] will give the student an idea of how to set to work.

[1] [For this book, see Vol. IX. p. 279 *n.*]

only to draw a leaf well, you are taught in some of our schools to turn it the other way, opposite to itself; and the two leaves set opposite ways are called a "design": and thus it is supposed possible to produce ornamentation, though you have no more brains than a looking-glass or a kaleidoscope has. But if once you learn to draw the human figure, you will find that knocking two men's heads together does not necessarily constitute a good design; nay, that it makes very bad design, or no design at all; and you will see at once that to arrange a group of two or more figures, you must, though perhaps it may be desirable to balance, or oppose them, at the same time vary their attitudes, and make one, not the reverse of the other, but the companion of the other.

84. I had a somewhat amusing discussion on this subject with a friend,[1] only the other day; and one of his retorts upon me was so neatly put, and expresses so completely all that can either be said or shown on the opposite side, that it is well worth while giving it you exactly in the form it was sent to me. My friend had been maintaining that the essence of ornament consisted in three things:—contrast, series, and symmetry. I replied (by letter) that "none of them, nor all of them together, would produce ornament. Here," —(making a ragged blot with the back of my pen on the paper)— "you have contrast; but it isn't ornament: here:—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,"—(writing the numerals)—"you have series; but it isn't ornament: and here,"—(sketching this figure at the side)—"You have symmetry; but it isn't ornament."

Fig. 3

Fig. 4

My friend replied:—"Your materials were not ornament,

[1] [Ruskin in his copy notes that the friend was R. N. Wornum (1812–1877), lecturer on art to Government Schools of Design, Keeper of the National Gallery, and author (among other works) of an *Analysis of Ornament*. For another reference to him, see Vol. XIII. p. xxxvii.]

because you did not apply them. I send them to you back, made up into a choice sporting neckerchief:—

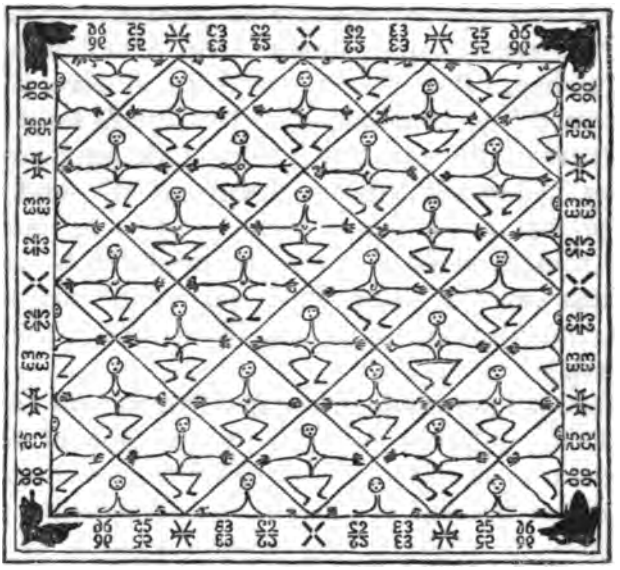

Fig. 5

Symmetrical figure . .	Unit of diaper.
Contrast	Corner ornaments.
Series	Border ornaments.

Each figure is converted into a harmony by being revolved on its two axes, the whole opposed in contrasting series."

My answer was—or rather was to the effect (for I must expand it a little, here)—that his words, "because you did not apply them," contained the gist of the whole matter;—that the application of them, or of any other things, was precisely the essence of design;—the non-application, or wrong application, the negation of design: that his use of the poor materials was in this case admirable; and that, if he could explain to me, in clear words, the principles on which he had so used them, he would be doing a very great service to all students of art.

"Tell me, therefore" (I asked), "these main points:

"1. How did you determine the number of figures you would put into the neckerchief? Had there been more, it would have been mean and ineffective,—a pepper-and-salt sprinkling of figures. Had there been fewer, it would have been monstrous. How did you fix the number?

"2. How did you determine the breadth of the border, and relative size of the numerals?

"3. Why are there two lines outside of the border, and one only inside? Why are there no more lines? Why not three and two, or three and five? Why lines at all to separate the barbarous figures; and why, if lines at all, not double or treble instead of single?

"4. Why did you put the double blots at the corners? Why not at the angles of the chequers,—or in the middle of the border?

"It is precisely your knowing why *not* to do these things, and why to do just what you have done, which constituted your power of design; and like all the people I have ever known who had that power, you are entirely unconscious of the essential laws by which you work, and confuse other people by telling them that the design depends on symmetry and series, when, in fact, it depends entirely on your own sense and judgment."

This was the substance of my last answer—to which (as I knew beforehand would be the case) I got no reply; but it still remains to be observed that with all the skill and taste (especially involving the architect's great trust, harmony of proportion), which my friend could bring to bear on the materials given him, the result is still only—a sporting neckerchief—that is to say, the materials addressed, first, to recklessness, in the shape of a mere blot; then to computativeness, in a series of figures; and then to absurdity and ignorance, in the shape of an ill-drawn caricature—such materials, however treated, can only work up into what will please reckless, computative, and vulgar persons,—that is to say, into a sporting neckerchief. The difference between

this piece of ornamentation and Correggio's painting at Parma[1] lies simply and wholly in the additions (somewhat large ones,) of truth and of tenderness:[2] in the drawing being lovely as well as symmetrical—and representative of realities as well as agreeably disposed. And truth, tenderness, and inventive application or disposition are indeed the roots of ornament—not contrast, nor symmetry.

85. It ought yet farther to be observed, that *the nobler the materials, the less their symmetry is endurable.* In the present case, the sense of fitness and order, produced by the repetition of the figures, neutralizes, in some degree, their reckless vulgarity; and is wholly, therefore, beneficent to them. But draw the figures better, and their repetition will become painful. You may harmlessly balance a mere geometrical form, and oppose one quatrefoil or cusp by another exactly like it. But put two Apollo Belvideres back to back, and you will not think the symmetry improves them. *Whenever the materials of ornament are noble they must be various;* and repetition of parts is either the sign of utterly bad, hopeless, and base work; or of the intended degradation of the parts in which such repetition is allowed, in order to foil others more noble.

86. Such, then, are a few of the great principles, by the enforcement of which you may hope to promote the success of the modern student of design; but remember, none of these principles will be useful at all, unless you understand them to be, in one profound and stern sense, useless.*

That is to say, unless you feel that neither you nor I, nor any one, can, in the great ultimate sense, teach anybody how to make a good design.

If designing *could* be taught, all the world would learn; as all the world reads—or calculates. But designing is not

* I shall endeavour for the future to put my self-contradictions in short sentences and direct terms, in order to save sagacious persons the trouble of looking for them.[3]

[1] [Above, § 75, p. 321.]
[2] [See above, § 36, p. 231.]
[3] [See above, p. 187 and *n.*]

to be spelled, nor summed. My men continually come to me, in my drawing class in London, thinking I am to teach them what is instantly to enable them to gain their bread.[1] "Please, sir, show us how to design." "Make designers of us."[2] And you, I doubt not, partly expect me to tell you to-night how to make designers of your Bradford youths. Alas! I could as soon tell you how to make or manufacture an ear of wheat, as to make a good artist of any kind. I can analyze the wheat very learnedly for you—and tell you there is starch in it, and carbon, and silex. I can give you starch, and charcoal, and flint; but you are as far from your ear of wheat as you were before. All that can possibly be done for any one who wants ears of wheat is to show them where to find grains of wheat, and how to sow them, and then, with patience, in Heaven's time, the ears will come—or will perhaps come—ground and weather permitting. So in this matter of making artists—first you must find your artist in the grain; then you must plant him; fence and weed the field about him; and with patience, ground and weather permitting, you may get an artist out of him—not otherwise. And what I have to speak to you about, to-night, is mainly the ground and the weather, it being the first and quite most material question in this matter, whether the ground and weather of Bradford, or the ground and weather of England in general,—suit wheat.

87. And observe in the outset, it is not so much what the present circumstances of England are, as what we wish to make them, that we have to consider. If you will tell me what you ultimately intend Bradford to be, perhaps I can tell you what Bradford can ultimately produce. But you must have your minds clearly made up, and be distinct in telling me what you do want. At present I don't know what you are aiming at, and possibly on consideration you may feel some doubt whether you know yourselves. As

[1] [Hence the Memorandum which Ruskin wrote for their information; see below, p. 471.]

[2] [On this subject generally, see above, Introduction, pp. xxvi. *seq.*]

matters stand, all over England, as soon as one mill is at work, occupying two hundred hands, we try, by means of it, to set another mill at work, occupying four hundred. That is all simple and comprehensible enough—but what is it to come to? How many mills do we want? or do we indeed want no end of mills? Let us entirely understand each other on this point before we go any farther. Last week, I drove from Rochdale to Bolton Abbey; quietly, in order to see the country, and certainly it was well worth while. I never went over a more interesting twenty miles than those between Rochdale and Burnley. Naturally, the valley has been one of the most beautiful in the Lancashire hills; one of the far-away solitudes, full of old shepherd ways of life. At this time there are not,—I speak deliberately, and I believe quite literally,—there are not, I think, more than a thousand yards of road to be traversed anywhere, without passing a furnace or mill.[1]

88. Now, is that the kind of thing you want to come to everywhere? Because, if it be, and you tell me so distinctly, I think I can make several suggestions to-night, and could make more if you give me time, which would materially advance your object. The extent of our operations at present is more or less limited by the extent of coal and iron-stone, but we have not yet learned to make proper use of our clay. Over the greater part of England, south of the manufacturing districts, there are magnificent beds of various kinds of useful clay; and I believe that it would not be difficult to point out modes of employing it

[1] [Writing to his father from Bolton (February 25, 1859), a few days before this lecture, Ruskin had said :—

"The drive from Rochdale to Burnley is one of the grandest and most interesting things I ever did in my life (I don't know which is worst English —to say one 'does' a drive or 'sees' it)—the cottages so old and various in form and position on the hills—the rocks so wild and dark—and the furnaces so vast and multitudinous, and foaming forth their black smoke like thunderclouds, mixed with the hill mist. I must go back some day to make some careful drawings. Rochdale itself is very good. The cottages are all nearly of Elizabethan period, with the narrow divided stone window, rambling all about the hillsides so [rough sketch]—with great walls and steps and pigstyes and rock slabs of garden, and two or three large trees in a group behind, perhaps, and a brook and wild hill."]

which might enable us to turn nearly the whole of the south of England into a brick-field, as we have already turned nearly the whole of the north into a coal-pit. I say "nearly" the whole, because, as you are doubtless aware, there are considerable districts in the south composed of chalk, renowned up to the present time for their downs and mutton. But, I think, by examining carefully into the conceivable uses of chalk, we might discover a quite feasible probability of turning all the chalk districts into a limekiln, as we turn the clay districts into a brick-field. There would then remain nothing but the mountain districts to be dealt with; but, as we have not yet ascertained all the uses of clay and chalk, still less have we ascertained those of stone; and I think, by draining the useless inlets of the Cumberland, Welsh, and Scotch lakes, and turning them, with their rivers, into navigable reservoirs and canals, there would be no difficulty in working the whole of our mountain districts as a gigantic quarry of slate and granite, from which all the rest of the world might be supplied with roofing and building stone.

89. Is this, then, what you want?[1] You are going straight at it at present; and I have only to ask under what limitations I am to conceive or describe your final success? Or shall there be no limitations? There are none to your powers; every day puts new machinery at your disposal, and increases, with your capital, the vastness of your undertakings. The changes in the state of this country are now so rapid, that it would be wholly absurd to endeavour to lay down laws of art education for it under its present aspect and circumstances; and therefore I must necessarily ask, how much of it do you seriously intend within the next fifty years to be coal-pit, brick-field, or quarry? For the sake of distinctness of conclusion, I will suppose your success absolute: that from shore to shore the whole of the island is to be set as thick with chimneys as the

[1] [In lecturing again at Bradford a few years later (1864), Ruskin reverted to this question and answered it for his audience: see *Crown of Wild Olive*, §§ 78, 79.]

masts stand in the docks of Liverpool: that there shall be no meadows in it; no trees; no gardens; only a little corn grown upon the housetops, reaped and threshed by steam: that you do not leave even room for roads, but travel either over the roofs of your mills, on viaducts; or under their floors, in tunnels: that, the smoke having rendered the light of the sun unserviceable, you work always by the light of your own gas: that no acre of English ground shall be without its shaft and its engine; and therefore, no spot of English ground left, on which it shall be possible to stand, without a definite and calculable chance of being blown off it, at any moment, into small pieces.

90. Under these circumstances, (if this is to be the future of England,) no designing or any other development of beautiful art will be possible. Do not vex your minds, nor waste your money with any thought or effort in the matter. Beautiful art can only be produced by people who have beautiful things about them, and leisure to look at them;[1] and unless you provide some elements of beauty for your workmen to be surrounded by, you will find that no elements of beauty can be invented by them.

91. I was struck forcibly by the bearing of this great fact upon our modern efforts at ornamentation in an afternoon walk, last week, in the suburbs of one of our large manufacturing towns. I was thinking of the difference in the effect upon the designer's mind, between the scene which I then came upon, and the scene which would have presented itself to the eyes of any designer of the Middle Ages, when he left his workshop. Just outside the town I came upon an old English cottage, or mansion, I hardly know which to call it, set close under the hill, and beside the river, perhaps built somewhere in the Charleses' times, with mullioned windows and a low arched porch; round which, in the little triangular garden, one can imagine the family as they used to sit in old summer times, the ripple of the river heard faintly through the sweetbriar hedge, and the

[1] [Compare §§ 135, 159; below, pp. 369, 385.]

sheep on the far-off wolds shining in the evening sunlight. There, uninhabited for many and many a year, it had been left in unregarded havoc of ruin; the garden-gate still swung loose to its latch; the garden, blighted utterly into a field of ashes, not even a weed taking root there; the roof torn into shapeless rents; the shutters hanging about the windows in rags of rotten wood; before its gate, the stream which had gladdened it now soaking slowly by, black as ebony and thick with curdling scum; the bank above it trodden into unctuous, sooty slime: far in front of it, between it and the old hills, the furnaces of the city foaming forth perpetual plague of sulphurous darkness; the volumes of their storm clouds coiling low over a waste of grassless fields, fenced from each other, not by hedges, but by slabs of square stone, like gravestones, riveted together with iron.

That was your scene for the designer's contemplation in his afternoon walk at Rochdale. Now fancy what was the scene which presented itself, in his afternoon walk, to a designer of the Gothic school of Pisa — Nino Pisano, or any of his men.[1]

On each side of a bright river he saw rise a line of brighter palaces, arched and pillared, and inlaid with deep red porphyry, and with serpentine; along the quays before their gates were riding troops of knights, noble in face and form, dazzling in crest and shield; horse and man one labyrinth of quaint colour and gleaming light—the purple, and silver, and scarlet fringes flowing over the strong limbs and clashing mail, like sea-waves over rocks at sunset. Opening on each side from the river were gardens, courts, and cloisters; long successions of white pillars among wreaths of vine; leaping of fountains through buds of pomegranate and orange: and still along the garden paths, and under and through the crimson of the pomegranate shadows, moving slowly, groups of the fairest women that Italy ever saw —fairest, because purest and thoughtfullest; trained in all

[1] [Compare "The Two Boyhoods," Part ix. ch. ix. in the fifth volume of *Modern Painters*.]

high knowledge, as in all courteous art—in dance, in song, in sweet wit, in lofty learning, in loftier courage, in loftiest love—able alike to cheer, to enchant, or save, the souls of men. Above all this scenery of perfect human life, rose dome and bell-tower, burning with white alabaster and gold: beyond dome and bell-tower the slopes of mighty hills, hoary with olive; far in the north, above a purple sea of peaks of solemn Apennine, the clear, sharp-cloven Carrara mountains sent up their steadfast flames of marble summit into amber sky; the great sea itself, scorching with expanse of light, stretching from their feet to the Gorgonian isles; and over all these, ever present, near or far—seen through the leaves of vine, or imaged with all its march of clouds in the Arno's stream, or set with its depth of blue close against the golden hair and burning cheek of lady and knight,—that untroubled and sacred sky, which was to all men, in those days of innocent faith, indeed the unquestioned abode of spirits, as the earth was of men; and which opened straight through its gates of cloud and veils of dew into the awfulness of the eternal world;—a heaven in which every cloud that passed was literally the chariot of an angel, and every ray of its Evening and Morning streamed from the throne of God.

What think you of that for a school of design?

92. I do not bring this contrast before you as a ground of hopelessness in our task; neither do I look for any possible renovation of the Republic of Pisa, at Bradford, in the nineteenth century; but I put it before you in order that you may be aware precisely of the kind of difficulty you have to meet, and may then consider with yourselves how far you can meet it. To men surrounded by the depressing and monotonous circumstances of English manufacturing life, depend upon it, design is simply impossible. This is the most distinct of all the experiences I have had in dealing with the modern workman. He is intelligent and ingenious in the highest degree—subtle in touch and keen in sight: but he is, generally speaking, wholly destitute

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of designing power. And if you want to give him the power, you must give him the materials, and put him in the circumstances for it. Design is not the offspring of idle fancy: it is the studied result of accumulative observation and delightful habit. Without observation and experience, no design—without peace and pleasurableness in occupation, no design—and all the lecturings, and teachings, and prizes, and principles of art, in the world, are of no use, so long as you don't surround your men with happy influences and beautiful things. It is impossible for them to have right ideas about colour, unless they see the lovely colours of nature unspoiled; impossible for them to supply beautiful incident and action in their ornament, unless they see beautiful incident and action in the world about them. Inform their minds, refine their habits, and you form and refine their designs; but keep them illiterate, uncomfortable, and in the midst of unbeautiful things, and whatever they do will still be spurious, vulgar, and valueless.

I repeat, that I do not ask you nor wish you to build a new Pisa for them. We don't want either the life or the decorations of the thirteenth century back again; and the circumstances with which you must surround your workmen are those simply of happy modern English life, because the designs you have now to ask for from your workmen are such as will make modern English life beautiful. All that gorgeousness of the Middle Ages, beautiful as it sounds in description, noble as in many respects it was in reality, had, nevertheless, for foundation and for end, nothing but the pride of life—the pride of the so-called superior classes; a pride which supported itself by violence and robbery, and led in the end to the destruction both of the arts themselves and the States in which they flourished.

98. The great lesson of history is, that all the fine arts hitherto—having been supported by the selfish power of the noblesse, and never having extended their range to the comfort or the relief of the mass of the people—the arts, I say, thus practised, and thus matured, have only accelerated

the ruin of the States they adorned; and at the moment when, in any kingdom, you point to the triumphs of its greatest artists, you point also to the determined hour of the kingdom's decline. The names of great painters are like passing bells: in the name of Velasquez, you hear sounded the fall of Spain; in the name of Titian, that of Venice; in the name of Leonardo, that of Milan; in the name of Raphael, that of Rome. And there is profound justice in this; for in proportion to the nobleness of the power is the guilt of its use for purposes vain or vile; and hitherto the greater the art, the more surely has it been used, and used solely, for the decoration of pride,* or the provoking of sensuality. Another course lies open to us. We may abandon the hope—or if you like the words better—we may disdain the temptation, of the pomp and grace of Italy in her youth. For us there can be no more the throne of marble—for us no more the vault of gold—but for us there is the loftier and lovelier privilege of bringing the power and charm of art within the reach of the humble and the poor; and as the magnificence of past ages failed by its narrowness and its pride, ours may prevail and continue, by its universality and its lowliness.

94. And thus, between the picture of too laborious England, which we imagined as future, and the picture of too luxurious Italy, which we remember in the past, there may exist—there will exist, if we do our duty—an intermediate condition, neither oppressed by labour nor wasted in vanity—the condition of a peaceful and thoughtful temperance in aims, and acts, and arts.

95. We are about to enter upon a period of our world's history in which domestic life, aided by the arts of peace, will slowly, but at last entirely, supersede public life and the arts of war. For our own England, she will not, I believe, be blasted throughout with furnaces; nor will she be encumbered with palaces. I trust she will keep her green

* Whether religious or profane pride,—chapel—or banqueting room,—is no matter.

fields, her cottages, and her homes of middle life; but these ought to be, and I trust will be, enriched with a useful, truthful, substantial form of art. We want now no more feasts of the gods, nor martyrdoms of saints; we have no need of sensuality, no place for superstition, or for costly insolence. Let us have learned and faithful historical painting — touching and thoughtful representations of human nature, in dramatic painting; poetical and familiar renderings of natural objects and of landscape; and rational, deeply-felt realizations of the events which are the subjects of our religious faith. And let these things we want, as far as possible, be scattered abroad and made accessible to all men.

96. So also, in manufacture: we require work substantial rather than rich in make; and refined, rather than splendid in design. Your stuffs need not be such as would catch the eye of a duchess; but they should be such as may at once serve the need, and refine the taste, of a cottager. The prevailing error in English dress, especially among the lower orders, is a tendency to flimsiness and gaudiness, arising mainly from the awkward imitation of their superiors.* It should be one of the first objects of all manufacturers to produce stuffs not only beautiful and quaint in design, but also adapted for everyday service, and decorous in humble and secluded life. And you must

* If their superiors would give them simplicity and economy to imitate, it would, in the issue, be well for themselves, as well as for those whom they guide. The typhoid fever of passion for dress, and all other display, which has struck the upper classes of Europe at this time, is one of the most dangerous political elements we have to deal with. Its wickedness I have shown elsewhere (*Polit. Economy of Art*, § 46, *et seq.*); but its wickedness is, in the minds of most persons, a matter of no importance. I wish I had time also to show them its danger. I cannot enter here into political investigation; but this is a certain fact, that the wasteful and vain expenses at present indulged in by the upper classes are hastening the advance of republicanism more than any other element of modern change. No agitators, no clubs, no epidemical errors, ever were, or will be, fatal to social order in any nation. Nothing but the guilt of the upper classes, wanton, accumulated, reckless, and merciless, ever overthrows them. Of such guilt they have now much to answer for—let them look to it in time.

remember always that your business, as manufacturers, is to form the market, as much as to supply it. If, in short-sighted and reckless eagerness for wealth, you catch at every humour of the populace as it shapes itself into momentary demand—if, in jealous rivalry with neighbouring States, or with other producers, you try to attract attention by singularities, novelties, and gaudinesses—to make every design an advertisement, and pilfer every idea of a successful neighbour's, that you may insidiously imitate it, or pompously eclipse—no good design will ever be possible to you, or perceived by you. You may, by accident, snatch the market; or, by energy, command it; you may obtain the confidence of the public, and cause the ruin of opponent houses; or you may, with equal justice of fortune, be ruined by them. But whatever happens to you, this, at least, is certain, that the whole of your life will have been spent in corrupting public taste and encouraging public extravagance. Every preference you have won by gaudiness must have been based on the purchaser's vanity; every demand you have created by novelty has fostered in the consumer a habit of discontent; and when you retire into inactive life, you may, as a subject of consolation for your declining years, reflect that precisely according to the extent of your past operations, your life has been successful in retarding the arts, tarnishing the virtues, and confusing the manners of your country.

97. But, on the other hand, if you resolve from the first that, so far as you can ascertain or discern what is best, you will produce what is best, on an intelligent consideration of the probable tendencies and possible tastes of the people whom you supply, you may literally become more influential for all kinds of good than many lecturers on art, or many treatise-writers on morality. Considering the materials dealt with, and the crude state of art knowledge at the time, I do not know that any more wide or effective influence in public taste was ever exercised than that of the Staffordshire manufacture of pottery under William

Wedgwood; and it only rests with the manufacturer in every other business to determine whether he will, in like manner, make his wares educational instruments, or mere drugs of the market. You all should be, in a certain sense, authors: you must, indeed, first catch the public eye, as an author must the public ear; but once gain your audience, or observance, and as it is in the writer's power thenceforward to publish what will educate as it amuses—so it is in yours to publish what will educate as it adorns. Nor is this surely a subject of poor ambition. I hear it said continually that men are too ambitious: alas! to me, it seems, they are never enough ambitious. How many are content to be merely the thriving merchants of a state, when they might be its guides, counsellors, and rulers—wielding powers of subtle but gigantic beneficence, in restraining its follies while they supplied its wants. Let such duty, such ambition, be once accepted in their fulness, and the best glory of European art and of European manufacture may yet be to come. The paintings of Raphael and of Buonaroti gave force to the falsehoods of superstition, and majesty to the imaginations of sin; but the arts of England may have, for their task, to inform the soul with truth, and touch the heart with compassion. The steel of Toledo and the silk of Genoa did but give strength to oppression and lustre to pride: let it be for the furnace and for the loom of England, as they have already richly earned, still more abundantly to bestow, comfort on the indigent, civilization on the rude, and to dispense, through the peaceful homes of nations, the grace and the preciousness of simple adornment, and useful possession.

LECTURE IV

INFLUENCE OF IMAGINATION IN ARCHITECTURE

An Address delivered to the Members of the Architectural Association, in Lyon's Inn Hall, January 23rd, 1857.

98. If we were to be asked abruptly, and required to answer briefly, what qualities chiefly distinguish great artists from feeble artists, we should answer, I suppose, first, their sensibility and tenderness; secondly, their imagination; and thirdly, their industry. Some of us might, perhaps, doubt the justice of attaching so much importance to this last character, because we have all known clever men who were indolent, and dull men who were industrious. But though you may have known clever men who were indolent, you never knew a *great* man who was so;[1] and, during such investigation as I have been able to give to the lives of the artists whose works are in all points noblest, no fact ever looms so large upon me—no law remains so steadfast in the universality of its application,—as the fact and law that they are all great workers: nothing concerning them is matter of more astonishment than the quantity they have accomplished in the given length of their life; and when I hear a young man spoken of, as giving promise of high genius, the first question I ask about him is always—

Does he work?

99. But though this quality of industry is essential to an artist, it does not in any wise make an artist; many people are busy, whose doings are little worth. Neither does sensibility make an artist; since, as I hope, many can feel both strongly and nobly, who yet care nothing about

[1] [Compare Vol. XII. p. 345 and *n.*]

art. But the gifts which distinctively mark the artist—*without* which he must be feeble in life, forgotten in death —*with* which he may become one of the shakers of the earth, and one of the signal lights in heaven—are those of sympathy and imagination. I will not occupy your time, nor incur the risk of your dissent, by endeavouring to give any close definition of this last word.[1] We all have a general and sufficient idea of imagination, and of its work with our hands and in our hearts: we understand it, I suppose, as the imaging or picturing of new things in our thoughts; and we always show an involuntary respect for this power, wherever we can recognise it, acknowledging it to be a greater power than manipulation, or calculation, or observation, or any other human faculty. If we see an old woman spinning at the fireside, and distributing her thread dexterously from the distaff, we respect her for her manipulation —if we ask her how much she expects to make in a year, and she answers quickly, we respect her for her calculation —if she is watching at the same time that none of her grandchildren fall into the fire, we respect her for her observation—yet for all this she may still be a commonplace old woman enough. But if she is all the time telling her grandchildren a fairy tale out of her head, we praise her for her imagination, and say, she must be a rather remarkable old woman.

100. Precisely in like manner, if an architect does his working-drawing well, we praise him for his manipulation —if he keeps closely within his contract, we praise him for his honest arithmetic—if he looks well to the laying of his beams, so that nobody shall drop through the floor, we praise him for his observation. But he must, somehow, tell us a fairy tale out of his head beside all this, else we cannot praise him for his imagination, nor speak of him as we did of the old woman, as being in any wise out of the common way, a rather remarkable architect. It seemed to

[1] [See below, p. 365 *n.*]

me, therefore, as if it might interest you to-night, if we were to consider together what fairy tales are, in and by architecture, to be told—what there is for you to do in this severe art of yours "out of your heads," as well as by your hands.

101. Perhaps the first idea which a young architect is apt to be allured by, as a head-problem in these experimental days, is its being incumbent upon him to invent a "new style"[1] worthy of modern civilization in general, and of England in particular; a style worthy of our engines and telegraphs; as expansive as steam, and as sparkling as electricity. But, if there are any of my hearers who have been impressed with this sense of inventive duty, may I ask them, first, whether their plan is that every inventive architect among us shall invent a new style for himself, and have a county set aside for his conceptions, or a province for his practice? Or, must every architect invent a little piece of the new style, and all put it together at last like a dissected map? And if so, when the new style is invented, what is to be done next? I will grant you this Eldorado of imagination—but can you have more than one Columbus? Or, if you sail in company, and divide the prize of your discovery and the honour thereof, who is to come after your clustered Columbuses? to what fortunate islands of style are your architectural descendants to sail, avaricious of new lands? When our desired style is invented, will not the best we can all do be simply — to build in it?—and cannot you now do that in styles that are known? Observe, I grant, for the sake of your argument, what perhaps many of you know that I would not grant otherwise—that a new style *can* be invented.[2] I grant you not only this, but that it shall be wholly different from any that was ever practised before. We will suppose that capitals are to be at the bottom of pillars instead of the

[1] [Compare *Seven Lamps*, Vol. VIII. p. 252.]

[2] [See *Stones of Venice*, vol. i., where Ruskin lays down that there are and can be only two real orders in architecture (Vol. IX. p. 34).]

top; and that buttresses shall be on the tops of pinnacles instead of at the bottom; that you roof your apertures with stones which shall neither be arched nor horizontal; and that you compose your decoration of lines which shall neither be crooked nor straight. The furnace and the forge shall be at your service: you shall draw out your plates of glass and beat out your bars of iron till you have encompassed us all,—if your style is of the practical kind,—with endless perspective of black skeleton and blinding square,[1]—or if your style is to be of the ideal kind,—you shall wreathe your streets with ductile leafage, and roof them with variegated crystal—you shall put, if you will, all London under one blazing dome of many colours that shall light the clouds round it with its flashing, as far as to the sea. And still, I ask you, What after this? Do you suppose those imaginations of yours will ever lie down there asleep beneath the shade of your iron leafage, or within the coloured light of your enchanted dome? Not so. Those souls, and fancies, and ambitions of yours, are wholly infinite;[2] and, whatever may be done by others, you will still want to do something for yourselves; if you cannot rest content with Palladio, neither will you with Paxton:[3] all the metal and glass that ever were melted have not so much weight in them as will clog the wings of one human spirit's aspiration.

102. If you will think over this quietly by yourselves, and can get the noise out of your ears of the perpetual, empty, idle, incomparably idiotic talk about the necessity of some novelty in architecture, you will soon see that the very essence of a Style, properly so called, is that it should be practised *for ages*, and applied to all purposes; and that so long as any given style is in practice, all that is left for individual imagination to accomplish must be within the scope of that style, not in the invention of a new one. If

[1] [Ruskin wrote "glare," but altered the word on the proof to "square."]

[2] [The MS. adds, ". . . ; they will neither be bound by the bronze, nor by the bubble."]

[3] [For Paxton and the Crystal Palace style of architecture, see Vol. IX. p. 456.]

there are any here, therefore, who hope to obtain celebrity by the invention of some strange way of building which must convince all Europe into its adoption, to them, for the moment, I must not be understood to address myself, but only to those who would be content with that degree of celebrity which an artist may enjoy who works in the manner of his forefathers;—which the builder of Salisbury Cathedral might enjoy in England, though he did not invent Gothic; and which Titian might enjoy at Venice, though he did not invent oil painting. Addressing myself then to those humbler, but wiser, or rather, only wise students who are content to avail themselves of some system of building already understood, let us consider together what room for the exercise of the imagination may be left to us under such conditions. And, first, I suppose it will be said, or thought, that the architect's principal field for exercise of his invention must be in the disposition of lines, mouldings, and masses, in agreeable proportions. Indeed, if you adopt some styles of architecture, you cannot exercise invention in any other way. And I admit that it requires genius and special gift to do this rightly. Not by rule, nor by study, can the gift of graceful proportionate design be obtained; only by the intuition of genius can so much as a single tier of façade be beautifully arranged; and the man has just cause for pride, as far as our gifts can ever be a cause for pride, who finds himself able, in a design of his own, to rival even the simplest arrangement of parts in one by Sanmicheli, Inigo Jones, or Christopher Wren.

108. Invention, then, and genius being granted, as necessary to accomplish this, let me ask you, What, after all, with this special gift and genius, you *have* accomplished, when you have arranged the lines of a building beautifully?

104. In the first place you will not, I think, tell me that the beauty there attained is of a touching or pathetic kind. A well-disposed group of notes in music will make you sometimes weep and sometimes laugh. You can express the depth of all affections by those dispositions of sound;

you can give courage to the soldier, language to the lover, consolation to the mourner, more joy to the joyful, more humility to the devout. Can you do as much by your group of lines? Do you suppose the front of Whitehall, a singularly beautiful one, ever inspires the two Horse Guards, during the hour they sit opposite to it, with military ardour? Do you think that the lovers in our London walk down to the front of Whitehall for consolation when mistresses are unkind; or that any person wavering in duty, or feeble in faith, was ever confirmed in purpose or in creed by the pathetic appeal of those harmonious architraves? You will not say so. Then, if they cannot touch, or inspire, or comfort any one, can your architectural proportions amuse any one? Christmas is just over; you have doubtless been at many merry parties during the period. Can you remember any in which architectural proportions contributed to the entertainment of the evening? Proportions of notes in music were, I am sure, essential to your amusement; the setting of flowers in hair, and of ribands on dresses, were also subjects of frequent admiration with you, not inessential to your happiness. Among the juvenile members of your society the proportion of currants in cake, and sugar in comfits, became subjects of acute interest; and, when such proportions were harmonious, motives also of gratitude to cook and to confectioner. But, did you ever see young or old amused by the architrave of the door? Or otherwise interested in the proportions of the room than as they admitted more or fewer friendly faces? Nay, if all the amusement that there is in the best proportioned architecture of London could be concentrated into one evening, and you were to issue tickets for nothing to this great proportional entertainment;—how do you think it would stand between you and the Drury pantomime?

105. You are, then, remember, granted to be people of genius—great and admirable; and you devote your lives to your art, but you admit that you cannot comfort anybody, you cannot encourage anybody, you cannot improve

anybody, and you cannot amuse anybody. I proceed then farther to ask, Can you inform anybody? Many sciences cannot be considered as highly touching or emotional; nay, perhaps not specially amusing; scientific men may sometimes, in these respects, stand on the same ground with you. As far as we can judge by the results of the late war, science helps our soldiers about as much as the front of Whitehall; and at the Christmas parties, the children wanted no geologists to tell them about the behaviour of bears and dragons in Queen Elizabeth's time. Still, your man of science teaches you something; he may be dull at a party, or helpless in a battle, he is not always that; but he can give you, at all events, knowledge of noble facts, and open to you the secrets of the earth and air. Will your architectural proportions do as much? Your genius is granted, and your life is given, and what do you teach us?—Nothing, I believe, from one end of that life to the other, but that two and two make four, and that one is to two as three is to six.

106. You cannot, then, it is admitted, comfort any one, serve or amuse any one, nor teach any one. Finally, I ask, Can you be of *Use* to any one? "Yes," you reply; "certainly we are of some use—we architects—in a climate like this, where it always rains." You are of use, certainly; but, pardon me, only as builders—not as proportionalists. We are not talking of building as a protection, but only of that special work which your genius is to do; not of building substantial and comfortable houses like Mr. Cubitt,[1] but of putting beautiful façades on them like Inigo Jones. And, again, I ask—Are you of use to any one? Will your proportions of façade heal the sick, or clothe the naked? Supposing you devoted your lives to be merchants, you might reflect at the close of them, how many, fainting for want, you had brought corn to sustain; how many, infected with disease, you had brought balms to heal; how widely,

[1] [Thomas Cubitt (1788–1855), builder of many large London houses, also of the east front of Buckingham Palace.]

among multitudes of far-away nations, you had scattered the first seeds of national power, and guided the first rays of sacred light. Had you been, in fine, *anything* else in the world *but* architectural designers, you might have been of some use or good to people. Content to be petty tradesmen, you would have saved the time of mankind;—rough-handed daily labourers, you would have added to their stock of food or of clothing. But, being men of genius, and devoting your lives to the exquisite exposition of this genius, on what achievements do you think the memories of your old age are to fasten? Whose gratitude will surround you with its glow, or on what accomplished good, of that greatest kind for which men show *no* gratitude, will your life rest the contentment of its close? Truly, I fear that the ghosts of proportionate lines will be thin phantoms at your bedsides—very speechless to you; and that on all the emanations of your high genius you will look back with less delight than you might have done on a cup of cold water given to him who was thirsty, or to a single moment when you had "prevented with your bread him that fled."[1]

107. Do not answer, nor think to answer, that with your great works and great payments of workmen in them, you would do this; I know you would and will, as Builders; but, I repeat, it is not your *building* that I am talking about, but your *brains;* it is your invention and imagination of whose profit I am speaking. The good done through the building, observe, is done by your employers, not by you—you share in the benefit of it. The good that *you* personally must do is by your designing; and I compare you with musicians who do good by their pathetic composing, not as they do good by employing fiddlers in the orchestra; for it is the public who in reality do that, not the musicians. So clearly keeping to this one question, what good we architects are to do by our genius; and

[1] [Matthew x. 42; Isaiah xxi. 14.]

having found that on our proportionate system we can do no good to others, will you tell me, lastly, what good we can do to *ourselves?*

108. Observe, nearly every other liberal art or profession has some intense pleasure connected with it, irrespective of any good to others. As lawyers, or physicians, or clergymen, you would have the pleasure of investigation, and of historical reading, as part of your work: as men of science you would be rejoicing in curiosity perpetually gratified respecting the laws and facts of nature: as artists you would have delight in watching the external forms of nature: as day labourers or petty tradesmen, supposing you to undertake such work with as much intellect as you are going to devote to your designing, you would find continued subjects of interest in the manufacture or the agriculture which you helped to improve; or in the problems of commerce which bore on your business. But your architectural designing leads you into no pleasant journeys,—into no seeing of lovely things,—no discerning of just laws,—no warmths of compassion, no humilities of veneration, no progressive state of sight or soul. Our conclusion is—must be—that you will not amuse, nor inform, nor help anybody; you will not amuse, nor better, nor inform yourselves: you will sink into a state in which you can neither show, nor feel, nor see, anything, but that one is to two as three is to six. And in that state what should we call ourselves? Men? I think not. The right name for us would be—numerators and denominators. Vulgar Fractions.

109. Shall we, then, abandon this theory of the soul of architecture being in proportional lines, and look whether we can find anything better to exert our fancies upon?

110. May we not, to begin with, accept this great principle—that, as our bodies, to be in health, must be *generally* exercised, so our minds, to be in health, must be *generally* cultivated? You would not call a man healthy who had strong arms but was paralytic in his feet; nor one who could walk well, but had no use of his hands; nor one who

could see well, if he could not hear. You would not voluntarily reduce your bodies to any such partially developed state. Much more, then, you would not, if you could help it, reduce your minds to it. Now, your minds are endowed with a vast number of gifts of totally different uses—limbs of mind as it were, which, if you don't exercise, you cripple. One is curiosity; that is a gift, a capacity of pleasure in knowing; which if you destroy, you make yourselves cold and dull. Another is sympathy; the power of sharing in the feelings of living creatures; which if you destroy, you make yourselves hard and cruel. Another of your limbs of mind is admiration; the power of enjoying beauty or ingenuity; which if you destroy, you make yourselves base and irreverent. Another is wit; or the power of playing with the lights on the many sides of truth; which if you destroy, you make yourselves gloomy, and less useful and cheering to others than you might be. So that in choosing your way of work it should be your aim, as far as possible, to bring out all these faculties, as far as they exist in you; not one merely, nor another, but all of them. And the way to bring them out, is simply to concern yourselves attentively with the subjects of each faculty. To cultivate sympathy you must be among living creatures, and thinking about them; and to cultivate admiration, you must be among beautiful things and looking at them.

111. All this sounds much like truism, at least I hope it does, for then you will surely not refuse to act upon it; and to consider farther, how, as architects, you are to keep yourselves in contemplation of living creatures and lovely things.

112. You all probably know the beautiful photographs which have been published within the last year or two of the porches of the Cathedral of Amiens.[1] I hold one of these up to you (merely that you may know what I am

[1] [At a later date Ruskin had other photographs taken and placed on sale to illustrate his *Bible of Amiens*; one of them, showing the door referred to in the text, is here reproduced; for the statue of the Madonna, see above, p. 281.]

talking about, as of course you cannot see the detail at this distance, but you will recognise the subject). Have you ever considered how much sympathy, and how much humour, are developed in filling this single doorway * with these sculptures of the history of St. Honoré[1] (and, by the way, considering how often we English are now driving up and down the Rue St. Honoré, we may as well know as much of the saint as the old architect cared to tell us). You know, in all legends of saints who ever were bishops, the first thing you are told of them is that they didn't want to be bishops. So here is St. Honoré, who doesn't want to be a bishop, sitting sulkily in the corner; he hugs his book with both hands, and won't get up to take his crosier; and here are all the city aldermen of Amiens come to *poke* him up; and all the monks in the town in a great puzzle what they shall do for a bishop if St. Honoré won't be; and here's one of the monks in the opposite corner who is quite cool about it, and thinks they'll get on well enough without St. Honoré, — you see that in his face perfectly. At last St. Honoré consents to be bishop, and here he sits in a throne, and has his book now grandly on a desk instead of his knees, and he directs one of his village curates how to find relics in a wood; here is the wood, and here is the village curate, and here are the tombs, with the bones of St. Victoric and Gentien in them.

118. After this, St. Honoré performs grand mass, and the miracle occurs of the appearance of a hand blessing the wafer, which occurrence afterwards was painted for the arms of the abbey. Then St. Honoré dies; and here is his tomb with his statue on the top; and miracles are being performed at it—a deaf man having his ear touched, and a blind man groping his way up to the tomb with his dog. Then here is a great procession in honour of the relics of

* The tympanum of the south transept door; it is to be found generally among all collections of architectural photographs.

[1] [For some other references to St. Honoré, see *Bible of Amiens*, ch. iv. §§ 7, 8.]

St. Honoré's Porch, Amiens Cathedral

St. Honoré; and under his coffin are some cripples being healed; and the coffin itself is put above the bar which separates the cross from the lower subjects, because the tradition is that the figure on the crucifix of the Church of St. Firmin bowed its head in token of acceptance, as the relics of St. Honoré passed beneath.

114. Now just consider the amount of sympathy with human nature, and observance of it, shown in this one bas-relief; the sympathy with disputing monks, with puzzled aldermen, with melancholy recluse, with triumphant prelate, with palsy-stricken poverty, with ecclesiastical magnificence, or miracle-working faith. Consider how much intellect was needed in the architect, and how much observance of nature, before he could give the expression to these various figures —cast these multitudinous draperies—design these rich and quaint fragments of tombs and altars—weave with perfect animation the entangled branches of the forest.

115. But you will answer me, all this is not architecture at all—it is sculpture. Will you then tell me precisely where the separation exists between one and the other?[1] We will begin at the very beginning. I will show you a piece of what you will certainly admit to be a piece of pure architecture;* it is drawn on the back of another photograph, another of these marvellous tympana from Notre Dame, which you call, I suppose, impure. Well, look on this picture, and on this. Don't laugh; you must not laugh, that's very improper of you, this is classical architecture. I have taken it out of the essay on that subject in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

116. Yet I suppose none of you would think yourselves particularly ingenious architects if you had designed nothing more than this; nay, I will even let you improve it into any grand proportion you choose, and add to it as many

* See Appendix III.; "Classical Architecture" [p. 418].

[1] [See above, § 39, p. 283.]

windows as you choose; the only thing I insist upon in our specimen of pure architecture is, that there shall be no mouldings nor ornaments upon it. And I suspect you don't quite like your architecture so "pure" as this. We want a few mouldings, you will say—just a few. Those who want mouldings, hold up their hands. We are unanimous, I think. Will you, then, design profiles of these mouldings yourselves, or will you copy them? If you wish to copy them, and to copy them always, of course I leave you at once to your authorities, and your imaginations to their repose. But if you wish to design them yourselves, how do you do it? You draw the profile according to your taste, and you order your mason to cut it. Now, will you tell me the logical difference between drawing the profile of a moulding and giving *that* to be cut, and drawing the folds of the drapery of a statue and giving *those* to be cut? The last is much more difficult to do than the first; but degrees of difficulty constitute no specific difference, and you will not accept it, surely, as a definition of the difference between architecture and sculpture, that "architecture is doing anything that is easy, and sculpture anything that is difficult."

117. It is true, also, that the carved moulding represents nothing, and the carved drapery represents something; but you will not, I should think, accept, as an explanation of the difference between architecture and sculpture, this any more than the other, that "sculpture is art which has meaning, and architecture art which has none."

118. Where, then, is your difference? In this perhaps, you will say; that whatever ornaments we can direct ourselves, and get accurately cut to order, we consider architectural. The ornaments that we are obliged to leave to the pleasure of the workman, or the superintendence of some other designer, we consider sculptural, especially if they are more or less extraneous and incrusted—not an essential part of the building.

119. Accepting this definition, I am compelled to reply,

Orcagna's Tabernacle
in the Church of Or S. Michele at Florence

that it is in effect nothing more than an amplification of my first one—that whatever is easy you call architecture, whatever is difficult you call sculpture. For you cannot suppose the arrangement of the place in which the sculpture is to be put is so difficult or so great a part of the design as the sculpture itself. For instance: you all know the pulpit of Niccolo Pisano, in the baptistery at Pisa.[1] It is composed of seven rich *relievi*, surrounded by panel mouldings, and sustained on marble shafts. Do you suppose Niccolo Pisano's reputation—such part of it at least as rests on this pulpit (and much does)—depends on the panel mouldings, or on the relievi? The panel mouldings are by his hand; he would have disdained to leave even them to a common workman; but do you think he found any difficulty in them, or thought there was any credit in them? Having once done the sculpture, those enclosing lines were mere child's play to him; the determination of the diameter of shafts and height of capitals was an affair of minutes; his *work* was in carving the Crucifixion and the Baptism.

120. Or, again, do you recollect Orcagna's tabernacle in the church of San Michele, at Florence?[2] That, also, consists of rich and multitudinous bas-reliefs, enclosed in panel mouldings, with shafts of mosaic, and foliated arches sustaining the canopy. Do you think Orcagna, any more than Pisano, if his spirit could rise in the midst of us at this moment, would tell us that he had trusted his fame to the foliation, or had put his soul's pride into the panelling? Not so; he would tell you that his spirit was in the stooping figures that stand round the couch of the dying Virgin.

[1] [The pulpit is described in *Val d'Arno*, §§ 23 *seq.*, where also an illustration of it is given. As will there be seen, "seven" is here a slip of the pen; the pulpit rests on seven pillars, but is hexagonal; and the number of bas-reliefs is five, the sixth side being occupied with the entrance. The Baptism is not one of the subjects.]

[2] [For other references to this shrine, of which an illustration is here given, see Vol. IV. p. 300; Vol. X. p. 384; Vol. XII. p. 232. It may be mentioned in connexion with what Ruskin says at the end of the paragraph that the artist engraved his name, with the date (1359), on the base of the urn on which the body of the Virgin is laid, and that according to Vasari he introduced his own portrait in the apostle whose head is covered with a hood, on the right of the spectator.]

121. Or, lastly, do you think the man who designed the procession[1] on the portal of Amiens was the subordinate workman? that there was an architect over *him*, restraining him within certain limits, and ordering of him his bishops at so much a mitre, and his cripples at so much a crutch? Not so. *Here*, on this sculptured shield, rests the Master's hand; *this* is the centre of the Master's thought: from this, and in subordination to this, waved the arch and sprang the pinnacle. Having done this, and being able to give human expression and action to the stone, all the rest—the rib, the niche, the foil, the shaft—were mere toys to his hand and accessories to his conception; and if once you also gain the gift of doing this, if once you can carve one fronton such as you have here, I tell you, you would be able—so far as it depended on your invention—to scatter cathedrals over England as fast as clouds rise from its streams after summer rain.

122. Nay, but perhaps you answer again, our sculptors at present do not design cathedrals, and could not. No, they could not; but that is merely because we have made architecture so dull that they cannot take any interest in it, and, therefore, do not care to add to their higher knowledge the poor and common knowledge of principles of building. You have thus separated building from sculpture, and you have taken away the power of both; for the sculptor loses nearly as much by never having room for the development of a continuous work, as you do from having reduced your work to a continuity of mechanism. You are essentially, and should always be, the same body of men, admitting only such difference in operation as there is between the work of a painter at different times, who sometimes labours on a small picture, and sometimes on the frescoes of a palace gallery.

123. This conclusion, then, we arrive at, *must* arrive at; the fact being irrevocably so:—that in order to give your

[1] [See above, § 113, p. 356.]

imagination and the other powers of your souls full play, you must do as all the great architects of old time did—you must yourselves be your sculptors. Phidias, Michael Angelo, Orcagna, Pisano, Giotto,—which of these men, do you think, could not use his chisel? You say, "It is difficult; quite out of your way." I know it is; nothing that is great is easy; and nothing that is great, so long as you study building without sculpture, can be *in* your way. I want to put it in your way, and you to find your way to it. But, on the other hand, do not shrink from the task as if the refined art of perfect sculpture were always required from you. For, though architecture and sculpture are not separate arts, there is an architectural *manner* of sculpture; and it is, in the majority of its applications, a comparatively easy one. Our great mistake at present, in dealing with stone at all, is requiring to have all our work too refined; it is just the same mistake as if we were to require all our book illustrations to be as fine work as Raphael's. John Leech does not sketch so well as Leonardo da Vinci; but do you think that the public could easily spare him; or that he is wrong in bringing out his talent in the way in which it is most effective? Would you advise him, if he asked your advice, to give up his wood-blocks and take to canvas? I know you would not; neither would you tell him, I believe, on the other hand, that, because he could not draw as well as Leonardo, therefore he ought to draw nothing but straight lines with a ruler, and circles with compasses, and no figure-subjects at all. That would be some loss to you; would it not? You would all be vexed if next week's *Punch* had nothing in it but proportionate lines. And yet, do not you see that you are doing precisely the same thing with *your* powers of sculptural design that he would be doing with his powers of pictorial design, if he gave you nothing but such lines? You feel that you cannot carve like Phidias; therefore you will not carve at all, but only draw mouldings; and thus all that intermediate power which is of especial value in modern

days,—that popular power of expression which is within the attainment of thousands, and would address itself to tens of thousands,—is utterly lost to us in stone, though in ink and paper it has become one of the most important engines, and one of the most desired luxuries, of modern civilization.

124. Here, then, is one part of the subject to which I would especially invite your attention, namely, the distinctive character which may be wisely permitted to belong to architectural sculpture, as distinguished from perfect sculpture on one side, and from mere geometrical decoration on the other.

125. And first, observe what an indulgence we have in the distance at which most work is to be seen. Supposing we were able to carve eyes and lips with the most exquisite precision, it would all be of no use as soon as the work was put far above the eye; but, on the other hand, as beauties disappear by being far withdrawn, so will faults; and the mystery and confusion which are the natural consequence of distance, while they would often render your best skill but vain, will as often render your worst errors of little consequence;[1] nay, more than this, often a deep cut, or a rude angle, will produce in certain positions an effect of expression both startling and true, which you never hoped for. Not that mere distance will give animation to the work, if it has none in itself; but if it has life at all, the distance will make that life more perceptible and powerful by softening the defects of execution. So that you are placed, as workmen, in this position of singular advantage, that you may give your fancies free play, and strike hard for the expression that you want, knowing that, if you miss it, no one will detect you; if you at all touch it, nature herself will help you, and with every changing shadow and basking sunbeam bring forth new phases of your fancy.

126. But it is not merely this privilege of being imperfect which belongs to architectural sculpture. It has

[1] [On this subject, compare the chapter on "The Treatment of Ornament" in vol. i. of the *Stones of Venice* (Vol. IX. pp. 291–292).]

a true privilege of imagination, far excelling all that can be granted to the more finished work, which, for the sake of distinction, I will call,—and I don't think we can have a much better term—"furniture sculpture"; sculpture, that is, which can be moved from place to place to furnish rooms.

127. For observe, to that sculpture the spectator is usually brought in a tranquil or prosaic state of mind; he sees it associated rather with what is sumptuous than sublime, and under circumstances which address themselves more to his comfort than his curiosity. The statue which is to be pathetic, seen between the flashes of footmen's livery round the dining-table, must have strong elements of pathos in itself: and the statue which is to be awful, in the midst of the gossip of the drawing-room, must have the elements of awe wholly in itself. But the spectator is brought to *your* work already in an excited and imaginative mood. He has been impressed by the cathedral wall as it loomed over the low streets, before he looks up to the carving of its porch—and his love of mystery has been touched by the silence and the shadows of the cloister, before he can set himself to decipher the bosses on its vaulting. So that when once he begins to observe your doings, he will ask nothing better from you, nothing kinder from you, than that you would meet this imaginative temper of his half way;—that you would farther touch the sense of terror, or satisfy the expectation of things strange, which have been prompted by the mystery or the majesty of the surrounding scene. And thus, your leaving forms more or less undefined, or carrying out your fancies, however extravagant, in grotesqueness of shadow or shape, will be for the most part in accordance with the temper of the observer; and he is likely, therefore, much more willingly to use his fancy to help your meanings, than his judgment to detect your faults.

128. Again Remember that when the imagination and feelings are strongly excited, they will not only bear with

strange things, but they will *look* into *minute* things with a delight quite unknown in hours of tranquillity. You surely must remember moments of your lives in which, under some strong excitement of feeling, all the details of visible objects presented themselves with a strange intensity and insistence, whether you would or no;[1] urging themselves upon the mind, and thrust upon the eye, with a force of fascination which you could not refuse. Now, to a certain extent, the senses get into this state whenever the imagination is strongly excited. Things trivial at other times assume a dignity or significance which we cannot explain; but which is only the more attractive because inexplicable: and the powers of attention, quickened by the feverish excitement, fasten and feed upon the minutest circumstances of detail, and remotest traces of intention. So that what would at other times be felt as more or less mean or extraneous in a work of sculpture, and which would assuredly be offensive to the perfect taste in its moments of languor, or of critical judgment, will be grateful, and even sublime, when it meets this frightened inquisitiveness, this fascinated watchfulness, of the roused imagination. And this is all for your advantage; for, in the beginnings of your sculpture, you will assuredly find it easier to imitate minute circumstances of costume or character, than to perfect the anatomy of simple forms or the flow of noble masses; and it will be encouraging to remember that the grace you cannot perfect, and the simplicity you cannot achieve, would be in great part vain, even if you could achieve them, in their appeal to the hasty curiosity of passionate fancy; but that the sympathy which would be refused to your science will be granted to your innocence; and that the mind of the general observer, though wholly unaffected by correctness of anatomy or propriety of gesture, will follow you with fond and pleased concurrence, as you carve the knots of the hair, and the patterns of the vesture.

[1] [Ruskin makes the same remark in his letter on Holman Hunt's picture of "The Awakening Conscience": see Vol. XII. p. 334.]

129. Farther yet. We are to remember that not only do the associated features of the larger architecture tend to excite the strength of fancy, but the architectural laws to which you are obliged to submit your decoration stimulate its *ingenuity*. Every crocket which you are to crest with sculpture,—every foliation which you have to fill, presents itself to the spectator's fancy, not only as a pretty thing, but as a *problematic* thing. It contained, he perceives immediately, not only a beauty which you wished to display, but a necessity which you were forced to meet; and the problem, how to occupy such and such a space with organic form in any probable way, or how to turn such a boss or ridge into a conceivable image of life, becomes at once, to him as to you, a matter of amusement as much as of admiration. The ordinary conditions of perfection in form, gesture, or feature, are willingly dispensed with, when the ugly dwarf and ungainly goblin have only to gather themselves into angles, or crouch to carry corbels; and the want of skill which, in other kinds of work, would have been required for the finishing of the parts, will at once be forgiven here, if you have only disposed ingeniously what you have executed roughly, and atoned for the rudeness of your hands by the quickness of your wits.

130. Hitherto, however, we have been considering only the circumstances in architecture favourable to the development of the *powers* of imagination. A yet more important point for us seems, to me, the place which it gives to all *objects* of imagination.

131. For, I suppose, you will not wish me to spend any time in proving, that imagination must be vigorous in proportion to the quantity of material which it has to handle; and that, just as we increase the range of what we see, we increase the richness of what we can imagine.[1]

[1] [In the MS. Ruskin here added an explanation:—
"If any of my hearers are inclined to question this, I must waive the discussion for the present—only begging that it may be distinctly understood by them that what I mean by imagination is merely the power of combining what we have seen in new ways."]

Granting this, consider what a field is opened to your fancy merely in the subject matter which architecture admits. Nearly every other art is severely limited in its subjects—the landscape painter, for instance, gets little help from the aspects of beautiful humanity; the historical painter, less, perhaps, than he ought, from the accidents of wild nature; and the pure sculptor, still less, from the minor details of common life. But is there anything within range of sight, or conception, which may not be of use to *you*, or in which your interest may not be excited with advantage to your art? From visions of angels, down to the least important gesture of a child at play, whatever may be conceived of Divine, or beheld of Human, may be dared or adopted by you; throughout the kingdom of animal life, no creature is so vast, or so minute, that you cannot deal with it, or bring it into service; the lion and the crocodile will couch about your shafts; the moth and the bee will sun themselves upon your flowers; for you, the fawn will leap; for you, the snail be slow; for you, the dove smooth her bosom, and the hawk spread her wings toward the south. All the wide world of vegetation blooms and bends for you; the leaves tremble that you may bid them be still under the marble snow; the thorn and the thistle, which the earth casts forth as evil, are to you the kindliest servants; no dying petal, nor drooping tendril, is so feeble as to have no help for you; no robed pride of blossom so kingly, but it will lay aside its purple to receive at your hands the pale immortality. Is there anything in common life too mean, —in common things too trivial,—to be ennobled by your touch? As there is nothing in life, so there is nothing in lifelessness which has not its lesson for you, or its gift; and when you are tired of watching the strength of the plume, and the tenderness of the leaf, you may walk down to your rough river-shore, or into the thickest markets of your thoroughfares; and there is not a piece of torn cable that will not twine into a perfect moulding; there is not a fragment of castaway matting, or shattered basket-work, that

will not work into a chequer or a capital. Yes: and if you gather up the very sand, and break the stone on which you tread, among its fragments of all but invisible shells you will find forms that will take their place, and that proudly, among the starred traceries of your vaulting; and you, who can crown the mountain with its fortress, and the city with its towers, are thus able also to give beauty to ashes, and worthiness to dust.

182. Now, in that your art presents all this material to you, you have already much to rejoice in. But you have more to rejoice in, because all this is submitted to you, not to be dissected or analyzed, but to be sympathized with, and to bring out, therefore, what may be accurately called the moral part of imagination. We saw[1] that, if we kept ourselves among lines only, we should have cause to envy the naturalist, because he was conversant with facts; but you will have little to envy now, if you make yourselves conversant with the feelings that arise out of his facts. For instance, the naturalist, coming upon a block of marble, has to begin considering immediately how far its purple is owing to iron, or its whiteness to magnesia; he breaks his piece of marble, and at the close of his day, has nothing but a little sand in his crucible, and some data added to the theory of the elements. But *you* approach your marble to sympathize with it, and rejoice over its beauty. You cut it a little indeed, but only to bring out its veins more perfectly; and at the end of your day's work you leave your marble shaft with joy and complacency in its perfectness, as marble. When you have to watch an animal instead of a stone, you differ from the naturalist in the same way. He may, perhaps, if he be an amiable naturalist, take delight in having living creatures round him;—still, the major part of his work is, or has been, in counting feathers, separating fibres, and analyzing structures. But *your* work is always with the living creature; the thing you have to get at in him is his life, and ways of going

[1] [Above, § 105, p. 352.]

about things. It does not matter to you how many cells there are in his bones, or how many filaments in his feathers; what you want is his moral character and way of behaving himself; it is just that which your imagination, if healthy, will first seize—just that which your chisel, if vigorous, will first cut. You must get the storm spirit into your eagles, and the lordliness into your lions, and the tripping fear into your fawns; and in order to do this, you must be in continual sympathy with every fawn of them; and be hand-in-glove with all the lions, and hand-in-claw with all the hawks. And don't fancy that you will lower yourselves by sympathy with the lower creatures;[1] you cannot sympathize rightly with the higher, unless you do with those: but you have to sympathize with the higher, too—with queens, and kings, and martyrs, and angels. Yes, and above all, and more than all, with simple humanity in all its needs and ways, for there is not one hurried face that passes you in the street that will not be impressive, if you can only fathom it. All history is open to you, all high thoughts and dreams that the past fortunes of men can suggest; all fairy land is open to you—no vision that ever haunted forest, or gleamed over hill-side, but calls you to understand how it came into men's hearts, and may still touch them; and all Paradise is open to you—yes, and the work of Paradise; for in bringing all this, in perpetual and attractive truth, before the eyes of your fellow-men, you have to join in the employment of the angels, as well as to imagine their companies.

188. And observe, in this last respect, what a peculiar importance, and responsibility, are attached to your work, when you consider its permanence, and the multitudes to whom it is addressed. We frequently are led, by wise people, to consider what responsibility may sometimes attach to words, which yet, the chance is, will be heard by few, and forgotten as soon as heard. But none of *your* words will be heard by few, and none will be forgotten, for five or six

[1] [Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. ii. § 1.]

hundred years, if you build well. You will talk to all who pass by; and all those little sympathies, those freaks of fancy, those jests in stone, those workings-out of problems in caprice, will occupy mind after mind of utterly countless multitudes, long after you are gone. You have not, like authors, to plead for a hearing, or to fear oblivion. Do but build large enough, and carve boldly enough, and all the world will hear you; they cannot choose but look.

184. I do not mean to awe you by this thought; I do not mean that, because you will have so many witnesses and watchers, you are never to jest, or do anything gaily or lightly; on the contrary, I have pleaded, from the beginning, for this art of yours, especially because it has room for the whole of your character:—if jest is in you, let the jest be jested; if mathematical ingenuity is yours, let your problem be put, and your solution worked out, as quaintly as you choose; above all, see that your work is easily and happily done, else it will never make anybody else happy: but while you thus give the rein to all your impulses see that those impulses be headed and centred by one noble impulse; and let that be Love—triple love—for the art which you practise, the creation in which you move, and the creatures to whom you minister.

185.—I. I say, first, Love for the art which you practise. Be assured that if ever any other motive becomes a leading one in your mind, as the principal one for exertion, except your love of art, that moment it is all over with your art.[1] I do not say you are not to desire money, nor to desire fame, nor to desire position; you cannot but desire all three; nay, you may—if you are willing that I should use the word Love in a desecrated sense — love all three; that is, passionately covet them; yet you must not covet or love them in the first place. Men of strong passions and imaginations must always care a great deal for anything they care for at all; but the whole question is one of first or

[1] [Compare *A Joy for Ever*, § 98, above, p. 83; and *Two Paths*, § 90, p. 338.]

second. Does your art lead you, or your gain lead you?[1] You may like making money exceedingly; but if it come to a fair question, whether you are to make five hundred pounds less by this business, or to spoil your building, and you choose to spoil your building, there's an end of you. So you may be as thirsty for fame as a cricket is for cream; but, if it come to a fair question, whether you are to please the mob, or do the thing as you know it ought to be done; and you can't do both, and choose to please the mob,—it's all over with you;—there's no hope for you; nothing that you can do will ever be worth a man's glance as he passes by. The test is absolute, inevitable—Is your art first with you? Then you are artists; you may be, after you have made your money, misers and usurers; you may be, after you have got your fame, jealous, and proud, and wretched, and base:—but yet, *as long as you won't spoil your work*, you are artists. On the other hand—Is your money first with you, and your fame first with you? Then, you may be very charitable with your money, and very magnificent with your money, and very graceful in the way you wear your reputation, and very courteous to those beneath you, and very acceptable to those above you; but you are *not artists*. You are mechanics, and drudges.

186.—II. You must love the creation you work in the midst of. For, wholly in proportion to the intensity of feeling which you bring to the subject you have chosen, will be the depth and justice of your perception of its character. And this depth of feeling is not to be gained on the instant, when you want to bring it to bear on this or that. It is the result of the general habit of striving to feel rightly; and, among thousands of various means of doing this, perhaps the one I ought specially to name to you, is the keeping yourselves clear of petty and mean cares. Whatever you do, don't be anxious, nor fill your heads with little chagrins and little desires. I have just

[1] [Compare *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 32, where Ruskin distinguishes between "Work first" and "Fee first" men.]

said, that you may be great artists, and yet be miserly and jealous, and troubled about many things.[1] So you may be; but I said also that the miserliness or trouble must not be in your hearts all day. It is possible that you may get a habit of saving money; or it is possible, at a time of great trial, you may yield to the temptation of speaking unjustly of a rival,—and you will shorten your powers and dim your sight even by this;—but the thing that you have to dread far more than any such unconscious habit, or any such momentary fall—is the *constancy of small emotions;* the anxiety whether Mr. So-and-so will like your work; whether such and such a workman will do all that you want of him, and so on;—not wrong feelings or anxieties in themselves, but impertinent, and wholly incompatible with the full exercise of your imagination.

187. Keep yourselves, therefore, quiet, peaceful, with your eyes open. It doesn't matter at all what Mr. So-and-so thinks of your work; but it matters a great deal what that bird is doing up there in its nest, or how that vagabond child at the street corner is managing his game of knuckle-down. And remember, you cannot turn aside from your own interests, to the birds' and the children's interests, unless you have long before got into the habit of loving and watching birds and children; so that it all comes at last to the forgetting yourselves, and the living out of yourselves, in the calm of the great world, or if you will, in its agitation; but always in a calm of your own bringing. Do not think it wasted time to submit yourselves to any influence which may bring upon you any noble feeling. Rise early,[2] always watch the sunrise, and the way the clouds break from the dawn; you will cast your statue-draperies in quite another than your common way, when the remembrance of that cloud motion is with you, and of the scarlet vesture of the morning. Live

[1] [Luke x. 41.]
[2] [Compare Vol. XV. pp. 362, 418.]

always in the spring time in the country;[1] you do not know what leaf-form means, unless you have seen the buds burst, and the young leaves breathing low in the sunshine, and wondering at the first shower of rain. But above all, accustom yourselves to look for, and to love, all nobleness of gesture and feature in the human form; and remember that the highest nobleness is usually among the aged, the poor, and the infirm; you will find, in the end, that it is not the strong arm of the soldier, nor the laugh of the young beauty, that are the best studies for you. Look at them, and look at them reverently; but be assured that endurance is nobler than strength, and patience than beauty; and that it is not in the high church pews, where the gay dresses are, but in the church free seats, where the widows' weeds are, that you may see the faces that will fit best between the angels' wings, in the church porch.

188.—III. And therefore, lastly and chiefly, you must love the creatures to whom you minister, your fellow-men; for, if you do not love them, not only will you be little interested in the passing events of life, but in all your gazing at humanity, you will be apt to be struck only by outside form, and not by expression. It is only kindness and tenderness which will ever enable you to see what beauty there is in the dark eyes that are sunk with weeping, and in the paleness of those fixed faces which the earth's adversity has compassed about, till they shine in their patience like dying watchfires through twilight. But it is not this only which makes it needful for you, if you would be great, to be also kind; there is a most important and all-essential reason in the very nature of your own art. So soon as you desire to build largely, and with addition of noble sculpture, you will find that your work must be associative. You cannot carve a whole cathedral yourself—you can carve but few and simple parts of it.

[1] [So in *Seven Lamps*, "An architect should live as little in cities as a painter" (Vol. VIII. p. 136); and for the loss of the spring in towns, see *Modern Painters*, Vol. V. pt. vi. ch. x. § 2.]

Either your own work must be disgraced in the mass of the collateral inferiority, or you must raise your fellow-designers to correspondence of power. If you have genius, you will yourselves take the lead in the building you design; you will carve its porch and direct its disposition. But for all subsequent advancement of its detail, you must trust to the agency and the invention of others; and it rests with you either to repress what faculties your workmen have, into cunning subordination to your own; or to rejoice in discovering even the powers that may rival you, and leading forth mind after mind into fellowship with your fancy, and association with your fame.

189. I need not tell you that if you do the first—if you endeavour to depress or disguise the talents of your subordinates—you are lost; for nothing could imply more darkly and decisively than this, that your art and your work were not beloved by you; that it was your own prosperity that you were seeking, and your own skill only that you cared to contemplate. I do not say that you must not be jealous at all: it is rarely in human nature to be wholly without jealousy; and you may be forgiven for going some day sadly home, when you find some youth, unpractised and unapproved, giving the life-stroke to his work which you, after years of training, perhaps, cannot reach: but your jealousy must not conquer[1]—your love of your building must conquer, helped by your kindness of heart. See—I set no high or difficult standard before you. I do not say that you are to surrender your pre-eminence in *mere* unselfish generosity. But I do say that you must surrender your pre-eminence in your love of your building, helped by your kindness; and that whomsoever you find better able to do what will adorn it than you,—that person you are to give place to: and to console yourselves for the humiliation, first, by your joy in seeing the edifice grow more beautiful under his chisel; and secondly, by your sense of having done kindly and justly.

[1] [Ruskin had here in his mind perhaps the "'Prentice Pillar" in Roslin Chapel, which the young apprentice did in the absence of the master, who, on his return, killed the youth in jealousy.]

But if you are morally strong enough to make the kindness and justice the first motive, it will be better;—best of all, if you do not consider it as kindness at all, but bare and stern justice; for, truly, such help as we can give each other in this world is a *debt* to each other; and the man who perceives a superiority or capacity in a subordinate, and neither confesses nor assists it, is not merely the withholder of kindness, but the committer of injury. But be the motive what you will, only see that you do the thing; and take the joy of the consciousness that, as your art embraces a wider field than all others—and addresses a vaster multitude than all others—and is surer of audience than all others—so it is profounder and holier in Fellowship than all others. The artist, when his pupil is perfect, must see him leave his side that he may declare his distinct, perhaps opponent, skill. Man of science wrestles with man of science for priority of discovery, and pursues in pangs of jealous haste his solitary inquiry.[1] You alone are called by kindness, —by necessity,—by equity, to fraternity of toil; and thus, in those misty and massive piles which rise above the domestic roofs of our ancient cities, there was—there may be again—a meaning more profound and true than any that fancy so commonly has attached to them. Men say their pinnacles point to heaven.[2] Why, so does every tree that buds, and every bird that rises as it sings. Men say their aisles are good for worship. Why, so is every mountain glen, and rough sea-shore. But this they have, of distinct and indisputable glory,—that their mighty walls were never raised, and never shall be, but by men who love and aid each other in their weakness; — that all their interlacing strength of vaulted stone has its foundation upon the stronger arches of manly fellowship, and all their changing grace of depressed or lifted pinnacle owes its cadence and completeness to sweeter symmetries of human soul.

[1] [Compare *Lectures on Art*, § 40, and *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 7, 34.]

[2] [So Wordsworth (*Excursion*, book vi.), "spires whose 'silent finger points to heaven'" (a quotation from Coleridge, *The Friend*, No. 14).]

LECTURE V

THE WORK OF IRON, IN NATURE, ART, AND POLICY

A Lecture delivered at Tunbridge Wells, February 16th, 1858[1]

140. WHEN first I heard that you wished me to address you this evening, it was a matter of some doubt with me whether I could find any subject that would possess any sufficient interest for you to justify my bringing you out of your comfortable houses on a winter's night. When I venture to speak about my own special business of art, it is almost always before students of art, among whom I may sometimes permit myself to be dull, if I can feel that I am useful: but a mere talk about art, especially without examples to refer to (and I have been unable to prepare any careful illustrations for this lecture), is seldom of much interest to a general audience. As I was considering what you might best bear with me in speaking about, there came naturally into my mind a subject connected with the origin and present prosperity of the town you live in; and, it seemed to me, in the outbranchings of it, capable of a very general interest. When, long ago (I am afraid to think how long), Tunbridge Wells was my Switzerland, and I used to be brought down here in the summer,[2] a sufficiently active child, rejoicing in the hope of clambering sandstone cliffs of stupendous height above the common, there used sometimes, as, I suppose, there are in the lives of all children at the Wells, to be dark days in my life—days of condemnation to the pantiles and band—under which calamities my only consolation used to be in watching, at every turn

[1] [For the delivery of this Lecture see above, Introduction, p. lx.]

[2] [See in *Præterita*, i. ch. x. § 196, Ruskin's reminiscences of his visits to Tunbridge Wells as a boy of eight or nine, 1827–1828.]

in my walk, the welling forth of the spring over the orange rim of its marble basin. The memory of the clear water, sparkling over its saffron stain, came back to me as the strongest image connected with the place; and it struck me that you might not be unwilling, to-night, to think a little over the full significance of that saffron stain, and of the power, in other ways and other functions, of the steely element to which so many here owe returning strength and life;—chief as it has been always, and is yet more and more markedly so day by day, among the precious gifts of the earth.

141. The subject is, of course, too wide to be more than suggestively treated; and even my suggestions must be few, and drawn chiefly from my own fields of work; nevertheless, I think I shall have time to indicate some courses of thought which you may afterwards follow out for yourselves if they interest you; and so I will not shrink from the full scope of the subject which I have announced to you—the functions of Iron, in Nature, Art, and Policy.

142. Without more preface, I will take up the first head.

I. IRON IN NATURE.—You all probably know that the ochreous stain, which, perhaps, is often thought to spoil the basin of your spring, is iron in a state of rust: and when you see rusty iron in other places you generally think, not only that it spoils the places it stains, but that it is spoiled itself—that rusty iron is spoiled iron.

143. For most of our uses it generally is so; and because we cannot use a rusty knife or razor so well as a polished one, we suppose it to be a great defect in iron that it is subject to rust. But not at all. On the contrary, the most perfect and useful state of it is that ochreous stain; and therefore it is endowed with so ready a disposition to get itself into that state. It is not a fault in the iron, but a virtue, to be so fond of getting rusted, for in that condition it fulfils its most important functions in the universe, and most kindly duties to mankind. Nay, in a certain sense, and almost a literal one, we may say that iron rusted is

Living; but when pure or polished, Dead. You all probably know that in the mixed air we breathe, the part of it essentially needful to us is called oxygen; and that this substance is to all animals, in the most accurate sense of the word, "breath of life."[1] The nervous power of life is a different thing; but the supporting element of the breath, without which the blood, and therefore the life, cannot be nourished, is this oxygen. Now it is this very same air which the iron breathes when it gets rusty. It takes the oxygen from the atmosphere as eagerly as we do, though it uses it differently. The iron keeps all that it gets; we, and other animals, part with it again; but the metal absolutely keeps what it has once received of this aërial gift; and the ochreous dust which we so much despise is, in fact, just so much nobler than pure iron, in so far as it is *iron and the air*. Nobler, and more useful—for, indeed, as I shall be able to show you presently—the main service of this metal, and of all other metals, to us, is not in making knives, and scissors, and pokers, and pans, but in making the ground we feed from, and nearly all the substances first needful to our existence. For these are all nothing but metals and oxygen—metals with breath put into them. Sand, lime, clay, and the rest of the earths—potash and soda, and the rest of the alkalies—are all of them metals which have undergone this, so to speak, vital change, and have been rendered fit for the service of man by permanent unity with the purest air which he himself breathes. There is only one metal which does not rust readily; and that in its influence on Man hitherto, has caused Death rather than Life; it will not be put to its right use till it is made a pavement of, and so trodden under foot.

144. Is there not something striking in this fact, considered largely as one of the types, or lessons, furnished by the inanimate creation? Here you have your hard, bright, cold, lifeless metal—good enough for swords and scissors—

[1] [Genesis ii. 7.]

but not for food. You think, perhaps, that your iron is wonderfully useful in a pure form, but how would you like the world, if all your meadows, instead of grass, grew nothing but iron wire—if all your arable ground, instead of being made of sand and clay, were suddenly turned into flat surfaces of steel—if the whole earth, instead of its green and glowing sphere, rich with forest and flower, showed nothing but the image of the vast furnace of a ghastly engine—a globe of black, lifeless, excoriated metal? It would be that,—probably it was once that; but assuredly it would be, were it not that all the substance of which it is made sucks and breathes the brilliancy of the atmosphere; and, as it breathes, softening from its merciless hardness, it falls into fruitful and beneficent dust; gathering itself again into the earths from which we feed, and the stones with which we build;—into the rocks that frame the mountains, and the sands that bind the sea.

145. Hence, it is impossible for you to take up the most insignificant pebble at your feet, without being able to read, if you like, this curious lesson in it. You look upon it at first as if it were earth only. Nay, it answers, "I am not earth—I am earth and air in one; part of that blue heaven which you love, and long for, is already in me; it is all my life—without it I should be nothing, and able for nothing; I could not minister to you, nor nourish you—I should be a cruel and helpless thing; but, because there is, according to my need and place in creation, a kind of soul in me, I have become capable of good, and helpful in the circles of vitality."

146. Thus far the same interest attaches to all the earths, and all the metals of which they are made; but a deeper interest and larger beneficence belong to that ochreous earth of iron which stains the marble of your springs. It stains much besides that marble. It stains the great earth wheresoever you can see it, far and wide—it is the colouring substance[1] appointed to colour the globe for the sight, as

[1] [Compare *The Laws of Fésole*, ch. vii. § 12 (Vol. XV. p. 421).]

well as subdue it to the service of man. You have just seen your hills covered with snow, and, perhaps, have enjoyed, at first, the contrast of their fair white with the dark blocks of pine woods; but have you ever considered how you would like them always white—not pure white, but dirty white—the white of thaw, with all the chill of snow in it, but none of its brightness? That is what the colour of the earth would be without its iron; that would be its colour, not here or there only, but in all places, and at all times. Follow out that idea till you get it in some detail. Think first of your pretty gravel walks in your gardens, and fine, like plots of sunshine between the yellow flower-beds; fancy them all suddenly turned to the colour of ashes. That is what they would be without iron ochre. Think of your winding walks over the common, as warm to the eye as they are dry to the foot, and imagine them all laid down suddenly with gray cinders. Then pass beyond the common into the country, and pause at the first ploughed field that you see sweeping up the hill sides in the sun, with its deep brown furrows, and wealth of ridges all a-glow, heaved aside by the ploughshare, like deep folds of a mantle of russet velvet—fancy it all changed suddenly into grisly furrows in a field of mud. That is what it would be without iron. Pass on, in fancy, over hill and dale, till you reach the bending line of the sea shore; go down upon its breezy beach—watch the white foam flashing among the amber of it, and all the blue sea embayed in belts of gold: then fancy those circlets of far sweeping shore suddenly put into mounds of mourning—all those golden sands turned into gray slime; the fairies no more able to call to each other, "Come unto these yellow sands;"[1] but, "Come unto these drab sands." That is what they would be, without iron.

147. Iron is in some sort, therefore, the sunshine and light of landscape, so far as that light depends on the ground; but

[1] [*Tempest*, i. 2, l. 376. Quoted also below (Appendix iii., § 13), p. 444; in Vol. V. p. 282; and *Munera Pulveris*, § 134.]

it is a source of another kind of sunshine, quite as important to us in the way we live at present—sunshine, not of landscape, but of dwelling-place.

148. In these days of swift locomotion I may doubtless assume that most of my audience have been somewhere out of England—have been in Scotland, or France, or Switzerland. Whatever may have been their impression, on returning to their own country, of its superiority or inferiority in other respects, they cannot but have felt one thing about it—the comfortable look of its towns and villages.[1] Foreign towns are often very picturesque, very beautiful, but they never have quite that look of warm self-sufficiency and wholesome quiet with which our villages nestle themselves down among the green fields. If you will take the trouble to examine into the sources of this impression, you will find that by far the greater part of that warm and satisfactory appearance depends upon the rich scarlet colour of the bricks and tiles. It does not belong to the neat building—very neat building has an uncomfortable rather than a comfortable look—but it depends on the *warm* building; our villages are dressed in red tiles as our old women are in red cloaks; and it does not matter how warm the cloaks, or how bent and bowed the roof may be, so long as there are no holes in either one or the other, and the sobered but unextinguishable colour still glows in the shadow of the hood, and burns among the green mosses of the gable. And what do you suppose dyes your tiles of cottage roof? You don't paint them. It is Nature who puts all that lovely vermilion into the clay for you; and all that lovely vermilion is this oxide of iron. Think, therefore, what your streets of towns would become—ugly enough, indeed, already, some of them, but still comfortable-looking—if instead of that warm brick red, the houses became all pepper-and-salt colour. Fancy your country villages changing from that homely scarlet of theirs which, in its sweet suggestion of laborious peace, is

[1] [Compare Vol. V. p. xxxv.]

as honourable as the soldier's scarlet of laborious battle—suppose all those cottage roofs, I say, turned at once into the colour of unbaked clay, the colour of street gutters in rainy weather. That's what they would be without iron.

149. There is, however, yet another effect of colour in our English country towns which, perhaps, you may not all yourselves have noticed, but for which you must take the word of a sketcher. They are not so often merely warm scarlet as they are warm purple;—a more beautiful colour still: and they owe this colour to a mingling with the vermilion of the deep grayish or purple hue of our fine Welsh slates on the more respectable roofs, made more blue still by the colour of intervening atmosphere.[1] If you examine one of these Welsh slates freshly broken, you will find its purple colour clear and vivid; and although never strikingly so after it has been long exposed to weather, it always retains enough of the tint to give rich harmonies of distant purple in opposition to the green of our woods and fields. Whatever brightness or power there is in the hue is entirely owing to the oxide of iron. Without it the slates would either be pale stone colour, or cold gray, or black.

150. Thus far we have only been considering the use and pleasantness of iron in the common earth of clay. But there are three kinds of earth which, in mixed mass and prevalent quantity, form the world. Those are, in common language, the earths of clay, of lime, and of flint. Many other elements are mingled with these in sparing quantities; but the great frame and substance of the earth is made of these three, so that wherever you stand on solid ground, in any country of the globe, the thing that is mainly under your feet will be either clay, limestone, or some condition of the earth of flint, mingled with both.

151. These being what we have usually to deal with, Nature seems to have set herself to make these three substances as interesting to us, and as beautiful for us, as she

[1] [Ruskin's longer experience as a sketcher had modified his earlier impressions: see *Poetry of Architecture*, § 90 (Vol. I. p. 70).]

can. The clay, being a soft and changeable substance, she doesn't take much pains about, as we have seen, till it is baked; she brings the colour into it only when it receives a permanent form. But the limestone and flint she paints, in her own way, in their native state: and her object in painting them seems to be much the same as in her painting of flowers; to draw us, careless and idle human creatures, to watch her a little, and see what she is about—that being on the whole good for us,—her children. For Nature is always carrying on very strange work with this limestone and flint of hers: laying down beds of them at the bottom of the sea; building islands out of the sea; filling chinks and veins in mountains with curious treasures; petrifying mosses, and trees, and shells; in fact, carrying on all sorts of business, subterranean or submarine, which it would be highly desirable for us, who profit and live by it, to notice as it goes on. And apparently to lead us to do this, she makes picture-books for us of limestone and flint; and tempts us, like foolish children as we are, to read her books by the pretty colours in them. The pretty colours in her limestone-books form those variegated marbles which all mankind have taken delight to polish and build with from the beginning of time; and the pretty colours in her flint-books form those agates, jaspers, cornelians, bloodstones, onyxes, cairngorms, chrysoprases, which men have in like manner taken delight to cut, and polish, and make ornaments of, from the beginning of time; and yet so much of babies are they, and so fond of looking at the pictures instead of reading the book, that I question whether, after six thousand years of cutting and polishing, there are above two or three people out of any given hundred who know, or care to know, how a bit of agate or a bit of marble was made, or painted.[1]

152. How it was made, may not be always very easy to say; but with what it was painted there is no manner of

[1] [On which subject, compare *Ethics of the Dust*, §§ 101, 102; *Lectures on Art*, § 108; *Eagle's Nest*, § 132.]

question. All those beautiful violet veinings and variegations of the marbles of Sicily and Spain, the glowing orange and amber colours of those of Siena, the deep russet of the Rosso antico, and the blood-colour of all the precious jaspers that enrich the temples of Italy; and, finally, all the lovely transitions of tint in the pebbles of Scotland and the Rhine, which form, though not the most precious, by far the most interesting portion of our modern jewellers' work;—all these are painted by Nature with this one material only, variously proportioned and applied—the oxide of iron that stains your Tunbridge springs.

158. But this is not all, nor the best part of the work of iron. Its service in producing these beautiful stones is only rendered to rich people, who can afford to quarry and polish them. But Nature paints for all the world, poor and rich together; and while, therefore, she thus adorns the innermost rocks of her hills, to tempt your investigation, or indulge your luxury,—she paints, far more carefully, the outsides of the hills, which are for the eyes of the shepherd and the ploughman. I spoke just now of the effect in the roofs of our villages of their purple slates; but if the slates are beautiful even in their flat and formal rows on house-roofs, much more are they beautiful on the rugged crests and flanks of their native mountains.[1] Have you ever considered, in speaking as we do so often of distant blue hills, what it is that makes them blue? To a certain extent it is distance; but distance alone will not do it. Many hills look white, however distant. That lovely dark purple colour of our Welsh and Highland hills is owing, not to their distance merely, but to their rocks. Some of their rocks are, indeed, too dark to be beautiful, being black or ashy gray; owing to imperfect and porous structure. But when you see this dark colour dashed with russet and blue, and coming out in masses among the green ferns, so purple that you can hardly tell at first whether it

[1] [For the purple of mountains, compare *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. p. 421).]

is rock or heather, then you must thank your old Tunbridge friend, the oxide of iron.

154. But this is not all. It is necessary for the beauty of hill scenery that Nature should colour not only her soft rocks, but her hard ones; and she colours them with the same thing, only more beautifully. Perhaps you have wondered at my use of the word "purple," so often of stones; but the Greeks,[1] and still more the Romans, who had profound respect for purple, used it of stone long ago. You have all heard of "porphyry" as among the most precious of the harder massive stones. The colour which gave it that noble name, as well as that which gives the flush to all the rosy granite of Egypt—yes, and to the rosiest summits of the Alps themselves—is still owing to the same substance—your humble oxide of iron.

155. And last of all:

A nobler colour than all these—the noblest colour ever seen on this earth—one which belongs to a strength greater than that of the Egyptian granite, and to a beauty greater than that of the sunset or the rose—is still mysteriously connected with the presence of this dark iron. I believe it is not ascertained on what the crimson of blood actually depends; but the colour is connected, of course, with its vitality, and that vitality with the existence of iron as one of its substantial elements.

156. Is it not strange to find this stern and strong metal mingled so delicately in our human life that we cannot even blush without its help? Think of it, my fair and gentle hearers; how terrible the alternative—sometimes you have actually no choice but to be brazen-faced, or iron-faced!

157. In this slight review of some of the functions of the metal, you observe that I confine myself strictly to its operations as a colouring element. I should only confuse your conception of the facts if I endeavoured to describe its uses as a substantial element, either in strengthening rocks

[1] [Compare Vol. V. p. 231, and the parallel passages there noted.]

or influencing vegetation by the decomposition of rocks. I have not, therefore, even glanced at any of the more serious uses of the metal in the economy of nature. But what I wish you to carry clearly away with you is the remembrance that in all these uses the metal would be nothing without the air. The pure metal has no power, and never occurs in nature at all, except in meteoric stones, whose fall no one can account for, and which are useless after they have fallen: in the necessary work of the world, the iron is invariably joined with the oxygen, and would be capable of no service or beauty whatever without it.

158. II. IRON IN ART.—Passing, then, from the offices of the metal in the operations of nature to its uses in the hands of man, you must remember, in the outset, that the type which has been thus given you, by the lifeless metal, of the action of body and soul together, has noble antitype in the operation of all human power. All art worthy the name is the energy—neither of the human body alone, nor of the human soul alone, but of both united, one guiding the other: good craftsmanship and work of the fingers joined with good emotion and work of the heart.

159. There is no good art, nor possible judgment of art, when these two are not united; yet we are constantly trying to separate them. Our amateurs cannot be persuaded but that they may produce some kind of art by their fancy or sensibility, without going through the necessary manual toil. That is entirely hopeless. Without a certain number, and that a very great number, of steady acts of hand—a practice as careful and constant as would be necessary to learn any other manual business—no drawing is possible. On the other side, the workman, and those who employ him, are continually trying to produce art by trick or habit of fingers, without using their fancy or sensibility. That also is hopeless. Without mingling of heart-passion with hand-power, no art is possible.* The highest art unites

* No fine art, that is. See the previous definition of fine art at § 54.

both in their intensest degrees: the action of the hand at its finest, with that of the heart at its fullest.

160. Hence it follows that the utmost power of art can only be given in a material capable of receiving and retaining the influence of the subtlest touch of the human hand. That hand is the most perfect agent of material power existing in the universe; and its full subtlety can only be shown when the material it works on, or with, is entirely yielding. The chords of a perfect instrument will receive it, but not of an imperfect one; the softly-bending point of the hair pencil, and soft melting of colour, will receive it, but not even the chalk or pen point, still less the steel point, chisel, or marble. The hand of a sculptor may, indeed, be as subtle as that of a painter, but all its subtlety is not bestowable nor expressible: the touch of Titian, Correggio, or Turner* is a far more marvellous piece of nervous action than can be shown in anything but colour, or in the very highest conditions of executive expression in music. In proportion as the material worked upon is less delicate, the execution necessarily becomes lower, and the art with it. This is one main principle of all work. Another is, that whatever the material you choose to work with, your art is base if it does not bring out the distinctive qualities of that material.[1]

161. The reason of this second law is, that if you don't want the qualities of the substance you use, you ought to use some other substance: it can be only affectation, and desire to display your skill, that lead you to employ a refractory substance, and therefore your art will all be base. Glass, for instance, is eminently, in its nature, transparent. If you don't want transparency, let the glass alone.[2] Do not try to make a window look like an opaque picture, but take an opaque ground to begin with. Again, marble is eminently a solid and massive substance. Unless you want

* See Appendix IV.; "Subtlety of Hand" [p. 419].

[1] [Compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. Appendix 12 (Vol. X. p. 455).]
[2] [See above, p. 324.]

mass and solidity, don't work in marble. If you wish for lightness, take wood; if for freedom, take stucco; if for ductility, take glass. Don't try to carve feathers, or trees, or nets, or foam, out of marble. Carve white limbs and broad breasts only out of that.

162. So again, iron is eminently a ductile and tenacious substance — tenacious above all things, ductile more than most. When you want tenacity, therefore, and involved form, take iron. It is eminently made for that. It is the material given to the sculptor as the companion of marble, with a message, as plain as it can well be spoken, from the lips of the earth-mother, "Here's for you to cut, and here's for you to hammer. Shape this, and twist that. What is solid and simple, carve out; what is thin and entangled, beat out. I give you all kinds of forms to be delighted in; fluttering leaves as well as fair bodies; twisted branches as well as open brows. The leaf and the branch you may beat and drag into their imagery: the body and brow you shall reverently touch into their imagery. And if you choose rightly and work rightly, what you do shall be safe afterwards. Your slender leaves shall not break off in my tenacious iron, though they may be rusted a little with an iron autumn. Your broad surfaces shall not be unsmoothed in my pure crystalline marble—no decay shall touch them. But if you carve in the marble what will break with a touch, or mould in the metal what a stain of rust or verdigris will spoil, it is your fault—not mine."

168. These are the main principles in this matter; which, like nearly all other right principles in art, we moderns delight in contradicting as directly and specially as may be. We continually look for, and praise, in our exhibitions, the sculpture of veils, and lace, and thin leaves, and all kinds of impossible things pushed as far as possible in the fragile stone, for the sake of showing the sculptor's dexterity.* On the other hand, we *cast* our iron into bars—

* I do not mean to attach any degree of blame to the effort to represent leafage in marble for certain expressive purposes. The later works of

brittle, though an inch thick—sharpen them at the ends, and consider fences, and other work, made of such materials, decorative! I do not believe it would be easy to calculate the amount of mischief done to our taste in England by that fence ironwork of ours alone. If it were asked of us, by a single characteristic, to distinguish the dwellings of a country into two broad sections; and to set, on one side, the places where people were, for the most part, simple, happy, benevolent, and honest; and, on the other side, the places where at least a great number of the people were sophisticated, unkind, uncomfortable, and unprincipled, there is, I think, one feature that you could fix upon as a positive test: the uncomfortable and unprincipled parts of a country would be the parts where people lived among iron railings, and the comfortable and principled parts where they had none.[1] A broad generalization, you will say! Perhaps a little too broad; yet, in all sobriety, it will come truer than you think. Consider every other kind of fence or defence, and you will find some virtue in it; but in the iron railing, none. There is, first, your castle rampart of stone—somewhat too grand to be considered here among our types of fencing; next, your garden or park wall of brick, which has indeed often an unkind look on the outside, but there is more modesty in it than unkindness. It generally means, not that the builder of it wants to shut you out from the view of his garden, but from the view of himself: it is a frank statement that as he needs a certain portion of

Mr. Munro[2] have depended for some of their most tender thoughts on a delicate and skilful use of such accessories. And in general, leaf sculpture is good and admirable, if it renders, as in Gothic work, the grace and lightness of the leaf by the arrangement of light and shadow—supporting the masses well by strength of stone below; but all carving is base which proposes to itself *slightness* as an aim, and tries to imitate the absolute thinness of thin or slight things, as much modern wood-carving does. I saw in Italy, a year or two ago, a marble sculpture of birds' nests.

[1] [On iron railings, compare *Crown of Wild Olive*, §§ 2, 5; and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 2.]

[2] [For Munro, see above, p. 227, and Vol. XIV. p. 119 *n.*]

time to himself, so he needs a certain portion of ground to himself, and must not be stared at when he digs there in his shirt-sleeves, or plays at leapfrog with his boys from school, or talks over old times with his wife, walking up and down in the evening sunshine. Besides, the brick wall has good practical service in it, and shelters you from the east wind, and ripens your peaches and nectarines, and glows in autumn like a sunny bank.[1] And, moreover, your brick wall, if you build it properly, so that it shall stand long enough, is a beautiful thing when it is old, and has assumed its grave purple red, touched with mossy green.

164. Next to your lordly wall, in dignity of enclosure, comes your close-set wooden paling, which is more objectionable, because it commonly means enclosure on a larger scale than people want. Still it is significative of pleasant parks, and well-kept field walks, and herds of deer, and other such aristocratic pastoralisms, which have here and there their proper place in a country, and may be passed without any discredit.

165. Next to your paling comes your low stone dyke, your mountain fence, indicative at a glance either of wild hill country, or of beds of stone beneath the soil; the hedge of the mountains—delightful in all its associations, and yet more in the varied and craggy forms of the loose stones it is built of: and next to the low stone wall, your lowland hedge, either in trim line of massive green, suggestive of the pleasances of old Elizabethan houses, and smooth alleys for aged feet, and quaint labyrinths for young ones, or else in fair entanglement of eglantine and virgin's bower, tossing its scented luxuriance along our country waysides:—how many such you have here among your pretty hills, fruitful with black clusters of the bramble for boys in autumn, and crimson hawthorn-berries for birds in winter. And then

[1] [The MS. adds here:—
"I've often wondered, by the way, why our painters who are continuing painting Olympus as if there was nothing in it but clouds, never painted the nice red garden walls on which the gods must have grown their nectar."]

last, and most difficult to class among fences, comes your hand-rail, expressive of all sorts of things; sometimes having a knowing and vicious look, which it learns at race-courses; sometimes an innocent and tender look, which it learns at rustic bridges over cressy brooks; and sometimes a prudent and protective look, which it learns on passes of the Alps, where it has posts of granite and bars of pine, and guards the brows of cliffs and the banks of torrents. So that in all these kinds of defence there is some good, pleasant, or noble meaning. But what meaning has the iron railing? Either, observe, that you are living in the midst of such bad characters that you must keep them out by main force of bar, or that you are yourself of a character requiring to be kept inside in the same manner. Your iron railing always means thieves outside, or Bedlam inside;—it *can* mean nothing else than that. If the people outside were good for anything, a hint in the way of fence would be enough for them; but because they are violent and at enmity with you, you are forced to put the close bars and the spikes at the top. Last summer I was lodging for a little while in a cottage in the country, and in front of my low window there were, first, some beds of daisies, then a row of gooseberry and currant bushes, and then a low wall about three feet above the ground, covered with stone-cress; outside, a cornfield, with its green ears glistening in the sun, and a field path through it, just past the garden gate. From my window I could see every peasant of the village who passed that way, with basket on arm for market, or spade on shoulder for field. When I was inclined for society, I could lean over my wall, and talk to anybody; when I was inclined for science, I could botanize all along the top of my wall—there were four species of stone-cress alone growing on it; and when I was inclined for exercise, I could jump over my wall, backwards and forwards. That's the sort of fence to have in a Christian country; not a thing which you can't walk inside of without making yourself look like a wild beast, nor look at out of your window in the morning

without expecting to see somebody impaled upon it in the night.

166. And yet farther, observe that the iron railing is a useless fence—it can shelter nothing, and support nothing; you can't nail your peaches to it, nor protect your flowers with it, nor make anything whatever out of its costly tyranny; and besides being useless, it is an insolent fence;[1] —it says plainly to everybody who passes—"You may be an honest person,—but, also, you may be a thief: honest or not, you shall not get in here, for I am a respectable person and much above you; you shall only see what a grand place I have got to keep you out of—look here, and depart in humiliation."

167. This, however, being in the present state of civilization a frequent manner of discourse, and there being unfortunately many districts where the iron railing is unavoidable, it yet remains a question whether you need absolutely make it ugly, no less than significative of evil. You must have railings round your squares in London, and at the sides of your areas; but need you therefore have railings so ugly that the constant sight of them is enough to neutralise the effect of all the schools of art in the kingdom? You need not. Far from such necessity, it is even in your power to turn all your police force of iron bars actually into drawing masters, and natural historians. Not, of course, without some trouble and some expense; you can do nothing much

[1] [Here a comparison of the text with the MS. affords an instance of compression, for the MS. adds:—

"... an insolent fence, which lets everybody gaze at you at all times —not, observe, your gentle courtly friends who wish you well, and whose presence is a pleasure to you, but your ill-wishers and enemies, for whom you have prepared the spikes, in whose presence it is quite certain you cannot make any happy or homely use of your garden; and besides being an immodest fence it is a proud and insulting fence, and it says plainly ... depart in humiliation. So that the generalization which I gave you at first is indeed a just one—the world may be divided into two great parts; the world, namely, of wooden and stone fences, and the world of iron railings; and the wooden and stone fences, on the whole, signify a world of health, simplicity, contentment, charity—free sight of nature—neighbourliness, and pleasure; and the iron railings signify a world of confinement, sophistication, obstruction of sight—narrowness of heart, envy, uncharitableness—discomfortableness, burglary, and Bedlam."]

worth doing, in this world, without trouble, you can get nothing much worth having, without expense. The main question is only—what is worth doing and having:—Consider, therefore, if this is not. Here is your iron railing, as yet, an uneducated monster; a sombre seneschal, incapable of any words, except his perpetual "Keep out!" and "Away with you!" Would it not be worth some trouble and cost to turn this ungainly ruffian porter into a well-educated servant; who, while he was severe as ever in forbidding entrance to evilly disposed people, should yet have a kind word for well-disposed people, and a pleasant look, and a little useful information at his command, in case he should be asked a question by the passers-by?

168. We have not time to-night to look at many examples of ironwork; and those I happen to have by me are not the best: ironwork is not one of my special subjects of study;[1] so that I only have memoranda of bits that happened to come into picturesque subjects which I was drawing for other reasons. Besides, external ironwork is more difficult to find good than any other sort of ancient art; for when it gets rusty and broken, people are sure, if they can afford it, to send it to the old iron shop, and get a fine new grating instead; and in the great cities of Italy the old iron is thus nearly all gone: the best bits I remember in the open air were at Brescia;—fantastic sprays of laurel-like foliage rising over the garden gates; and there are a few fine fragments at Verona, and some good trellis-work enclosing the Scala tombs;[2] but on the whole, the most interesting pieces, though by no means the purest in style, are to be found in out-of-the-way provincial towns, where people do not care, or are unable, to make polite alterations. The little town of Bellinzona, for instance, on the

[1] [But he had studied ironwork with some care: see the passage from the diary of 1846 quoted in Vol. VIII. p. 85 *n*. The lecture was illustrated with several sketches of foreign ironwork, too rough, however, for engraving: see above, p. 253.]

[2] [A specimen of this is engraved, *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 2; it is also shown in Ruskin's drawing of the Tomb of Can Signorio della Scala, Plate B, in Vol. XI. (p. 90).]

south of the Alps, and that of Sion on the north,[1] have both of them complete schools of ironwork in their balconies and vineyard gates. That of Bellinzona is the best, though not very old—I suppose most of it of the seventeenth century; still it is very quaint and beautiful. Here, for example (see frontispiece), are two balconies, from two different houses: one has been a cardinal's, and the hat is the principal ornament of the balcony, its tassels being wrought with delightful delicacy and freedom; and catching the eye clearly even among the mass of rich wreathed leaves. These tassels and strings are precisely the kind of subject fit for ironwork—noble in ironwork, they would have been entirely ignoble in marble, on the grounds above stated. The real plant of oleander standing in the window enriches the whole group of lines very happily.

169. The other balcony, from a very ordinary-looking house in the same street, is much more interesting in its details. It is shown in the plate as it appeared last summer, with convolvulus twined about the bars, the arrow-shaped living leaves mingled among the leaves of iron; but you may see in the centre of these real leaves a cluster of lighter ones, which are those of the ironwork itself. This cluster is worth giving a little larger to show its treatment. Fig. 8 (in Appendix V.) is the front view of it; Fig. 5, its profile. It is composed of a large tulip in the centre; then two turkscap lilies; then two pinks, a little conventionalized; then two narcissi; then two nondescripts, or, at least, flowers I do not know; and then two dark buds, and a few leaves; I say *dark* buds, for all these flowers have been coloured in their original state. The plan of the group is exceedingly simple: it is all enclosed in a pointed arch (Fig. 4, Appendix V.), the large mass of the tulip forming the apex; a six-foiled star on each side; then a jagged star; then a five-foiled star; then an unjagged star or rose; finally a small bud, so as to establish relation and

[1] [For another reference to the ironwork of Sion, see *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. p. 412).]

cadence through the whole group. The profile is very free and fine, and the upper bar of the balcony exceedingly beautiful in effect;—none the less so on account of the marvellously simple means employed. A thin strip of iron is bent over a square rod; out of the edge of this strip are cut a series of triangular openings—widest at top, leaving projecting teeth of iron (Appendix V., Fig. 6); then each of these projecting pieces gets a little sharp tap with the hammer in front, which breaks its edge inwards, tearing it a little open at the same time, and the thing is done.

170. The common forms of Swiss ironwork are less naturalistic than these Italian balconies, depending more on beautiful arrangements of various curve; nevertheless there has been a rich naturalist school at Fribourg, where a few bell-handles are still left, consisting of rods branched into laurel and other leafage. At Geneva, modern improvements have left nothing; but at Annecy a little good work remains; the balcony of its old hôtel de ville especially, with a trout of the lake—presumably the town arms[1]—forming its central ornament.

171. I might expatiate all night—if you would sit and hear me—on the treatment of such required subject, or introduction of pleasant caprice by the old workmen; but we have no more time to spare, and I must quit this part of our subject—the rather as I could not explain to you the intrinsic merit of such ironwork without going fully into the theory of curvilinear design; only let me leave with you this one distinct assertion—that the quaint beauty and character of many natural objects, such as intricate branches, grass, foliage (especially thorny branches and prickly foliage), as well as that of many animals, plumed, spined, or bristled, is sculpturally expressible in iron only, and in iron would be majestic and impressive in the highest degree; and that every piece of metal work you use might be, rightly treated, not only a superb decoration, but a most valuable abstract

[1] [The town arms bear a trout on the shield, with bulls as supporters.]

of portions of natural forms, holding in dignity precisely the same relation to the painted representation of plants that a statue does to the painted form of man. It is difficult to give you an idea of the grace and interest which the simplest objects possess when their forms are thus abstracted from among the surrounding of rich circumstance which in nature disturbs the feebleness of our attention. In the Plate facing this page, a few blades of common green grass, and a wild leaf or two—just as they were thrown by nature,—are thus abstracted from the associated redundance of the forms about them, and shown on a dark ground: every cluster of herbage would furnish fifty such groups, and every such group would work into iron (fitting it, of course, rightly to its service) with perfect ease, and endless grandeur of result.

172. III. IRON IN POLICY.—Having thus obtained some idea of the use of iron in art, as dependent on its ductility, I need not, certainly, say anything of its uses in manufacture and commerce; we all of us know enough—perhaps a little too much—about *them*. So I pass lastly to consider its uses in policy; dependent chiefly upon its tenacity—that is to say, on its power of bearing a pull, and receiving an edge. These powers, which enable it to pierce, to bind, and to smite, render it fit for the three great instruments by which its political action may be simply typified; namely, the Plough, the Fetter, and the Sword.

178. On our understanding the right use of these three instruments depend, of course, all our power as a nation, and all our happiness as individuals.

174. (1) THE PLOUGH. I say, first, on our understanding the right use of the plough, with which, in justice to the fairest of our labourers, we must always associate that feminine plough—the needle. The first requirement for the happiness of a nation is that it should understand the function in this world of these two great instruments: a happy nation may be defined as one in which the husband's hand is on the plough, and the housewife's on the needle; so in due time reaping its golden harvest, and shining in golden

vesture: and an unhappy nation is one which, acknowledging no use of plough nor needle, will assuredly at last find its storehouse empty in the famine, and its breast naked to the cold.[1]

175. Perhaps you think this is a mere truism, which I am wasting your time in repeating. I wish it were.

176. By far the greater part of the suffering and crime which exist at this moment in civilized Europe, arises simply from people not understanding this truism—not knowing that produce or wealth is eternally connected by the laws of heaven and earth with resolute labour; but hoping in some way to cheat or abrogate this everlasting law of life, and to feed where they have not furrowed, and be warm where they have not woven.

177. I repeat, nearly all our misery and crime result from this one misapprehension. The law of nature is, that a certain quantity of work is necessary to produce a certain quantity of good, of any kind whatever. If you want knowledge, you must toil for it: if food, you must toil for it: and if pleasure, you must toil for it. But men do not acknowledge this law; or strive to evade it, hoping to get their knowledge, and food, and pleasure for nothing: and in this effort they either fail of getting them, and remain ignorant and miserable, or they obtain them by making other men work for their benefit; and then they are tyrants and robbers. Yes, and worse than robbers. I am not one who in the least doubts or disputes the progress of this century in many things useful to mankind; but it seems to me a very dark sign respecting us that we look with so much indifference upon dishonesty and cruelty in the pursuit of wealth. In the dream of Nebuchadnezzar, it was only the *feet* that were part of iron and part of clay;[2] but many of us are now getting so cruel in our avarice that it seems as if, in us, the *heart* were part of iron, part of clay.

178. From what I have heard of the inhabitants of this

[1] [Compare *The Political Economy of Art*, above, pp. 19 *seq.*]
[2] [Daniel ii. 33.]

town, I do not doubt but that I may be permitted to do here what I have found it usually thought elsewhere highly improper and absurd to do,[1] namely, trace a few Bible sentences to their practical result.

179. You cannot but have noticed how often in those parts of the Bible which are likely to be oftenest opened when people look for guidance, comfort, or help in the affairs of daily life,—namely, the Psalms and Proverbs,—mention is made of the guilt attaching to the *Oppression* of the poor. Observe: not the neglect of them, but the *Oppression* of them: the word is as frequent as it is strange. You can hardly open either of those books, but somewhere in their pages you will find a description of the wicked man's attempts against the poor: such as,—"He doth ravish the poor when he getteth him into his net."

"He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages; his eyes are privily set against the poor."

"In his pride he doth persecute the poor, and blesseth the covetous, whom God abhorreth."

"His mouth is full of deceit and fraud; in the secret places doth he murder the innocent. Have the workers of iniquity no knowledge, who eat up my people as they eat bread? They have drawn out the sword, and bent the bow, to cast down the poor and needy."

"They are corrupt, and speak wickedly concerning oppression."

"Pride compasseth them about as a chain, and violence as a garment."

"Their poison is like the poison of a serpent. Ye weigh the violence of your hands in the earth."[2]

180. Yes: "Ye weigh the violence of your hands:"—weigh these words as well. The last things we ever usually think of weighing are Bible words. We like to dream and dispute over them; but to weigh them, and see what their

[1] [See *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. p. 458).]

[2] [The references here are to Psalms x. 10, 8, 2, 3, 7; xiv. 4; xxxvii. 14; lxxiii. 8, 6; lviii. 4, 2.]

true contents are—anything but that.[1] Yet, weigh these; for I have purposely taken all these verses, perhaps more striking to you read in this connection than separately in their places, out of the Psalms, because, for all people belonging to the Established Church of this country, these Psalms are appointed lessons, portioned out to them by their clergy to be read once through every month. Presumably, therefore, whatever portions of Scripture we may pass by or forget, these, at all events, must be brought continually to our observance as useful for direction of daily life. Now, do we ever ask ourselves what the real meaning of these passages may be, and who these wicked people are, who are "murdering the innocent"? You know it is rather singular language, this!—rather strong language, we might, perhaps, call it—hearing it for the first time. Murder! and murder of innocent people!—nay, even a sort of cannibalism. Eating people,—yes, and God's people, too—eating *My* people as if they were bread! swords drawn, bows bent, poison of serpents mixed! violence of hands weighed, measured, and trafficked with as so much coin!—where is all this going on? Do you suppose it was only going on in the time of David, and that nobody but Jews ever murder the poor? If so, it would surely be wiser not to mutter and mumble for our daily lessons what does not concern us; but if there be any chance that it may concern us, and if this description, in the Psalms, of human guilt is at all generally applicable, as the descriptions in the Psalms of human sorrow are, may it not be advisable to know wherein this guilt is being committed round about us, or by ourselves? and when we take the words of the Bible into our mouths in a congregational way, to be sure whether we mean merely to chant a piece of melodious poetry relating to other people —(we know not exactly to whom)—or to assert our belief in facts bearing somewhat stringently on ourselves and our

[1] [See, for other passages in a similar sense on the modern attitude towards the Bible, *Time and Tide*, Letter viii.; *Unto this Last*, § 55; *Crown of Wild Olive*, §§ 35, 131, 160.]

daily business. And if you make up your minds to do this no longer, and take pains to examine into the matter, you will find that these strange words, occurring as they do, not in a few places only, but almost in every alternate psalm and every alternate chapter of proverb or prophecy, with tremendous reiteration, were not written for one nation or one time only, but for all nations and languages, for all places and all centuries; and it is as true of the wicked man now as ever it was of Nabal or Dives,[1] that "his eyes are set against the poor."

181. Set *against* the poor, mind you. Not merely set *away* from the poor, so as to neglect or lose sight of them, but set against, so as to afflict and destroy them. This is the main point I want to fix your attention upon. You will often hear sermons about neglect or carelessness of the poor. But neglect and carelessness are not at all the points. The Bible hardly ever talks about neglect of the poor. It always talks of *oppression* of the poor—a very different matter. It does not merely speak of passing by on the other side, and binding up no wounds,[2] but of drawing the sword and ourselves smiting the men down. It does not charge us with being idle in the pest-house, and giving no medicine, but with being busy in the pest-house, and giving much poison.

182. May we not advisedly look into this matter a little, even to-night, and ask first, Who are these poor?

183. No country is, or ever will be, without them: that is to say, without the class which cannot, on the average, do more by its labour than provide for its subsistence, and which has no accumulations of property laid by on any considerable scale. Now there are a certain number of this class whom we cannot oppress with much severity. An able-bodied and intelligent workman—sober, honest, and industrious,—will almost always command a fair price for his work, and lay by enough in a few years to enable him to

[1] [1 Samuel xxv.; Luke xvi. 19, 20.]
[2] [Luke x. 31, 33.]

hold his own in the labour market. But all men are not able-bodied, nor intelligent, nor industrious; and you cannot expect them to be. Nothing appears to me at once more ludicrous and more melancholy than the way the people of the present age usually talk about the morals of labourers. You hardly ever address a labouring man upon his prospects in life, without quietly assuming that he is to possess, at starting, as a small moral capital to begin with, the virtue of Socrates, the philosophy of Plato, and the heroism of Epaminondas.[1] "Be assured, my good man,"—you say to him,—"that if you work steadily for ten hours a day all your life long, and if you drink nothing but water, or the very mildest beer, and live on very plain food, and never lose your temper, and go to church every Sunday, and always remain content in the position in which Providence has placed you, and never grumble, nor swear; and always keep your clothes decent, and rise early, and use every opportunity of improving yourself, you will get on very well, and never come to the parish."

184. All this is exceedingly true; but before giving the advice so confidently, it would be well if we sometimes tried it practically ourselves, and spent a year or so at some hard manual labour, not of an entertaining kind—ploughing or digging, for instance, with a very moderate allowance of beer; nothing but bread and cheese for dinner; no papers nor muffins in the morning; no sofas nor magazines at night; one small room for parlour and kitchen; and a large family of children always in the middle of the floor. If we think we could, under these circumstances, enact Socrates, or Epaminondas, entirely to our own satisfaction, we shall be somewhat justified in requiring the same behaviour from our poorer neighbours; but if not, we should surely consider a little whether among the various forms of the oppression of the poor, we may not rank as

[1] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 74 and 75, where Ruskin again takes Socrates, Plato, and Epaminondas together.]

one of the first and likeliest—the oppression of expecting too much from them.

185. But let this pass; and let it be admitted that we never can be guilty of oppression towards the sober, industrious, intelligent, exemplary labourer. There will always be in the world some who are not altogether intelligent and exemplary; we shall, I believe, to the end of time find the majority somewhat unintelligent, a little inclined to be idle, and occasionally, on Saturday night, drunk; we must even be prepared to hear of reprobates who like skittles on Sunday morning better than prayers; and of unnatural parents who send their children out to beg instead of to go to school.

186. Now these are the kind of people whom you *can* oppress, and whom you do oppress, and that to purpose,—and with all the more cruelty and the greater sting, because it is just their own fault that puts them into your power. You know the words about wicked people are, "He doth ravish the poor when he getteth him *into his net.*" This getting into the net is constantly the fault or folly of the sufferer—his own heedlessness or his own indolence; but after he is once in the net, the oppression of him, and making the most of his distress, are ours. The nets which we use against the poor are just those worldly embarrassments which either their ignorance or their improvidence are almost certain at some time or other to bring them into: then, just at the time when we ought to hasten to help them, and disentangle them, and teach them how to manage better in future, we rush forward to *pillage* them, and force all we can out of them in their adversity. For, to take one instance only, remember this is literally and simply what we do, whenever we buy, or try to buy, cheap goods—goods offered at a price which we know cannot be remunerative for the labour involved in them. Whenever we buy such goods,[1] remember we are stealing somebody's

[1] [And whenever we sell them: see *Time and Tide*, § 76; *Unto this Last*, §§ 54, 103.]

labour. Don't let us mince the matter. I say, in plain Saxon, STEALING—taking from him the proper reward of his work, and putting it into our own pocket. You know well enough that the thing could not have been offered you at that price, unless distress of some kind had forced the producer to part with it. You take advantage of this distress, and you force as much out of him as you can under the circumstances. The old barons of the Middle Ages used, in general, the thumbscrew to extort property; we moderns use, in preference, hunger, or domestic affliction: but the fact of extortion remains precisely the same.[1] Whether we force the man's property from him by pinching his stomach, or pinching his fingers, makes some difference anatomically;—morally, none whatsoever: we use a form of torture of some sort in order to make him give up his property; we use, indeed, the man's own anxieties, instead of the rack; and his immediate peril of starvation, instead of the pistol at the head; but otherwise we differ from Front de Bœuf, or Dick Turpin,[2] merely in being less dexterous, more cowardly, and more cruel. More cruel, I say, because the fierce baron and the redoubted highwayman are reported to have robbed, at least by preference, only the rich; *we* steal habitually from the poor. We buy our liveries, and gild our prayer-books, with pilfered pence out of children's and sick men's wages, and thus ingeniously dispose a given quantity of Theft, so that it may produce the largest possible measure of delicately-distributed suffering.

187. But this is only one form of common oppression of the poor—only one way of taking our hands off the Plough-handle, and binding another's upon it. The first way of doing it is the economical way—the way preferred by prudent and virtuous people. The bolder way is the acquisitive way:—the way of speculation. You know we are

[1] [See also above, p. 128.]

[2] [For Front de Bœuf, see of course Scott's *Ivanhoe*; for the ethics of Dick Turpin, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 60.]

considering at present the various modes in which a nation corrupts itself, by not acknowledging the eternal connection between its plough and its pleasure;—by striving to get pleasure, without working for it. Well, I say the first and commonest way of doing so is to try to get the product of other people's work, and enjoy it ourselves, by cheapening their labour in times of distress; then the second way is that grand one of watching the chances of the market;—the way of speculation.[1] Of course there are some speculations that are fair and honest—speculations made with our own money, and which do not involve in their success the loss, by others, of what we gain. But generally modern speculation involves much risk to others, with chance of profit only to ourselves; even in its best conditions it is merely one of the forms of gambling or treasure-hunting: it is either leaving the steady plough and the steady pilgrimage of life, to look for silver mines beside the way; or else it is the full stop beside the dice-tables in Vanity Fair —investing all the thoughts and passions of the soul in the fall of the cards, and choosing rather the wild accidents of idle fortune than the calm and accumulative rewards of toil. And this is destructive enough, at least to our peace and virtue. But it is usually destructive of far more than *our* peace, or *our* virtue. Have you ever deliberately set yourselves to imagine and measure the suffering, the guilt, and the mortality caused necessarily by the failure of any large-dealing merchant, or largely-branched bank? Take it at the lowest possible supposition—count, at the fewest you choose, the families whose means of support have been involved in the catastrophe. Then, on the morning after the intelligence of ruin, let us go forth amongst them in earnest thought; let us use that imagination which we waste so often on fictitious sorrow, to measure the stern

[1] [For the special circumstances of the time which suggested these remarks, see the Introduction, above, p. xxiv. For other passages dealing with the subject, see *A Joy for Ever*, § 151 (above, p. 137); *Munera Pulveris*, §§ 70, 153 *n.*; *Time and Tide*, §§ 3, 82–83; *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 127.]

facts of that multitudinous distress; strike open the private doors of their chambers, and enter silently into the midst of the domestic misery; look upon the old men, who had reserved for their failing strength some remainder of rest in the evening-tide of life, cast helplessly back into its trouble and tumult; look upon the active strength of middle age suddenly blasted into incapacity—its hopes crushed, and its hardly-earned rewards snatched away in the same instant —at once the heart withered, and the right arm snapped; look upon the piteous children, delicately nurtured, whose soft eyes, now large with wonder at their parents' grief, must soon be set in the dimness of famine; and, far more than all this, look forward to the length of sorrow beyond—to the hardest labour of life, now to be undergone either in all the severity of unexpected and inexperienced trial, or else, more bitter still, to be begun again, and endured for the second time, amidst the ruins of cherished hopes and the feebleness of advancing years, embittered by the continual sting and taunt of the inner feeling that it has all been brought about, not by the fair course of appointed circumstance, but by miserable chance and wanton treachery; and, last of all, look beyond this—to the shattered destinies of those who have faltered under the trial, and sunk past recovery to despair. And then consider. whether the hand which has poured this poison into all the springs of life be one whit less guiltily red with human blood than that which literally pours the hemlock into the cup, or guides the dagger to the heart? We read with horror of the crimes of a Borgia or a Tophana;[1] but there never lived Borgias such as live now in the midst of us. The cruel lady of Ferrara slew only in the strength of passion—she slew only a few, those who thwarted her purposes or who vexed her soul; she slew sharply and suddenly, embittering the fate of her victims with no foretastes of destruction, no prolongations of pain; and, finally and chiefly, she slew

[1] [For Tophana, see Vol. VI. p. 403; for Lucrezia Borgia, *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. vii. § 7.]

not without remorse nor without pity. But *we*, in no storm of passion,—in no blindness of wrath,—we, in calm and clear and untempted selfishness, pour our poison—not for a few only, but for multitudes;—not for those who have wronged us, or resisted,—but for those who have trusted us and aided;—we, not with sudden gift of merciful and unconscious death, but with slow waste of hunger and weary rack of disappointment and despair!—we, lastly and chiefly, do our murdering, not with any pauses of pity or scorching of conscience, but in facile and forgetful calm of mind—and so, forsooth, read day by day, complacently, as if they meant any one else than ourselves, the words that for ever describe the wicked: "The *poison of asps* is under their lips, and their *feet are swift to shed blood.*"[1]

188. You may indeed, perhaps, think there is some excuse for many in this matter, just because the sin is so unconscious; that the guilt is not so great when it is unapprehended, and that it is much more pardonable to slay heedlessly than purposefully. I believe no feeling can be more mistaken; and that in reality, and in the sight of heaven, the callous indifference which pursues its own interests at any cost of life, though it does not definitely adopt the purpose of sin, is a state of mind at once more heinous and more hopeless than the wildest aberrations of ungoverned passion. There may be, in the last case, some elements of good and of redemption still mingled in the character; but, in the other, few or none. There may be hope for the man who has slain his enemy in anger;—hope even for the man who has betrayed his friend in fear; but what hope for him who trades in unregarded blood, and builds his fortune on unrepented treason?

189. But, however this may be, and wherever you may think yourselves bound in justice to impute the greater sin, be assured that the question is one of responsibilities only, not of facts. The definite result of all our modern haste to

[1] [Romans iii. 13, 15.]

be rich is assuredly, and constantly, the murder of a certain number of persons by our hands every year. I have not time to go into the details of another—on the whole, the broadest and terriblest way in which we cause the destruction of the poor—namely, the way of luxury and waste, destroying, in improvidence, what might have been the support of thousands;* but if you follow out the subject for yourselves at home—and what I have endeavoured to lay before you to-night will only be useful to you if you do—you will find that wherever and whenever men are endeavouring to *make money hastily*, and to avoid the labour which Providence has appointed to be the only source of honourable profit;—and also wherever and whenever they permit themselves to *spend it luxuriously*, without reflecting how far they are misguiding the labour of others;—there and then, in either case, they are literally and infallibly causing, for their own benefit or their own pleasure, a certain annual number of human deaths; that, therefore, the choice given to every man born into this world is, simply, whether he will be a labourer or an assassin; and that whosoever has not his hand on the Stilt of the plough, has it on the Hilt of the dagger.

190. It would also be quite vain for me to endeavour to follow out this evening the lines of thought which would be suggested by the other two great political uses of iron in the Fetter and the Sword: a few words only I must permit myself respecting both.

* The analysis of this error will be found completely carried out in my lectures on the political economy of art.[1] And it is an error worth analysing; for until it is finally trodden under foot, no healthy political, economical, or moral action is *possible* in any state. I do not say this impetuously or suddenly, for I have investigated this subject as deeply, and as long, as my own special subject of art; and the principles of political economy which I have stated in those lectures are as sure as the principles of Euclid. Foolish readers doubted their certainty because I told them I had "never read any books on Political Economy."[2] Did they suppose I had got my knowledge of art by reading books?

[1] [See above, pp. 48, 123 *seqq.* On the following remarks, see Introduction, p. xxiv.]

[2] [See above, p. 10.]

191. (2) THE FETTER.—As the plough is the typical instrument of industry, so the fetter is the typical instrument of the restraint or subjection necessary in a nation—either literally, for its evildoers, or figuratively, in accepted laws, for its wise and good men. You have to choose between this figurative and literal use; for depend upon it, the more laws you accept, the fewer penalties you will have to endure, and the fewer punishments to enforce. For wise laws and just restraints are to a noble nation not chains, but chain mail—strength and defence, though something also of an incumbrance. And this necessity of restraint, remember, is just as honourable to man as the necessity of labour. You hear every day greater numbers of foolish people speaking about liberty, as if it were such an honourable thing: so far from being that, it is on the whole, and in the broadest sense, dishonourable, and an attribute of the lower creatures. No human being, however great, or powerful, was ever so free as a fish.[1] There is always something that he must, or must not do; while the fish may do whatever he likes. All the kingdoms of the world put together are not half so large as the sea, and all the railroads and wheels that ever were, or will be, invented are not so easy as fins. You will find on fairly thinking of it, that it is his Restraint which is honourable to man, not his Liberty; and, what is more, it is restraint which is honourable even in the lower animals. A butterfly is much more free than a bee; but you honour the bee more, just because it is subject to certain laws which fit it for orderly function in bee society. And throughout the world, of the two abstract things, liberty and restraint, restraint is always the more honourable. It is true, indeed, that in these and all other matters you never can reason finally from the abstraction, for both liberty and restraint are good when they are nobly chosen, and both are bad when they are basely chosen; but of the two, I repeat, it is restraint

[1] [Compare *Seven Lamps* (Vol. VIII. p. 250), where Ruskin says that "the majesty of things in the scale of being" is proportioned to their obedience; and *Queen of the Air*, § 148, where he takes the common house-fly as the type of a free being.]

which characterizes the higher creature, and betters the lower creature: and, from the ministering of the archangel to the labour of the insect,—from the poising of the planets to the gravitation of a grain of dust,—the power and glory of all creatures, and all matter, consist in their obedience, not in their freedom. The Sun has no liberty[1]—a dead leaf has much. The dust of which you are formed has no liberty. Its liberty will come—with its corruption.

192. And, therefore, I say boldly, though it seems a strange thing to say in England, that as the first power of a nation consists in knowing how to guide the Plough, its second power consists in knowing how to wear the Fetter:—

193. (3) THE SWORD.—And its third power, which perfects it as a nation, consists in knowing how to wield the sword, so that the three talismans of national existence are expressed in these three short words—Labour, Law, and Courage.

194. This last virtue we at least possess; and all that is to be alleged against us is that we do not honour it enough. I do not mean honour by acknowledgment of service, though sometimes we are slow in doing even that. But we do not honour it enough in consistent regard to the lives and souls of our soldiers. How wantonly we have wasted their lives you have seen lately in the reports of their mortality by disease, which a little care and science *might* have prevented;[2] but we regard their souls less than their lives, by keeping them in ignorance and idleness, and regarding them merely as instruments of battle. The argument brought forward for the maintenance of a standing army

[1] [Compare Ruskin's criticism of Coleridge, Vol. VIII. p. 271 n.]

[2] [In the Commons on March 19, 1855, the reports of hospital commissioners who had been sent out to the scene of war were communicated to the House. "As many as 20 per cent. of the force under Lord Raglan's command had been at times in the regimental hospitals." Particulars may be read in the successive *Reports from the Select Committee on the Army before Sebastopol* (Session 1854–1855); *Report upon the State of the Hospitals of the British Army in the Crimea and Scutari* (1855); and *Report on the Proceedings of the Sanitary Commission dispatched to the Seat of War in the East, 1855–1856* (presented 1857).]

usually refers only to expediency in the case of unexpected war, whereas, one of the chief reasons for the maintenance of an army is the advantage of the military system as a method of education. The most fiery and headstrong, who are often also the most gifted and generous of your youths, have always a tendency both in the lower and upper classes to offer themselves for your soldiers: others, weak and unserviceable in the civil capacity, are tempted or entrapped into the army in a fortunate hour for them: out of this fiery or uncouth material, it is only soldier's discipline which can bring the full value and power. Even at present, by mere force of order and authority, the army is the salvation of myriads; and men who, under other circumstances, would have sunk into lethargy or dissipation, are redeemed into noble life by a service which at once summons and directs their energies. How much more than this, military education is capable of doing, you will find only when you make it education indeed. We have no excuse for leaving our private soldiers at their present level of ignorance and want of refinement, for we shall invariably find that, both among officers and men, the gentlest and best informed are the bravest; still less have we excuse for diminishing our army, either in the present state of political events,[1] or, as I believe, in any other conjunction of them that for many a year will be possible in this world.

195. You may, perhaps, be surprised at my saying this; perhaps surprised at my implying that war itself can be right, or necessary, or noble at all. Nor do I speak of all war as necessary, nor of all war as noble.[2] Both peace and war are noble or ignoble according to their kind and occasion. No man has a profounder sense of the horror and guilt of ignoble war than I have: I have personally seen its effects, upon nations,[3] of unmitigated evil, on soul and

[1] [At the time of this lecture the Crimean War was just over and the Indian Mutiny was in progress.]

[2] [See on this subject, Vol. V. p. 410 *n.*]

[3] [Ruskin here refers to his residence at Venice in 1849–1850 and 1851–1852: see Introductions to Vols. IX. and X.]

body, with perhaps as much pity, and as much bitterness of indignation, as any of those whom you will hear continually declaiming in the cause of peace. But peace may be sought in two ways. One way is as Gideon sought it, when he built his altar in Ophrah, naming it, "God send peace," yet sought this peace that he loved, as he was ordered to seek it, and the peace was sent, in God's way:—"the country was in quietness forty years in the days of Gideon." And the other way of seeking peace is as Menahem sought it, when he gave the King of Assyria a thousand talents of silver, that "his hand might be with him."[1] That is, you may either win your peace, or buy it:—win *it, by* resistance to evil;—buy it, by compromise with evil. You may buy your peace, with silenced consciences;—you may buy it, with broken vows,—buy it, with lying words,—buy it, with base connivances,—buy it, with the blood of the slain, and the cry of the captive, and the silence of *lost* souls—over hemispheres of the earth, while you sit smiling at your serene hearths, lisping comfortable prayers *evening* and morning, and counting your pretty Protestant beads (which are flat, and of gold, instead of round, and *of ebony*, as the monks' ones were), and so mutter continually to yourselves, "Peace, peace," when there is No peace;[2] but only captivity and death, for you, as well as for those you leave unsaved;—and yours darker than theirs.

196. I cannot utter to you what I would in this matter; we all see too dimly, as yet, what our great world-duties are, to allow any of us to try to outline their *enlarging* shadows. But think over what I *have* said; and as you return to your quiet homes to-night, reflect that their peace was not won for you by your own hands, but by theirs who long ago jeoparded their lives for you, their children; and remember that neither this inherited peace, nor *any* other, can be kept, but through the same jeopardy. No peace was ever won from Fate by subterfuge or agreement;

[1] [See Judges vi. 22–24; viii. 28; 2 Kings xv. 19.]
[2] [Jeremiah viii. 11; vi. 14.]

no peace is ever in store for any of us, but that which we shall win by victory over shame or sin;—victory over the sin that oppresses, as well as over that which corrupts. For many a year to come, the sword of every righteous nation must be whetted to save or to subdue; nor will it be by patience of others' suffering, but by the offering of your own, that you will ever draw nearer to the time when the great change shall pass upon the iron of the earth;—when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; neither shall they learn war any more.[1]

[1] [Isaiah ii. 4.]

APPENDIX I

RIGHT AND WRONG [p. 314].

READERS who are using my *Elements of Drawing* may be surprised by my saying here that Tintoret may lead them wrong; while at § 256 of the *Elements* he is one of the six men named as being "always right."

I bring the apparent inconsistency forward at the beginning of this Appendix, because the illustration of it will be farther useful in showing the real nature of the self-contradiction which is often alleged against me by careless readers.[1]

It is not only possible, but a frequent condition of human action, to *do* right and *be* right—yet so as to mislead other people if they rashly imitate the thing done. For there are many rights which are not absolutely, but relatively right—right only for *that* person to do under those circumstances,—not for *this* person to do under other circumstances.

Thus it stands between Titian and Tintoret. Titian is always absolutely Right. You may imitate him with entire security that you are doing the best thing that can possibly be done for the purpose in hand. Tintoret is always relatively Right—relatively to his own aims and peculiar powers. But you must quite understand Tintoret before you can be sure what his aim was, and why he was then right in doing what would not be right always. If, however, you take the pains thus to understand him, he becomes entirely instructive and exemplary, just as Titian is: and therefore I have placed him among those who are "always right," and you can only study him rightly with that reverence for him.

Then the artists who are named[2] as "admitting question of right and wrong," are those who from some mischance of circumstance or shortcoming in their education, do not always do right, even with relation to their own aims and powers.

Take for example the quality of imperfection in drawing form. There are many pictures of Tintoret in which the trees are drawn with a few curved flourishes of the brush[3] instead of leaves. That is (absolutely) wrong. If you copied the tree as a model, you would be going very wrong indeed. But it is relatively, and for Tintoret's purposes, right. In the nature of the superficial work you will find there must have been a cause for it. Somebody perhaps wanted the picture in a hurry to fill a dark corner. Tintoret good-naturedly did all he could—painted the figures tolerably—had five minutes

[1] [On this subject, see above, p. 187.]

[2] [That is, in the passage of the *Elements of Drawing* above referred to (Vol. XV. p. 220).]

[3] [Compare what Ruskin says of Tintoret's dashing work in Vol. IV. p. xxxix.]

left only for the trees, when the servant came. "Let him wait another five minutes." And this is the best foliage we can do in the time. Entirely, admirably, unsurpassably right, under the conditions. Titian would not have worked under them, but Tintoret was kinder and humbler; yet he may lead you wrong if you don't understand him. Or, perhaps, another day, somebody came in while Tintoret was at work, who tormented Tintoret. An ignoble person! Titian would have been polite to him, and gone on steadily with his trees. Tintoret cannot stand the ignobleness; it is unendurably repulsive and discomfiting to him. "The Black Plague take him—and the trees, too! Shall such a fellow see me paint?" And the trees go all to pieces. This, in you, would be mere ill-breeding and ill-temper. In Tintoret it was one of the necessary conditions of his intense sensibility; had he been capable, then, of keeping his temper, he could never have done his greatest works. Let the trees go to pieces, by all means; it is quite right they should; he is always right.

But in a background of Gainsborough you would find the trees unjustifiably gone to pieces. The carelessness of form there is definitely purposed by him; adopted as an advisable thing; and therefore it is both absolutely and relatively wrong;—it indicates his being imperfectly educated as a painter, and not having brought out all his powers. It may still happen that the man whose work is thus partially erroneous is greater far than others who have fewer faults. Gainsborough's and Reynolds' wrongs are more charming than almost anybody else's right. Still, they occasionally *are* wrong—but the Venetians and Velasques,* never.

I ought, perhaps, to have added in that Manchester address[1] (only one does not like to say things that shock people), some words of warning against painters likely to mislead the student. For indeed, though here and there something may be gained by looking at inferior men, there is always more to be gained by looking at the best; and there is not time, with all the looking of human life, to exhaust even one great painter's instruction. How then shall we dare to waste our sight and thoughts on inferior ones, even if we could do so, which we rarely can, without danger of being led astray? Nay, strictly speaking, what people call inferior painters are in general *no* painters. Artists are divided by an impassable gulf into the men who can paint, and who cannot. The men who can paint often fall short of what they should have done; are repressed, or defeated, or otherwise rendered inferior one to another; still there is an everlasting barrier between them and the men who cannot paint—who can only in various popular ways pretend to paint. And if once you know the difference, there is always some good to be got by looking at a real painter—seldom anything but mischief to be got out of a false one; but do not suppose real painters are common. I do not speak of living men; but among those who labour no more, in this England of ours, since it first had a school, we have had only five real painters;—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Richard Wilson, and Turner.

* At least after his style was formed; early pictures, like the Adoration of the Magi in our Gallery,[2] are of little value.

[1] [The reference is to § 60, above (p. 300), where Ruskin discusses the question "whether, as students, we are to study these mightiest men . . . or inferior men."]

[2] [No. 232; formerly described in the official catalogue as an early work of Velazquez, now attributed to Zurbaran.]

The reader may, perhaps, think I have forgotten Wilkie. No. I once much overrated him as an expressional draughtsman, not having then studied the figure long enough to be able to detect superficial sentiment.[1] But his colour I have never praised; it is entirely false and valueless. And it would be unjust to English art if I did not here express my regret that the admiration of Constable,[2] already harmful enough in England, is extending even into France. There was, perhaps, the making, in Constable, of a second or third-rate painter, if any careful discipline had developed in him the instincts which, though unparalleled for narrowness, were, as far as they went, true. But as it is, he is nothing more than an industrious and innocent amateur blundering his way to a superficial expression of one or two popular aspects of common nature.

And my readers may depend upon it, that all blame which I express in this sweeping way is trustworthy.[3] I have often had to repent of overpraise of inferior men; and continually to repent of insufficient praise of great men; but of broad condemnation, never. For I do not speak it but after the most searching examination of the matter, and under stern sense of need for it: so that whenever the reader is entirely shocked by what I say, he may be assured every word is true.* It is just because it so much offends him, that it was necessary; and knowing that it must offend him, I should not have ventured to say it, without certainty of its truth. I say "certainty," for it is just as possible to be certain whether the drawing of a tree or a stone is true or false, as whether the drawing of a triangle is; and what I mean primarily by saying that a picture is in all respects worthless, is that it is in all respects False: which is not a matter of opinion at all, but a matter of ascertainable fact, such as I never assert till I *have* ascertained. And the thing so commonly said about my writings, that they are rather persuasive than just; and that though my "language" may be good, I am an unsafe guide in art criticism, is, like many other popular estimates in such matters, not merely untrue, but precisely the reverse of the truth; it is truth, like reflections in water, distorted much by the shaking receptive surface, and in every particular,

* He must, however, be careful to distinguish blame—however strongly expressed, of some especial fault or error in a true painter,—from these general statements of inferiority or worthlessness. Thus he will find me continually laughing at Wilson's tree-painting; not because Wilson could not paint, but because he had never looked at a tree.[4]

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[1] [For Ruskin's early praise of Wilkie, see Vol. I. pp. 7, 239; Vol. III. pp. 82, 91 *n*. Then, at a later date, he regretted Wilkie's abandonment of *genre* for "the grand school" (Vol. XII. p. 152).]

[2] [Some of Constable's pictures had been exhibited in 1824 in the Paris Salon; for the impression made by them, see Leslie's *Life of Constable*, 1845, p. 144. To him a principal influence is generally attributed in the transition in French painting from "classical landscape" to "*paysage intime*" (see Muther's *History of Modern Painting*, 1896, vol. ii. p. 376); what Ruskin regretted in his influence was a tendency to "blottesque" forms and to over-emphasis on chiaroscuro: see Vol. XIV. p. 254, and for Ruskin's general estimate of the painter, see Vol. III. p. 45 *n*.]

[3] [Compare *Elements of Drawing*, Appendix ii. (Vol. XV. p. 225 *n*.).]

[4] [For passages in which Ruskin "laughs at Wilson's tree-painting," see Vol. V. pp. 162 *seq*.; Vol. XIII. p. 145; Vol. XV. p. 93; and for other passages of general criticism, recognising the painter's natural gifts, Vol. III. p. 189; Vol. XIV. p. 225.]

upside down. For my "language," until within the last six or seven years, was loose, obscure, and more or less feeble; and still, though I have tried hard to mend it, the best I can do is inferior to much contemporary work. No description that I have ever given of anything is worth four lines of Tennyson;[1] and in serious thought, my half-pages are generally only worth about as much as a single sentence either of his, or of Carlyle's. They are, I well trust, as true and necessary; but they are neither so concentrated nor so well put. But I am an entirely safe guide in art judgment: and that simply as the necessary result of my having given the labour of life to the determination of facts, rather than to the following of feelings or theories. Not, indeed, that my work is free from mistakes; it admits many, and always must admit many, from its scattered range; but, in the long run, it will be found to enter sternly and searchingly into the nature of what it deals with, and the kind of mistake it admits is never dangerous—consisting, usually, in pressing the truth too far. It is quite easy, for instance, to take an accidental irregularity in a piece of architecture, which less careful examination would never have detected at all, for an intentional irregularity; quite possible to misinterpret an obscure passage in a picture, which a less earnest observer would never have tried to interpret. But mistakes of this kind—honest, enthusiastic mistakes—are never harmful; because they are always made in a true direction,—falls forward on the road, not into the ditch beside it; and they are sure to be corrected by the next comer. But the blunt and dead mistakes made by too many other writers on art—the mistakes of sheer inattention, and want of sympathy—are mortal. The entire purpose of a great thinker may be difficult to fathom, and we may be over and over again more or less mistaken in guessing at his meaning; but the real, profound, nay, quite bottomless, and unredeemable mistake, is the fool's thought—that he had *no* meaning.[2]

I do not refer, in saying this, to any of my statements respecting subjects which it has been my main work to study: as far as I am aware, I have never yet misinterpreted any picture of Turner's, though often remaining blind to the half of what he had intended: neither have I as yet found anything to correct in my statements respecting Venetian architecture;* but in casual references to what has been quickly seen, it is impossible to guard wholly against error, without losing much valuable observation, true in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, and harmless even when erroneous.

* The subtle proportions of the Byzantine Palaces, given in precise measurements in the second volume of *The Stones of Venice*,[3] were alleged by architects to be accidental irregularities. They will be found, by every one who will take the pains to examine them, most assuredly and indisputably intentional,—and not only so, but one of the principal subjects of the designer's care.

[1] [For Ruskin's high appreciation of Tennyson, see Vol. V. pp. xlvii., 362, 429; and for his obligations to Carlyle as a teacher, Vol. XII. p. 507, Vol. V. pp. 427, 428.]

[2] [Compare *Munera Pulveris*, Appendix V., where this passage is repeated.]

[3] [Ch. v.: see Vol. X. pp. 147 *seq.*]

APPENDIX II

REYNOLDS' DISAPPOINTMENT [p. 324]

IT is very fortunate that in the fragment of Mason's MSS., published lately by Mr. Cotton[1] in his *Sir Joshua Reynolds' Notes*,* record is preserved of Sir Joshua's feelings respecting the paintings in the window of New College, which might otherwise have been supposed to give his full sanction to this mode of painting on glass. Nothing can possibly be more curious, to my mind, than the great painter's expectations; or his having at all entertained the idea that the qualities of colour which are peculiar to opaque bodies could be obtained in a transparent medium; but so it is: and with the simplicity and humbleness of an entirely great man, he hopes that Mr. Jervas on glass is to excel Sir Joshua on canvas. Happily, Mason tells us the result.

"With the copy Jervas made of this picture he was grievously disappointed. 'I had frequently,' he said to me, 'pleased myself by reflecting, after I had produced what I thought a brilliant effect of light and shadow on my canvas, how greatly that effect would be heightened by the transparency which the painting on glass would be sure to produce. It turned out quite the reverse.'"

* Smith, Soho Square, 1859.

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[1] [*Sir Joshua Reynolds' Notes and Observations on Pictures . . . also the Rev. W. Mason's Observations on Sir Joshua's Method of Colouring.* Edited by William Cotton. The passage quoted is at pp. 58–59, the reference being to the "Nativity" which occupies the central light of the window. Mr. Cotton, in his introduction (p. xii.), says that he had been encouraged by Ruskin to publish these Notes: "The author of *The Stones of Venice*, after a perusal of the MS., said, 'Publish them by all means; the private notes of Reynolds are most precious.'" For a reference to another collection of Reynolds's notes by the same editor, see above, p. 312 *n.*]

APPENDIX III

CLASSICAL ARCHITECTURE [p. 357]

THIS passage in the lecture was illustrated by an enlargement of the woodcut, Fig. 1; but I did not choose to disfigure the middle of this book with it. It is copied from the 49th plate of the third edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (Edinburgh, 1797), and represents an English

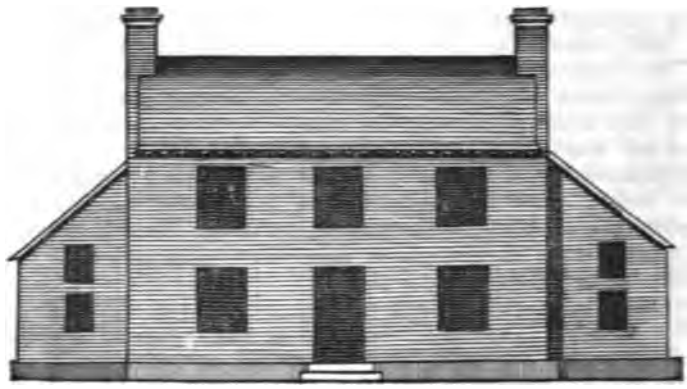

Fig. 1

farmhouse arranged on classical principles. If the reader cares to consult the work itself, he will find in the same plate another composition of similar propriety, and dignified by the addition of a pediment, beneath the shadow of which "a private gentleman who has a small family may find conveniency."[1]

[1] [The following is a reproduction of the other "composition" referred to :—

Fig. 2

APPENDIX IV

SUBTLETY OF HAND [pp. 286, 419]

I HAD intended, in one or other of these lectures, to have spoken at some length of the quality of refinement in Colour, but found the subject would lead me too far. A few words are, however, necessary in order to explain some expressions in the text.

"Refinement in colour" is indeed a tautological expression, for colour, in the true sense of the word, does not exist until it *is* refined. Dirt exists, — stains exist, — and pigments exist easily enough in all places; and are laid on easily enough by all hands; but colour exists only where there is tenderness, and can be laid on only by a hand which has strong life in it. The law concerning colour is very strange, very noble, in some sense almost awful. In every given touch laid on canvas, if one grain of the colour is inoperative, and does not take its full part in producing the hue, the hue will be imperfect. The grain of colour which does not work is dead. It infects all about it with its death. It must be got quit of, or the touch is spoiled. We acknowledge this instinctively in our use of the phrases "dead colour," "killed colour," "foul colour." Those words are, in some sort, literally true. If more colour is put on than is necessary, a heavy touch when a light one would have been enough, the quantity of colour that was not wanted, and is overlaid by the rest, is as dead, and it pollutes the rest. There will be no good in the touch.

The art of painting, properly so called, consists in laying on the least possible colour that will produce the required result; and this measurement in all the ultimate—that is to say, the principal—operations of colouring, is so delicate that not one human hand in a million has the required lightness. The final touch of any painter properly so named—of Correggio, Titian, Turner, or Reynolds—would be always quite invisible to any one watching the progress of the work, the films of hue being laid thinner than the depths of the grooves in mother-of-pearl. The work may be swift, apparently careless, nay, to the painter himself almost unconscious. Great painters are so organized that they do their best work without effort; but analyze the touches afterwards, and you will find the structure and depth of the colour laid mathematically demonstrable to be of literally infinite fineness, the last touches passing away at their edges by untraceable gradation. The very essence of a master's work may thus be removed by a picture-cleaner in ten minutes.[1]

Observe, however, this thinness exists only in portions of the ultimate touches, for which the preparation may often have been made with solid

[1] [Compare Ruskin's evidence to the National Gallery Site Commission, Vol. XIII. p. 543.]

colours, commonly, and literally, called "dead colouring"; but even that is always subtle if a master lays it—subtle at least in drawing, if simple in hue; and farther, observe that the refinement of work consists not in laying absolutely *little* colour, but in always laying precisely the right quantity. To lay on little needs indeed the rare lightness of hand; but to lay much, —yet not one atom *too* much, and obtain subtlety, not by withholding strength, but by precision of pause,—that is the master's final sign-manual —power, knowledge, and tenderness all united. A great deal of colour may often be wanted—perhaps quite a mass of it, such as shall project from the canvas; but the real painter lays this mass of its required thickness and shape with as much precision as if it were a bud of a flower which he had to touch into blossom; one of Turner's loaded fragments of white cloud is modelled and gradated in an instant, as if it alone were the subject of the picture, when the same quantity of colour, under another hand, would be a lifeless lump.

The following extract from a letter in the *Literary Gazette* of 13th November, 1858, which I was obliged to write to defend a questioned expression respecting Turner's subtlety of hand from a charge of hyperbole, contains some interesting and conclusive evidence on the point, though it refers to pencil and chalk drawing only.

. . . . . .[1]

[1] [Here was reprinted in all previous editions the passage already given at pp. 334-337 of Vol. XIII. in this edition. The variations in the text are described in footnotes to that volume.]

APPENDIX V[1]

IRONWORK OF BELLINZONA [pp. 393–394]

I CAN only give to illustrate this balcony, facsimiles of rough memoranda made on a single leaf of my note-book, with a tired hand; but it may be useful to young students to see them, in order that they may know the difference between notes made to get at the gist and heart of a thing, and notes made merely to look neat. Only it must be observed that the

Fig. 8

best characters of free drawing are always lost even in the most careful facsimile; and I should not show even these slight notes in woodcut imitation, unless the reader had it in his power, by a glance at the 21st or 35th plates in *Modern Painters*,[2] (and yet better, by trying to copy a piece

[1] [This Appendix is here printed as it stood in ed. 1. The omission of illustrations from the later editions caused also the omission of pp. 421, 422 here—the Appendix in those editions beginning "It was noted in the text" (last line of p. 422); and all later editions contained at the end of this Appendix the following "*Note to Second Edition.*—The portions of this article referring to general subjects are preserved. The scratches given in example are of no importance."]

[2] [In the fourth volume of that book: see in this edition Vol. VI. pp. 34, 259; the following reference, to "the preface," is to the third volume: see Vol. V. p. 11.]

of either of them,) to ascertain how far I can draw or not. I refer to these plates, because, though I distinctly stated in the preface that they, together with the 12th, 20th, 34th, and 37th, were executed on the steel by my own hand, (the use of the dry point in the foregrounds of the 12th and 21st plates being moreover wholly different from the common processes of etching,) I find it constantly assumed that they were engraved for me—as if direct lying in such matters were a thing of quite common usage.

Fig. 4

Fig. 3 is the centre piece of the balcony, but a leaf-spray is omitted on the right-hand side, having been too much buried among the real leaves to be drawn.

Fig. 4 shows the intended general effect of its masses, the five-leaved and six-leaved flowers being clearly distinguishable at any distance.

Fig. 5 is its profile, rather carefully drawn at the top, to show the tulip and turkscap lily leaves. Underneath there is a plate of iron beaten into broad thin leaves, which gives the centre of the balcony a gradual sweep outwards, like the side of a ship of war. This central profile is of the greatest importance in ironwork, as the flow of it affects the curves of the whole design, not merely in surface, as in marble carving, but in their intersections, when the side is seen through the front. The lighter leaves *b b*, are real bind-weed.

Fig. 5

Fig. 6 shows two of the teeth of the border, illustrating their irregularity of form, which takes place quite to the extent indicated.

Fig. 7 is the border at the side of the balcony, showing the most interesting circumstance in the treatment of the whole, namely, the enlargement and retraction of the teeth of the cornice, as it approaches the wall. This treatment of the whole cornice as a kind of wreath round the balcony, having its leaves flung loose at the back, and set close at the front, as a girl would throw a wreath of leaves round her hair, is precisely the most finished indication of a good workman's mind to be found in the whole thing.

Fig. 8 shows the outline of the retracted leaves accurately.

It was noted in the text [p. 393] that the whole of this ironwork

representing flowers had been coloured. The difficulty of colouring ironwork rightly,[1] and the necessity of doing it in some way or other, have been the principal reasons for my never having entered heartily into this subject; for all the ironwork I have ever seen look beautiful was rusty, and rusty iron will not answer modern purposes. Nevertheless it may be painted; but it needs some one to do it who knows what painting means, and few of us do—certainly none, as yet, of our restorers of decoration or writers on colour.

Fig. 6

It is a marvellous thing to me that book after book should appear on this last subject, without apparently the slightest consciousness on the part of the writers that the first necessity of beauty in colour is gradation,[2] as the first necessity of beauty in line is curvature,—or that the second necessity in colour is mystery or subtlety, as the second necessity in line is softness. Colour ungradated is wholly valueless; colour unmysterious is wholly barbarous. Unless it loses itself, and melts away towards other colours, as a true line loses itself and melts away towards other lines, colour has no proper existence, in the noble sense of the word. What a cube, or tetrahedron, is to organic form, ungradated and unconfused colour is to organic colour; and a person who attempts to arrange colour harmonies without gradation of tint is in precisely the same category as an artist who should try to compose a beautiful picture out of an accumulation of cubes and parallelopipeds.

Fig. 7

The value of hue in all illuminations on painted glass of fine periods depends primarily on the expedients used to make the colours palpitate and fluctuate; *inequality* of brilliancy being the *condition* of brilliancy, just as inequality of accent is the condition of power and loveliness in sound.

Fig. 8

The skill with which the thirteenth-century illuminators in books, and the Indians in shawls and carpets, use the minutest atoms of colour to gradate other colours, and confuse the eye, is the first secret in their gift of splendour: associated, however, with so many other artifices which are quite instinctive and unteachable, that it is of little use to dwell upon

[1] [Compare on this subject the second letter on the Oxford Museum; above, p. 224.]

[2] [For other passages in which this principle is enforced, see Vol. III. p. 350; Vol. IV. p. 89 (where Ruskin says again that "what curvature is to lines, gradation is to shades and colours"); Vol. VI. p. 91; Vol. XIV. p. 94; *Elements of Drawing* § 13 (Vol. XV. p. 34, and compare *ibid.*, p. 497).]

them. Delicacy of organisation in the designer given, you will soon have all, and without it, nothing. However, not to close my book with despondings words, let me set down, as many of us like such things, five Laws to which there is no exception whatever, and which, if they can enable no one to produce good colour, are at least, as far as they reach, accurately condemnatory of bad colour.

1. ALL GOOD COLOUR IS GRADATED. A blush rose (or, better still, a blush itself,) is the type of rightness in arrangement of pure hue.[1]

2. ALL HARMONIES OF COLOUR DEPEND FOR THEIR VITALITY ON THE ACTION AND HELPFUL OPERATION OF EVERY PARTICLE OF COLOUR THEY CONTAIN.

3. THE FINAL PARTICLES OF COLOUR NECESSARY TO THE COMPLETENESS OF A COLOUR HARMONY ARE ALWAYS INFINITELY SMALL; either laid by immeasurably subtle touches of the pencil, or produced by portions of the colouring substance, however distributed, which are so absolutely small as to become at the intended distance infinitely so to the eye.

4. NO COLOUR HARMONY IS OF HIGH ORDER UNLESS IT INVOLVES INDESCRIBABLE TINTS. It is the best possible sign of a colour when nobody who sees it knows what to call it, or how to give an idea of it to any one else. Even among simple hues the most valuable are those which cannot be defined; the most precious purples will look brown beside pure purple, and purple beside pure brown; and the most precious greens will be called blue if seen beside pure green, and green if seen beside pure blue.

5. THE FINER THE EYE FOR COLOUR, THE LESS IT WILL REQUIRE TO GRATIFY IT INTENSELY. But that little must be supremely good and pure, as the finest notes of a great singer, which are so near to silence. And a great colourist will make even the absence of colour lovely, as the fading of the perfect voice makes silence sacred.

[1] [See Vol. VI. p. 62, where the same type is taken.]

APPENDICES

ADDRESSES AND LETTERS

(1856–1860)

I. REMARKS ON THE RECENT PROGRESS OF DESIGN AS APPLIED TO MANUFACTURE (MARCH 12, 1856)

II. AN ADDRESS TO THE WORKMEN EMPLOYED ON THE OXFORD MUSEUM (APRIL 18, 1856)

III. THE VALUE OF DRAWING: ADDRESS TO THE ST. MARTIN'S SCHOOL OF ART (APRIL 3, 1857)

IV. THE PRESERVATION OF ITALIAN PICTURES: REMARKS AT A MEETING OF THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY (JUNE 25, 1857)

V. THE ARTS AS A BRANCH OF EDUCATION: A LETTER TO THE REV. F. TEMPLE (SEPTEMBER 27, 1857)

VI. THE STUDY OF ART: ADDRESS TO THE ST. MARTIN'S SCHOOL OF ART (APRIL 16, 1858)

VII. VENETIAN ARCHITECTURE: REMARKS MADE AT A MEETING OF THE ARCHITECTURAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY (FEBRUARY 15, 1859)

VIII. RELIGIOUS ART: REMARKS MADE AT A MEETING OF THE WORKING MEN'S COLLEGE (MARCH 8, 1860)

MEMORANDUM FOR THE INFORMATION OF RUSKIN'S STUDENTS

IX. EVIDENCE GIVEN BEFORE THE SELECT COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS (MARCH 20, 1860)

I

RECENT PROGRESS IN DESIGN AS APPLIED TO MANUFACTURE[1]

(*March* 12, 1856)

1. MR. RUSKIN was quite sure that the Society must be grateful to Mr. Wallis for the clearness with which he had brought certain facts before them, and he should not venture to contravene the principles which seemed to be involved in the statement, because he was not sure how far certain other principles might be accepted, though not stated by Mr. Wallis. There were many things which he had stated that he (Mr. Ruskin) should feel it otherwise his duty to oppose, but he thought they afforded rather the materials for a subsequent paper. He would rather request information from Mr. Wallis as to the exact sense in which his principles were to be received, for he could not arrive at any definite notion as to what the general idea of excellence was, by which each branch of art was tested.

2. They had heard, for instance, an ungallant attack upon the ladies for promoting a base manufacture of carpets, admitting the complete imitation of flowers.[2] He could not blame the ladies in this, chiefly because he knew a most respectable and long-established firm, engaged in carpet manufacture on an extensive scale, which conducted its business on the principle Mr. Wallis opposed. He referred to the firms whose head partners, the months

[1] [The above title was that of a paper read by Mr. George Wallis, head master of the Birmingham School of Art, at a meeting of the Society of Arts. The remarks of Ruskin formed part of a discussion which followed the reading of the paper. This report appeared in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, March 14, 1856, vol. iv. pp. 298–299, and was thence reprinted in *Igdrasil*, September 1891, vol. iii. pp. 81–83, and again in the privately-issued *Ruskiniana*, Part ii. pp. 154–156. The numbering of the paragraphs is here introduced. The *Birmingham Gazette*, March 17, 1856, also contained a brief report of the meeting, in which it is stated that on Mr. Redgrave suggesting that much good would arise if, as a test of the quality of Art, a code of laws could be drawn up from the best works of the good masters and the best writers on Art, Ruskin warmly supported the proposition.]

[2] [The passage in the paper here referred to was as follows: "The statement that floral designs in carpets are still preferred by the consumers, and that the ladies especially, in spite of the best geometric designs, insist upon roses done in wool, is a fair argument enough in its commercial application, but in an artistic sense only proves that the people lack a knowledge of the principles by which to test these things."]

of April and May, supplied a large part of the world with green carpets, in which floral design was largely introduced, and he believed generally to the satisfaction of the public. Nor could he see, since the first thing we usually did to make the ground fit to be walked upon by any festive procession, was always to strew flowers upon it, why we should refuse to have flowers on our carpets, lest we should stumble over them, any more than we should refuse to have pictures on our walls lest we should knock our heads through them; and he was astonished presently afterwards, to hear Mr. Wallis speak with exultation of success in imitation of Palissy ware,[1] since assuredly, if appearance of projection were wrong in a carpet, real projection must be wrong in a dish. He had profound respect for Palissy, and delighted in his work—as work merely; but, of all the useless dishes that ever were invented, Palissy's were the most so. You could not cut your meat on them, you could not get a spoonful of gravy out of them; and if we were not to be allowed to have flowers on our carpets, why were we to be allowed to have vipers on our plates?

3. He wished also to hear from Mr. Wallis more explanation of his meaning in saying that beauty was as cheap as ugliness. In a certain sense it was so, as referred especially to manufactures which might be multiplied by machinery; but there were some kinds of manufacture which could not be multiplied altogether by machinery. He repudiated in all earnestness the allegation of not wishing that noble works of art should be brought before the public. He could only say that he had taken a great deal of trouble, and gone to considerable expense, for the purpose of getting the best he could of Turner's "Liber Studiorum"; and that those very impressions he (Mr. Ruskin) had given into the hands of engravers, that they might be copied, and rendered thus attainable to the general public.[2]

4. But he was, nevertheless, prepared to maintain briefly these points: first, that good art should not be cheap;[3] secondly, that it, in one sense, could not be cheap; and thirdly, that if in any sense it could be cheap —that is, accessible—they were not going the right way to make it so. First, that it ought not to be cheap. The body required no change in its food: the soul did. That was one main difference between them. All who possessed any dear piece of art they liked, would feel that every time they looked at it they liked it better, because there was always in it something new—some new element for instruction. But if they saw continually elsewhere the same picture, they would soon be struck with a feeling of dislike for that which otherwise it would be their delight

[1] [Bernard Palissy (1510–1589); specimens of his ware may be seen in the British Museum and at South Kensington. He was especially fond of realistic figures of reptiles, fish, insects, and the like. For a reference to him, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 6.]

[2] [Ruskin's collection included many plates, in choice states, of the published series, and also several of the unpublished plates. He lent some of them to Lupton, who engraved twelve plates in facsimile of the *Liber*, 1858–1864. The outside wrapper bore a dedication (by permission) to Ruskin, and announced that the selection would comprise about twelve parts, each containing three plates. The project, however, fell through, and the plates were never issued to the public. See W. G. Rawlinson's *Catalogue of the Liber Studiorum*, pp. 197–199, and compare Vol. XV. p. 217.]

[3] [Compare *A Joy for Ever*, above, § 62, p. 57.]

to look upon. Also, when art was too common, it would fail to excite attention. The great enjoyment of art was when the whole mind was bent upon it. Great art ought to be accessible, but not to be multiplied in a way which would diminish the power of attention.

5. Further, he believed great art *could* not be cheap. Some kinds of it could be so by being multiplied; and no person had greater sympathy than he had for those inventions which would enable copies of good works of art to be placed within the reach of the people. But let there be a careful discrimination between *multiplication* and *production*. Multiplication might be very ingenious and very useful, but we were not artists because we multiplied the works of others. And the highest art was more or less to be defined as the expression of a great human mind by the body that contains it—expression of brains through the *fingers*. In no way, therefore, could good art ever become cheap in production: we ought to desire only that, when produced, it should be thoroughly accessible to all, and that the people, as far as they had the power of producing it themselves, should be assisted and encouraged to do so.

6. The paper had seemed to dwell wholly upon the advantage of art to the consumer, or only to the producer as a mercantile matter. He was sorry it did not show the effect of the production of art upon the workman: surely the happiness of the workman was a thing which ought to be considered. And that brought him to the third point—the way in which, so far as art might be cheap or accessible at all, it might be by what we did for our workers. He had some knowledge of what could be done by the workmen, and of what talent they possessed, and therefore he feared the tendency to depreciate this imitation of nature which ran through Mr. Wallis's paper; for all that he (Mr. Ruskin) had been able to do with any success was by directing the workmen expressly to nature.

7. Mr. Ruskin fully accepted *two* of Mr. Wallis's principles—namely, that the *material* and the *use* of the object to be produced should be first consulted: he heartily wished that those two rules were accepted by all, and steadily adhered to, and that in one branch of art especially, now coming daily more and more into practice—painting on glass—it were always remembered by the workman that the use of a window was to let in light, that the virtue of the glass in a window was to be transparent, and that all art which tried to represent it as opaque—as a picture, instead of a window—was mistaken and absurd.[1] But, accepting fully these two laws laid down by Mr. Wallis, and holding always that no art production was right unless first of all serviceable for its proper purpose, he pleaded beyond this, for the direction of the mind of the workman straight to nature, whenever he had to introduce ornament at all. All the true nobleness of art had come from people loving nature in some way or the other, expressing their sentiments about nature; and exactly in proportion as the reference to nature became more direct, the art became nobler. So, then, art was to be encouraged, not by multiplying productions of past times, but by educating the workmen of our own, and, after having filled their minds with knowledge of natural objects, leaving them free to invent continually new forms of objects

[1] [Compare above, pp. 324, 386.]

colours, commonly, and literally, called "dead colouring"; but even that is always subtle if a master lays it—subtle at least in drawing, if simple in hue; and farther, observe that the refinement of work consists not in laying absolutely *little* colour, but in always laying precisely the right quantity. To lay on little needs indeed the rare lightness of hand; but to lay much, —yet not one atom *too* much, and obtain subtlety, not by withholding strength, but by precision of pause,—that is the master's final sign-manual —power, knowledge, and tenderness all united. A great deal of colour may often be wanted—perhaps quite a mass of it, such as shall project from the canvas; but the real painter lays this mass of its required thickness and shape with as much precision as if it were a bud of a flower which he had to touch into blossom; one of Turner's loaded fragments of white cloud is modelled and gradated in an instant, as if it alone were the subject of the picture, when the same quantity of colour, under another hand, would be a lifeless lump.

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It is a marvellous thing to me that book after book should appear on this last subject, without apparently the slightest consciousness on the part of the writers that the first necessity of beauty in colour is gradation,[2] as the first necessity of beauty in line is curvature,—or that the second necessity in colour is mystery or subtlety, as the second necessity in line is softness. Colour ungradated is wholly valueless; colour unmysterious is wholly barbarous. Unless it loses itself, and melts away towards other colours, as a true line loses itself and melts away towards other lines, colour has no proper existence, in the noble sense of the word. What a cube, or tetrahedron, is to organic form, ungradated and unconfused colour is to organic colour; and a person who attempts to arrange colour harmonies without gradation of tint is in precisely the same category as an artist who should try to compose a beautiful picture out of an accumulation of cubes and parallelopipeds.

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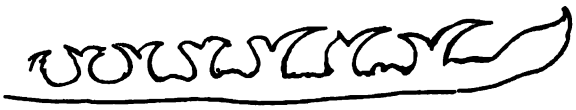

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2. ALL HARMONIES OF COLOUR DEPEND FOR THEIR VITALITY ON THE ACTION AND HELPFUL OPERATION OF EVERY PARTICLE OF COLOUR THEY CONTAIN.

3. THE FINAL PARTICLES OF COLOUR NECESSARY TO THE COMPLETENESS OF A COLOUR HARMONY ARE ALWAYS INFINITELY SMALL; either laid by immeasurably subtle touches of the pencil, or produced by portions of the colouring substance, however distributed, which are so absolutely small as to become at the intended distance infinitely so to the eye.

4. NO COLOUR HARMONY IS OF HIGH ORDER UNLESS IT INVOLVES INDESCRIBABLE TINTS. It is the best possible sign of a colour when nobody who sees it knows what to call it, or how to give an idea of it to any one else. Even among simple hues the most valuable are those which cannot be defined; the most precious purples will look brown beside pure purple, and purple beside pure brown; and the most precious greens will be called blue if seen beside pure green, and green if seen beside pure blue.

5. THE FINER THE EYE FOR COLOUR, THE LESS IT WILL REQUIRE TO GRATIFY IT INTENSELY. But that little must be supremely good and pure, as the finest notes of a great singer, which are so near to silence. And a great colourist will make even the absence of colour lovely, as the fading of the perfect voice makes silence sacred.

[1] [See Vol. VI. p. 62, where the same type is taken.]

APPENDICES

ADDRESSES AND LETTERS

(1856–1860)

I. REMARKS ON THE RECENT PROGRESS OF DESIGN AS APPLIED TO MANUFACTURE (MARCH 12, 1856)

II. AN ADDRESS TO THE WORKMEN EMPLOYED ON THE OXFORD MUSEUM (APRIL 18, 1856)

III. THE VALUE OF DRAWING: ADDRESS TO THE ST. MARTIN'S SCHOOL OF ART (APRIL 3, 1857)

IV. THE PRESERVATION OF ITALIAN PICTURES: REMARKS AT A MEETING OF THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY (JUNE 25, 1857)

V. THE ARTS AS A BRANCH OF EDUCATION: A LETTER TO THE REV. F. TEMPLE (SEPTEMBER 27, 1857)

VI. THE STUDY OF ART: ADDRESS TO THE ST. MARTIN'S SCHOOL OF ART (APRIL 16, 1858)

VII. VENETIAN ARCHITECTURE: REMARKS MADE AT A MEETING OF THE ARCHITECTURAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY (FEBRUARY 15, 1859)

VIII. RELIGIOUS ART: REMARKS MADE AT A MEETING OF THE WORKING MEN'S COLLEGE (MARCH 8, 1860)

MEMORANDUM FOR THE INFORMATION OF RUSKIN'S STUDENTS

IX. EVIDENCE GIVEN BEFORE THE SELECT COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS (MARCH 20, 1860)

by stating that he was at a friend's house where his cook would expose herself to the heat of the kitchen fire, of which she complained, rather than permit the scullery-maid to learn cooking; the cook was in ill health, and was an illustration of a woman dying of jealousy.

11. There was one thing more which, perhaps, they would be surprised that he asked for, and that was pride; there was not half pride enough on the part of the working men of England. He alluded to the fact that in the mediæval ages various towns were distinguished for their staple manufactures, and no town contended with the trade of its neighbour, but every town tried to make its own better, and that was what he wanted to see carried out now throughout England. He further observed that God had implanted in man a love of natural history, which was evident from the interest with which he viewed the variety and beauty of the handiworks of nature wherever they were beheld.

12. Applying this to architecture, he showed that he who followed that occupation had two blessings—that of being able to appreciate the beauties of nature, and of interpreting them to others; and stated, moreover, as a singular fact, that skilful imitation of a natural object, such as a leaf or a flower, often awakened admiration where the object itself failed to excite a corresponding feeling. Having briefly referred to the superior adaptation of some materials over others for the purposes of artistic imitation, he proceeded to show that architecture in particular was best calculated above any other art to develop whatever genius a man might possess. They could never tell what they were capable of until they studied nature attentively, and tried to imitate her, and that was one of the chief things he wished on that occasion to impress upon the minds of the workmen whom he saw around him. His plan of instruction was to teach people to see first and imitate afterwards; and it was wonderful to observe the results which ensued, because each man, knowing the toil it took to accomplish it, directed all his energies to it, and surpassed the ordinary efforts of the more highly educated classes. They had an immense advantage in knowing what work was, and having hands skilful enough to embody the conceptions of the mind. The workmen employed on the decorative part of that building would have an opportunity of displaying their talent in this respect, because he knew that Mr. Woodward[1] was preparing designs in Dublin, for capitals which were unrivalled for their originality. Mr. Ruskin afterwards impressed upon the working men the influence which they might exercise on the upper classes for their own benefit by inducing them to contribute out of their wealth to the decoration of buildings, which would have the effect of developing their latent talent, of which he had been speaking.

13. Mr. Ruskin concluded with a few remarks to the workmen on the utility of the edifice on which they were engaged, which, he observed, would supply that deficiency which the University had laboured under in connection with the study of natural science; and every man who was employed in piling stone upon stone should bear in mind that he was laying the foundation of a structure which was calculated to exercise a very beneficial influence on succeeding generations.

[1] [See above, pp. xlii. *seq.*]

III

THE VALUE OF DRAWING

ADDRESS TO THE ST. MARTIN'S SCHOOL OF ART[1]

(April 3, 1857)

1. MR. RUSKIN said that he was under some discouragement at that moment from what had fallen from the excellent artist (Mr. George Cruikshank) who had just addressed them. He (Mr. Ruskin) came there that evening in great exultation at the advancement that had been made in this school; and, having come to the meeting, he had heard from one of the greatest artists in some particular lines, that he in his youth had no such benefits whatever as were conferred by this school. That was a first discouragement. If great artists regretted that they were not greater, and if good artists regretted that they were not better—and such there were, for he thought that Mr. Cruikshank lamented the loss he had sustained in the deficiency of his early education[2]—yet he did think, and was glad to have that opportunity of telling them that, in his opinion, the etchings of that great artist (Mr. Cruikshank) were amongst the most instructive models they could have before them in reference to the peculiar characters of every-day life.[3] He did think that the value of Mr. Cruikshank's works was greater, more

[1] [This address was delivered at a *soirée* given by the students of the St. Martin's District School of Art, Castle Street, Long Acre, on Friday, April 3, 1857. The school is still carried on there. Amongst the other speakers was Mr. George Cruikshank. The report, here given, first appeared in the *Building News*, April 10, 1857. It was reprinted in *Igdrasil*, September 1891, vol. iii. pp. 93–101, and thence in the privately-issued *Ruskiniana*, Part ii. (1891), pp. 167–175. The numbering of the paragraphs is here introduced.]

[2] [The following is the passage in Cruikshank's address to which Ruskin refers: "He had to plunge in, as it were, at once to some method of gaining a livelihood. He went to the Royal Academy, which had great attraction for him, but on turning round he had to look at the empty cupboard at home, and found that he had to work for bread and cheese. He found that he had no time to go to the Royal Academy. He had a mother and sister to support, and, thank God, he did support them in such a way as enabled them, he thought, to pass through life respectably. But he felt at the present moment the great want of early education."]

[3] [The report continues ". . . of every-day life, of a clinical education, or the general subjects upon which the artist treated." "Clinical" may have been a mistake for "ethical"; but even so the words seem hardly intelligible. For Cruikshank, compare Vol. VI. p. 471, and the other passages there noted.]

precise, more profound in illustration, than that of the works of any other living etcher—so far as he was acquainted with their works. And he could not impress too much on the students he addressed the advantage they would derive from paying great care to Mr. Cruikshank's works, for that artist never turned a bad work out of his hands.

2. Well, he hoped that, however good Mr. Cruikshank might be, he would have been better had he been brought up at a school like that in which they were assembled. He was very glad to meet the audience he had the honour to address in so large, so convenient, so well-decorated a room. It was a good thing that such a room as that in which they were met could be spared for drawings in the midst of the great Metropolis—there was a time when such was not the case. In our principal towns there were certain rooms for public purposes—one for the transaction of public business, and another for public gaiety, a room generally associated in the minds of people as the assembly-room. There was also a room known as the ball-room, and there was a room generally in a great hotel which was known practically as the dining-room. But amongst all such rooms there was not one which, in an unequivocal and proper sense, could bear the appellation of the drawing-room. While they had such a place as that in which they were assembled for earnest study now, there was not at the time to which he referred a room for study with any earnestness. And we were just at this time emerging from a period the most unfortunate as respected the promotion of the arts.

3. The whole history of art among the nations of Europe, especially those of Western Europe, might be generally divided into three distinct epochs. First, there was an epoch in which people were either soldiers or labourers; then they were either educated or had no education at all, and cared nothing about art, but lived simple, unpretending lives in the country. But then those who lived in the towns, and who were associated together for the purpose of defence against violence, took a thorough interest in art, and they were supplied with art chiefly by the monks and others of those times, who made this vocation not a matter of gain, but did what they did out of love for art; they did not act as they did from religious feeling, he was sorry to say—at least they did not do so to any extent, but chiefly from a love of art, and he believed that that was the main source from which good and lastingly beneficial results could flow. Indeed, he believed that that was the only way by which success could be achieved. After that period came a time when all over Europe education became more common; and, lastly, it became almost universal, when art became a passion which it was necessary for a person calling himself well-educated to see and take a love for, and to reach enough to prize it. Of course, that change of feeling led to the increase and the spread of art, and in time that led to a demand for art, which produced a supply that was totally inadequate until late years, when mechanical modes of production were introduced. To a great extent the mechanical mode of production had been used, and it was to be feared that there was a great chance of the legitimate effects of art being retarded by receiving mechanical directions.

4. Before he went further he wished to enlist their sympathies against such a result. Mr. Cruikshank had just told them that his early studies in art were animated by providing sustenance for his mother and sister. And it was perfectly right that students should look to their art as a means of

support, and if they could render themselves independent, or assist others through the means obtained from their art, it was right to do so. But still that feeling must be a secondary point with them while they were at work in the art.[1] It was just that they should rejoice when they could sell a picture for a good price, or when they could get a good salary for their labour; but while they were at work they must not think how much money they could get for it. While money was properly paid for hard work—work which was inflicted upon man as a punishment for sin—money was paid for digging and hammering—still they must not give their soul for money, they must not give up the noblest feelings of their hearts in regard to their art for money. They knew how long, in many parts of civilised Europe, traditions existed respecting the people and their love of Mammon. They knew the German stories about people who met the Devil and sold their souls to him. Now, literally, though not visibly, that could be done. The lovers of art knew, and should remember, that the giving up of the soul to Mammon, "the least erected fiend that fell,"[2] was the greatest degradation of an artist, and whenever the noblest faculties of his spirit were in any way subject to that spirit, he became degenerated, the faculties of his soul were lowered, and he did so far actually sell his soul to the Devil. Now, all the prosperity of their art depended upon their keeping free from those baneful influences. And while he hoped there were many present who would become rich, and acquire an honest independence by the exercise of the profession they took up, he hoped that there were some who were coming forward to this school, not altogether considering what they were to earn as a means of livelihood, but under feelings like those they had when they learned to read. They were very properly to learn to read, in order that they might acquire knowledge, and be able to communicate knowledge. This ought also to be the first motive with every student of advanced years who sets himself down to work—this ought to be his first great desire and motive for exertion, the obtaining of knowledge himself, and the best means of expressing and communicating knowledge to others. For all art might be compared to other means of gaining knowledge.

5. Art enabled them to say and to see what they could not otherwise say or see, and it also enabled them to learn certain lessons which they could not otherwise learn.[3]

First, it enabled them to say things which they could not otherwise say. There were thousands of things in this world which they could not say, unless they drew them. They might write long journals, they might write long descriptions; but if they could not draw, they could not exhibit to others the forms of things, the aspects of places, or the effects of machines. If organic existence were required to be described—if they wanted to depict the most important facts connected with any country—they must be able to draw; and hundreds of other points of information might be required to be

[1] [Compare *A Joy for Ever*, § 98, and *Two Paths*, § 135; above, pp. 83, 370.]

[2] [*Paradise Lost*, i. 679:—

"Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven."]

[3] [With this paragraph, compare *Elements of Drawing*, § 1 (Vol. XV. p. 25), and *A Joy for Ever*, § 153; above, p. 143.]

described, and yet such a description could not be given unless they had the power of expressing themselves by their pencils. In a hundred ways they could communicate information to other people by the pencil, which they could not do by any other means. And that was the way reading first became popular. The man to whom England owed so much to this day—whose skill and knowledge were so great, who was almost her best scholar—was induced to read his first book by the promise of his mother that she would give him one having beautiful pictures in it; and because of the beautiful pictures on the margin of the book King Alfred learned to read.[1] In that way drawing was to this hour of enormous influence with the art of printing and of reading. And that especially because it was not so misleading. It was very difficult to get good literature, and bad reading hurt students two ways—it told them false things, and it wasted their time and faculties; and he was not altogether sure it was a greater certain advantage for people of a certain class of mind to know how to read than the contrary. He was not quite sure whether there were not agitations of mind, tumults of heart, waste of time, acquaintance with things which people should not know, excitement of feelings, and many other evils which might be set against the good of good and serviceable books, which were not always of the popular taste. The greatest good was to be derived from the reading of one book.[2] Some classes of books ought to be burned altogether. The power of expressing and the power of obtaining knowledge ought to be taught to every child, according to his powers of acquirement.

6. He had said that drawing enabled them to say what they could not otherwise say; and he said, secondly, that drawing enabled them to see what they could not otherwise see. By drawing they actually obtained a power of the eye and a power of the mind wholly different from that known to any other discipline, and which could only be known by the experienced student—he only could know how the eye gained physical power by attention to delicate details. And that was one reason why delicate drawings had, above all others, been most prized; and that nicety of study made the eye see things and causes which it could not otherwise trace. But the main way in which they were led to see things which they could not otherwise see was owing to the tastes which such a mode of study gave to the mind. A person who had learned to draw well found something to interest him in the least thing and the farthest-off thing; in the lowest thing and the humblest thing. The uneducated person in art went only to look at the fine streets and places, and thought all the streets and places in London ugly except such as Regent Street, Belgrave Square, and the parks; but the educated person in art saw the really handsome part of London in the houses of the town, around Covent Garden, and so forth. Those who really knew about drawing knew that there was something about Covent Garden[3] that was infinitely greater than was to be found in the great rows of streets or numbers of squares.

[1] [For this tale, see Vol. XII. pp. 476, 493.]

[2] [The report here adds the following words, which are not intelligible as they stand: " . . . one book, which he hoped was, and would continue to be, of the popular taste."]

[3] [The date of this lecture was 1857, since which time the character of the neighbourhood has been greatly changed by demolitions and rebuilding.]

7. In all the least and most despised things the educated artist took pleasure. It seemed intended by Providence that people should always be paying great attention to what they were about, and attention was always intensely rewarded—above all, that attention which was paid to the smaller works of Nature. It was a curious thing that in the smaller works of Nature, though all were beautiful, the Creator more perfectly brought out their forms to our human "instinct"; and He did that that we might learn to despise nothing. He had just been looking over some of the drawings of the students that were peculiarly accurate and peculiarly beautiful. Now, one of the great points in those drawings was that of defining a curve; and in Nature the *least* creature had the curve *most* beautifully defined. The elephant's trunk was rough and unsightly. But look at the gnat's proboscis, magnified to the size of an elephant's trunk—they would find no ugliness there. Let them look at any animalculæ magnified to the size of an elephant, and yet the more they were magnified the finer they looked. It was perfectly marvellous how the Creator manifested His power and wisdom in the smaller works of Nature. They might depend upon it that there was a marvellous character about the smaller creatures of Nature; and by studying that they would become sensible of its value, even to the dust under their feet.

8. And such a course of study would lead them to see larger things to greater advantage, and they might then look at Regent Street and the clouds with more benefit. The earth man could meddle with, but man could not meddle with the clouds. The earth was put under the power of man, and the noblest scenes of the earth were within the power of man. When they were bent upon travel, and visited, amongst other places, Switzerland, they would find that the loveliest rocks there were blasted down. He did not say that there were not still some grand places there which might be reached by painting; but with some most glorious and romantic spots at the foot of the Lake of Geneva man had meddled in the exercise of his power.[1] Man could meddle with the earth; it was curious to notice with what ease and goodwill he could divide a lake or split a mountain. Luckily, man could not always get to the clouds. There was one thing he could do, which God specially disliked to see him doing—that was to mix gunpowder smoke with them; but man could not split the clouds as he had the most glorious mountains that could be looked at. And when they got wearied with the turmoil of the great metropolis, and when they got sick at heart, as he knew they sometimes would do, for the artist was more subject to that than the members of other professions, but that brought with it its own compensation—with the conflict of the busy metropolis ringing in their ears, and when they got sick at heart—when that feeling came over them, let them go to the bridges, look westward, and catch the sun going down and the reflection on the river, and, seeing the jagged masses of the houses, remember the verse of Jeremiah, and exclaim, "Oh thou that dwellest upon many waters, abundant in treasures, thine end is come, and the measure of thy covetousness." And when they saw the clouds rising out of the west—those clouds that were going far away, going to give shade to the weary traveller, and water to the thirsty land, and purification to the pestilential air—they

[1] [The reference of course is to the railway and the hotels at the head of the lake: see *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. p. 455).]

might then think of the difference between man's treasures in the city and God's in the clouds, and of the verse that follows:—"There is a multitude of waters in the heavens; and He causeth the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth; He maketh lightnings with rain, and bringeth forth the wind out of His treasures."[1] In that way drawing taught them to see what they would not otherwise have seen.

9. And, in the third place, drawing taught them to learn what they would not otherwise have learned. Thus art was eminently the creation of the human part of them. Other creatures could do almost everything that man did. Man could read, and teach animals to know letters and characters, to read and to understand them. The lower animals could dig and build very well, as was exemplified by the beaver, the rat, and the bee, and they all knew that birds could sing very well. But he did not know any animal that could draw very well. Wonderful! it was a wonderful thing; well, in proportion to the humanity of it, they might depend upon it, were the lessons that they could gather from it. He did not know anything connected with drawing that had not something interesting about it. He would confine himself to one or two things.

10. He would first take the simplest thing—their drawing materials—and say something about what they should generally see and learn from them. And he would tell them a few words about composition, which was of great importance in this school. The drawing materials were, comparatively, of little importance, and composition was of great importance, but both gave lessons. Now the drawing materials were supplied in a curious way by Nature. Nature supplied the drawing materials very cheap indeed, as it was evident that Nature intended every man to draw. The colours black and yellow—Titian's colours[2]—were supplied in a very singular way. This world that we lived upon might be generally defined as a ball of solid substance, surrounded by an atmosphere and sunshine. That atmosphere modulated, checked the light of the sun, and the atmosphere and the light together were the source, mechanically speaking, through which our life was derived. Here, then, was a great round ball, and outside of it were the air and the sunshine; and wherever air and sunshine came they could have light and life, and wherever they were not they could not have life, but dead matter. This air round the earth could not but suggest soul and body. The air might be called the earth's soul, and outside of that was the breathing thing, the atmosphere, and the glowing thing, the sun. Thus they had the soul and body of the earth.

11. Now all living creatures—all animals whatsoever—all plants whatsoever—derived their nourishment not from the earth; they were not meant to feed on the earth, but to take up the air, and that air contained all the things that were necessary for them. And plants and animals exchanged the air; the animals taking what the plants gave forth, and the plants taking what the animals gave forth. They were strengthened by the earth, and needed some salts from it; but they were not nourished by it—they were fed by the air, not by the earth. They all lived on the soul of the earth, not on its body. But, though they all lived mainly on the air, they had a good

[1] [See Jeremiah li. 13, 16. The latter verse, correctly given here, is not accurately quoted in the report.]

[2] [See *Modern Painters*, vol. i. (Vol. III. p. 296).]

deal to do with the earth, and the earth was prepared for them by having a soul upon it, which was the air. By the atmosphere, the earth was prepared for all its good, kindly uses.

12. There were metals on the earth, and amongst them gold was much coveted by man. Very few of the metals were of much use to man except iron,[1] and none of them in their pure state were necessary. It was true they could not cut their crusts without knives, but they could scrape them with oyster shells. There was no metal which man could not get on without, and some of them were injurious—arsenic, for instance. Amongst the metals on the earth he might mention sulphur, phosphorus, charcoal; and the gas which we burned was another. And they were more or less lively because they were very fond of the soul of the earth—that was the air. Whenever they got to the air they made a fuss about it. Light and heat were developed on meeting with the earthy soul, and when that light and heat were developed we called it burning, and the thing always became more useful after it had got its soul, or, as we call it, "been burnt." Sulphur and charcoal were useful, but the main use of all those things was when they had got the air added to them. And when sulphur got the air with it, it simply formed all the medicinal salts in the world, with certain other elements—soda, magnesia, and plaster of Paris. When sulphur got air with it, it formed a most useful thing, and that was sulphuric acid, and that, joined with other things, formed the plaster of Paris, and all the sulphates provided by Nature. He named sulphur, not as the most striking instance of the effects of combination, but he had to come back to it as a drawing material. Then he might next mention phosphorus, which was very useful in the manufacture of matches, but before the introduction of that manufacture we managed very well with the tinder. Well, when phosphorus got the air with it, it became phosphoric acid, and joined with other things to make our bones. Then the third thing he mentioned was charcoal; and charcoal, when joined with air, became carbonic acid. In that form it became stones in the earth, and all that most perfect arrangement of rocks which produced the most picturesque and most habitable places of the earth, all those places being brought into the soul to live upon and love them by the charcoal getting to the air, or soul of the earth. That was done by the limestone. The last subject on this head he mentioned was the gas which we burned, and when that got to the oxygen of the air what did they think came forth of it? All the seas and rivers of the earth were caused by the gas joining with the air. With charcoal added, all wood was produced, and thus all the wood and water of the earth—all the soul and body of it—might be said to be[2] mingling with those dead elements. He did not know whether the subject he had just been considering was tiresome to them, but he hoped that it had not been so. Well, he had next to speak of the metals. Carbonic acid (or charcoal joined with the soul of the earth), added to lime, formed limestone. Well, lime was nothing but the rust of a metal. They had all been troubled about rust as being an emblem of decay, but it was not only an emblem of decay—it was an emblem of resurrection as well.[3] The earth of clay, as well

[1] [Compare Lecture v. in *The Two Paths*; above, pp. 376–385.]
[2] [So in the report; the word "air" should apparently be supplied.]
[3] [Here, again, compare Lecture v. of *The Two Paths*, §§ 143–144, pp. 376–377.]

as that of lime, which, when mixed with various other ingredients, formed this habitable ground or world, was also the rust of a metal; and the breath of the earth joining with the cold metals produced a thing that was a blessing to man.

13. He now came to a point which he wished to speak to them specially about, and that was the peculiar colour that was of immense importance as expressive of life—that was the gold colour. They might often be led astray by the discoveries of new colours and the production of extraordinary effects, some in one way and some in another way; but he knew that a great many of the best effects of Titian were produced by simple means. He would endeavour to make them understand how Nature made the earth convenient for us, and she wanted to make it comfortable as well. Nature made the earth agreeable to us, and then she painted it; and in doing so, she used one of the metals with her soul put into it: she took iron, put her soul into it, and then produced a beautiful colour.[1] If they were long in a perfectly white country or chalk country, where there was not much vegetation, they would find that that white was not good for the eyes; and that would especially be the case if the white was of an opaque kind. It was necessary it should be mixed, and not very pure. When mixed it was always ugly, in the form of dust, but that was not so when in the form of crystals. After remarking that the old red brick was the grand thing for architecture, he observed that if they were at the quarries of Carrara they would find the work there hotter and harder work than drawing was here. Very well: Nature did not want to leave those things too white for them; and what did she do to effect her object? She took the rust of iron, and with it painted and coloured the rocks—some red, some golden, and so on. And they would remember what Shakespeare said:

"Come unto these yellow sands."[2]

And these effects were produced because Nature used the despised rust of iron, and with it accomplished the object she had in view. Well, not only did Nature do that, but she provided one of the most precious of stones in every sense—that was the agate. He would stop to tell them how precious agates were. Nearly all precious stones were precious because of their rarity. But this agate was precious, not simply from its rarity, but on account of its own beauty; it was an exquisite thing to witness the precision with which the lines were drawn, and a subject of endless entertainment and wonder how it all was done—liquid colour, as it were, thrown into solid colour—all that was in the agate, of which the jasper was a component part, or the Scotch pebbles.[3] All these had the patterns in them, which were painted chiefly with this rust of iron—that is to say, iron with the soul added to it, material strength with the breathing soul.

14. But it was not only a yellow colour they got from this true gold of the earth. After noticing that he had introduced sulphur as being very useful in drawing, he said the best black they could use—at least, the black that was most useful to mankind in general—was, he supposed, ink; and if

[1] [Compare again *Two Paths*; § 144, p. 378.]
[2] [Quoted again in *Two Paths*, § 146, p. 379.]
[3] [Compare *Two Paths*, § 152, p. 383.]

they used the pen well in blackening paper with ink, they ought to be able to produce as good a picture as anything they could in any other colour. Ink had had rather an influence in this modern world of ours. And what was ink? It was sulphuric acid joined with oxide of iron. The metal or the iron being essential, and the air, the soul, being essential—that produced the ink. Let them think of that when they used it, and take care that they did not waste it. It struck him that printer's ink was made with lampblack, and not with gall or sulphur. Then that which the author wrote with, and which the painter used, had the iron and the soul of the earth in it; but that which the printer used had no soul in it—it was mere charcoal. Well, iron was the best yellow and it was the best black. It was a very fair blue; but it was especially a beautiful blue in nature, as well as a beautiful yellow. Well, he supposed that in these days of fast travelling they would sooner or later take trips to Scotland or Wales, and they would remember that they had heard of their blue mountains. But those mountains were not blue merely because they were far off. They would find that nearly all the Welsh and Scotch hills were composed of tenderly grey stones. The rock itself was blue, and that was owing to the presence of the iron.[1] Then, again, let them just think what was the most precious red pigment in the world? what was the most precious red? Some of them might think that it was the Tyrian purple, others that it was oxide of gold, while some of the poetically-minded might think it was the ruby. But not any of these was the most precious red pigment. What red had we Englishmen written with, on the walls of Sebastopol, and on the other fortifications of tyranny, "Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther"?[2] That was the most precious red—a permanent red, too, he trusted. Well, that red of the blood which rose, "glowing all over noble shame,"[3] in the cheeks of true men when the war was terminated without the work being fully done—that glorious red was all owing to the same things of which he had been speaking. The iron entered into the soul[4] in a different sense from that commonly received. All men had iron as they had life in them; it was essential to the blood of the earth—it was a necessary element. That great colouring substance was used by Nature, and he hoped they might use it also, in another way than they ever used it—in the highest kind of painting; and the kind of painting they most wanted in London was painting cheeks red with health.

15. So, then, to sum up the matter, this is the lesson they had to learn from the chemistry of their drawing materials. They found that all the best of them are composed of some metal united with the air—that part of the air also, he should have told them, which was most essential to their own life. Ink owes its blackness to iron and sulphur, united with the air. Black chalk and white chalk are peculiar metals (which formed the bases of clay and lime), united with charcoal and the air. And the great and most useful body of the yellow and red and brown ochres was simply iron united with the air. So, then, they might receive all this as a symbol continually before their eyes of what their art must be if it was good. It must be made of iron, with the

[1] [Compare *Two Paths*, § 149, p. 381.]
[2] [Job xxxviii. 11.]
[3] [Quoted again in Vol. XIV. p. 181.]
[4] [Psalm cv. 18 (Prayer Book).]

air; strength and perseverance, with soul. The imagination and spiritual part was useless without the iron of perseverance; much worse was the perseverance useless without the living breath of the soul. Let them take care, therefore, not to stint the labour; take greater care not to sell the soul. This, then, being the lesson they had to learn from the least things they dealt with, there was another lesson to be learned from one of the greatest things they had to do—from the nature of composition.

16. There was another word he wanted to say to them, and that was the more solemn lesson to be got out of the great principles of composition which they were taught in the school. The first law of composition was that there should be a difference in the ingredients; it was important to learn this, that all composition depended on the difference of the things they were going to get into it. It might be necessary that two qualities of a thing should more or less resemble or balance one another; but composition was to make the things a united whole. In music there were loud and low notes, and long and short notes, and all in their places were fitted together so as to produce something more beautiful than any could by themselves produce, for no repetition of the single notes could effect what the association of notes did.[1] Then this was applicable throughout all composition, that before you compose a thing you must get difference in it. A kindly Nature would have us live together happily and in peace, and without wrestling and contending together; but it was difficult to do that. And so in every ornamental work we were engaged in this fact came out, that God intended there should be different places, and different forms and magnitudes to occupy those places.

17. Our English constitution and education stimulated us each one to advance as far as he could, both in service to himself and to others, in what he might consider advantageous to himself. So he would say to those he addressed, let them take the highest places if they found those most suited for them; let them strive to excel their fellow-students, and, doing nothing to repress others, advance their own class; but let them not be discontented, though it might seem hard in Nature or in Art to take a less or lower place. In doing the part that was assigned them, let them follow complete harmony in the position in which they were placed. In six lines written by that poet, who, though not a popular poet of the present day, and not a passionate poet, yet, when any logical truth was to be expressed, was the most accurate of all writers[2]—Pope—in those lines he would say:—

> "Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
> From order, union, full consent of things."

It was not the mere order; not mere symmetry, nor order; not the mere

[1] [For other musical analogies, see above, p. 286.]

[2] [Ruskin's appreciation of Pope was progressive. At first he was estranged by the poet's "coldness" and conventionalism of taste in landscape: see Vol. IV. p. 395; Vol. V. p. 216; Vol. XII. p. 373 *n*. Yet he noted that Pope's faults were those of his age, while "in many respects a greater man never lived" (Vol. XII. p. 122 *n*.), and said a little later (1860) that he continually broke through the conventions of his time "into true enthusiasm and tender thought" (*Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. v. § 5 and *n*.). For his final view of Pope (with Virgil, "the great master of the absolute art of language"; "the most perfect representative we have, since Chaucer,

union, but the consent, the willing union, the agreeing to live together, the "union, full consent of things."

> "Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
> To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;
> More powerful each as needful to the rest,
> And, in proportion as it blesses, bless'd."[1]

---

of the true English mind"; and in his theology, full of "serene and just benevolence"), see *Lectures on Art*, § 70. And among the unfulfilled schemes of Ruskin's later years was a life of Pope, in order to rescue him from misunderstandings: see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 32 (footnote) and Letter 40 (Notes and Correspondence).]

[1] [*Essay on Man*, 295–300.]

IV

THE PRESERVATION OF ITALIAN PICTURES[1]

(*June 25, 1857*)

MR. RUSKIN addressed the meeting after Mr. Layard had concluded, and gave eloquent confirmation to all Mr. Layard had said of the progress of destruction among the great mural monuments of Italian art. He impressed on the meeting the facts, first, that fresco preserved to us the best thoughts of the greatest painters. Secondly, he pointed out that this work was just that which could be reproduced with best effect by chromo-lithography and outline. Then he dwelt on the peculiar danger to which such works were exposed,[2] and the duty that lay upon us to save, if we could, these records of a time when art and literature were the only exponents of men's best thoughts and noblest energies. If any of us, walking in the street, saw a picture flung into the carriage-way, who would not pick up the dishonoured canvas and set its face to the wall for safety? Still more, if we saw a man so flung under the horses' hoofs, and if he called to us, and said he had to impart some truth he believed it of import for men to know, would we leave him to die and carry his thought to the grave? Even so Italy is calling to us to save these relics of her greater and happier time from that dissolution through which she herself must pass to what of new life may be in store for her. He did not believe the Arundel Society would be deaf to her appeal.

[1] [Observations made by Ruskin after an address given by Mr. (afterwards Sir Austen) Layard before the Arundel Society, in June 1857. The report first appeared in the *Times*, June 26. It was reprinted in *Igdrasil*, September 1891, vol. iii. p. 101, and thence in the privately-issued *Ruskiniana*, Part ii. (1891), p. 176. Layard in his address gave an account of his tours, during the autumns of 1855 and 1856, in Northern Italy (see above, p. 76 *n.*). He had employed Mrs. Higford Burr to make copies of various frescoes and other works of art threatened with destruction; from these copies several of the Arundel Society's chromo-lithographs, etc., were made.]

[2] [See above, *A Joy for Ever*, § 84, p. 73.]

V

THE ARTS AS A BRANCH OF EDUCATION[1]

(*September 25, 1857*)

PENRITH, *Sept.* 25, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just received your most interesting letter, and will try to answer as shortly as I can, saying nothing of what I feel, and what you must well know I should feel, respecting the difficulty of the questions and their importance; except only this, that I should not have had the boldness to answer your letter by return of post, unless, in consequence of conversations on this subject with Mr. Acland and Dr. Acland, two months ago, I had been lately thinking of it more than of any other.[2]

Your questions fall under two heads: (1) The range which an art examination can take. (2) The connection in which it should be placed with other examinations.

[1] [This letter first appeared in *Some Account of the Origin and Objects of the New Oxford Examinations for the Title of Associate in Arts and Certificates for the year 1858*, by T. D. Acland, late Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, 1858, pp. 54–60, and again in a second edition published in the same year. The book (which included letters from various authorities, amongst others one from Mr. Hullah on Music) gives the history of the movement, in which the author took the leading part, for connecting the Universities with middle-class education by means of Local Examinations. The author, who succeeded to the baronetcy in 1871 and was made a Privy Councillor in 1883, was elder brother of Dr. (Sir Henry) Acland. Ruskin's letter was prefaced by the following editorial explanation: "The following are the principal parts of Mr. Ruskin's letter referred to by Mr. Temple. It was written in reply to a clear statement of certain points in debate between Mr. Temple and me, drawn up by Mr. Temple, but not in a form suitable for publication, and some references to it are therefore omitted." In forwarding the letter to Acland, Temple (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) said, "Is not Ruskin's letter beautiful?" and added: "The liberal arts are supreme over their sciences. Instead of the rules being despotic, the great artist usually proves his greatness by rightly setting aside rules; and the great critic is he who, while he knows the rule, can appreciate the 'law within the law' which overrides the rule. In no other way does Ruskin so fully show his greatness in criticism as in that fine inconsistency for which he has been so often attacked by men who do not see the real consistency that lies beneath." The letter was reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. i. pp. 37–49.]

[2] [See the paper written in the following year for the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, on "Education in Art," above, pp. 143–152.]

I think the art examination should have three objects:

(1) To put the happiness and knowledge which the study of art conveys within the conception of the youth, so that he may in after-life pursue them, if he has the gift.

(2) To enforce, as far as possible, such knowledge of art among those who are likely to become its patrons, or the guardians of its works, as may enable them usefully to fulfil those duties.

(3) To distinguish pre-eminent gift for the production of works of art, so as to get hold of all the good artistical faculty born in the country, and leave no Giotto lost among hill-shepherds.[1]

In order to accomplish the first object, I think that, according to Mr. Acland's proposal, preliminary knowledge of drawing and music should be asked for, in connexion with writing and arithmetic; but not, in the preliminary examination, made to count towards distinction in other schools. I think drawing is a necessary means of the expression of certain facts of form, and means of acquaintance with them, as arithmetic is the means of acquaintance with facts of number. I think the facts which an elementary knowledge of drawing enables a man to observe and note are often of as much importance to him as those which he can describe in words or calculate in numbers.[2] And I think the cases in which mental deficiency would prevent the acquirement of a serviceable power of drawing would be found as rare as those in which no progress could be made in arithmetic. I would not desire this elementary knowledge to extend far, but the limits which I would propose are not here in question. While I feel the force of all the admirable observations of Mr. Hullah on the use of the study of music,[3] I imagine that the cases of physical incapacity of distinguishing sounds would be too frequent to admit of musical knowledge being made a *requirement*; I would *ask* for it, in Mr. Acland's sense; but the drawing might, I think, be required, as arithmetic would be.

2. To accomplish the second object is the main difficulty. Touching which I venture positively to state—

First. That sound criticism of art is impossible to young men, for it consists principally, and in a far more exclusive sense than has yet been felt, in the recognition of the facts represented by the art. A great artist represents many and abstruse facts; it is necessary, in order to judge of his works, that all those facts should be experimentally (not by hearsay) known to the observer; whose recognition of them constitutes his approving judgment. A young man *cannot* know them.

Criticism of art by young men must, therefore, consist either in the more or less apt retailing and application of received opinions, or in a more or less immediate and dexterous use of the knowledge they already possess, so as to be able to assert of given works of art that they are true up to a certain point; the probability being then that they are true farther than the young man sees.

The first kind of criticism is, in general, useless, if not harmful; the second is that which the youths will employ who are capable of becoming critics in after years.

[1] [For the reference here, see Vol. XII. p. 213 and *.]
[2] [See the fuller discussion of this view above, pp. 143, 439.]
[3] [Printed in the same volume, pp. 39–42.]

Secondly. All criticism of art, at whatever period of life, must be partial; warped more or less by the feelings of the person endeavouring to judge. Certain merits of art (as energy, for instance) are pleasant only to certain temperaments; and certain tendencies of art (as, for instance, to religious sentiment) can only be sympathized with by one order of minds. It is almost impossible to conceive of any mode of examination which would set the students on anything like equitable footing in such respects; but their sensibility to art may be generally tested.

Thirdly. The history of art, or the study, in your accurate words, "*about* the subject," is in no wise directly connected with the studies which promote or detect art-capacity or art-judgment. It is quite possible to acquire the most extensive and useful knowledge of the forms of art existing in different ages, and among different nations, without thereby acquiring any power whatsoever of determining respecting any of them (much less respecting a modern work of art) whether it is good or bad.

These three facts being so, we had perhaps best consider, first, what direction the art studies of the youth should take, as that will at once regulate the mode of examination.

First. He should be encouraged to carry forward the practical power of drawing he has acquired in the elementary school. This should be done chiefly by using that power as a help in other work: precision of touch should be cultivated by map-drawing[1] in his geography class; taste in form by flower-drawing in the botanical schools; and bone and limb drawing in the physiological schools. His art, kept thus to practical service, will always be right as far as it goes; there will be no affectation or shallowness in it. The work of the drawing-master would be at first little more than the exhibition of the best means and enforcement of the most perfect results in the collateral studies of form.

Secondly. His critical power should be developed by the presence around him of the best models, *into the excellence of which his knowledge permits him to enter*. He should be encouraged, above all things, to form and express judgment of his own; not as if his judgment were of any importance as related to the excellence of the thing, but that both his master and he may know precisely in what state his mind is. He should be told of an Albert Dürer engraving, "That *is* good, whether you like it or not; but be sure to determine *whether* you do or do not, and why." All formal expressions of reasons for opinion, such as a boy could catch up and repeat, should be withheld like poison; and all models which are too good for him should be kept out of his way. Contemplation of works of art without understanding them jades the faculties and enslaves the intelligence. A Rembrandt etching is a better example to a boy than a finished Titian, and a cast from a leaf than one of the Elgin Marbles.

Thirdly. I would no more involve the art-schools in the study of the history of art than surgical schools in that of the history of surgery. But a general idea of the influence of art on the human mind ought to be given by the study of history in the historical schools; the effect of a picture, and power of a painter, being examined just as carefully (in relation to its extent) as the effect of a battle and the power of a general.

[1] [For the importance attached by Ruskin to this exercise, see *Laws of Fésole*, ch. ix. (Vol. XV. pp. 440–462).]

History, in its full sense, involves subordinate knowledge of all that influences the acts of mankind; it has hardly yet been written at all, owing to the want of such subordinate knowledge in the historians; it has been confined either to the relation of events by eye-witnesses, (the only valuable form of it,) or the more or less ingenious collation of such relations.[1] And it is especially desirable to give history a more archæological range at this period, so that the class of manufactures produced by a city at a given date should be made of more importance in the student's mind than the humours of the factions that governed, or details of the accidents that preserved it, because every day renders the destruction of historical memorials more complete in Europe owing to the total want of interest in them felt by its upper and middle classes.

Fourthly. Where the faculty for art was special, it ought to be carried forward to the study of design, first in practical application to manufacture, then in higher branches of composition. The general principles of the application of art to manufacture should be explained in all cases, whether of special or limited faculty. Under this head we may at once get rid of the third question stated in the first page—how to detect special gift. The power of drawing from a given form accurately would not be enough to prove this: the additional power of design, with that of eye for colour, which could be tested in the class concerned with manufacture, would justify the master in advising and encouraging the youth to undertake special pursuit of art as an object of life.

It seems easy, on the supposition of such a course of study, to conceive a mode of examination which would test relative excellence. I cannot suggest the kind of questions which ought to be put to the class occupied with sculpture; but in my own business of painting, I should put, in general, such tasks and questions as these:—

(1) "Sketch such and such an object" (given a difficult one, as a bird, complicated piece of drapery, or foliage) "as completely as you can in light and shade in half an hour."

(2) "Finish such and such a portion of it" (given a very small portion) "as perfectly as you can, irrespective of time."

(3) "Sketch it in colour in half an hour.

(4) "Design an ornament for a given place and purpose."

(5) "Sketch a picture of a given historical event in pen and ink."

(6) "Sketch it in colours."

(7) "Name the picture you were most interested in in the Royal Academy Exhibition of this year. State in writing what you suppose to be its principal merits—faults—the reasons of the *interest* you took in it."

I think it is only the fourth of these questions which would admit of much change; and the seventh, in the name of the exhibition; the question being asked, without previous knowledge by the students, respecting some *one* of four or five given exhibitions which should be visited before the Examination.

[1] [Ruskin at a later period often insisted on this aspect of History; complaining that most history books laid too much stress on external incidents, and too little on the developments of the thoughts and imaginations of men and peoples: see *Eagle's Nest*, §§ 214, 215; and *Bible of Amiens*, preface, § 4, and ch. i. §§ 17–19.]

This being my general notion of what an Art-Examination should be, the second great question remains of the division of schools and connexion of studies.

Now I have not yet considered—I have not, indeed, knowledge enough to enable me to consider—what the practical convenience or results of given arrangements would be. But the logical and harmonious arrangement is surely a simple one; and it seems to me as if it would not be inconvenient, namely, (requiring elementary drawing with arithmetic in the preliminary Examination,) that there should then be three advanced schools:—

A. The School of Literature (occupied chiefly in the study of human emotion and history).

B. The School of Science (occupied chiefly in the study of external facts and existences of constant kind).

C. The School of Art (occupied in the development of active and productive human faculties).

In the school A, I would include Composition in all languages, Poetry, History, Archæology, Ethics.

In the school B, Mathematics, Political Economy, the Physical Sciences (including Geography and Medicine).

In the school C, Painting, Sculpture, including Architecture, Agriculture, Manufacture, War, Music, Bodily Exercises, (Navigation in seaport schools,) including laws of health.

I should require, for a first class, proficiency in two schools; not, of course, in all the subjects of each chosen school, but in a well-chosen and combined group of them. Thus, I should call a very good first-class man one who had got some such range of subjects, and such proficiency in each, as this:—

English, Greek, and Mediæval-Italian Literature.	High.
English and French History, and Archæology.	Average.
Conic Sections.	Thorough, as far as learnt.
Political Economy.	Thorough, as far as learnt.
Botany, *or* Chemistry, *or* Physiology.	High.
Painting.	Average.
Music.	Average.
Bodily Exercises.	High.

I have written you a sadly long letter, but I could not manage to get it shorter.

Believe me, my dear Sir,
Very faithfully and respectfully yours,
J. Ruskin.

Rev. F. Temple.

Perhaps I had better add what to you, but not to every one who considers such a scheme of education, would be palpable,—that the main value of it would be brought out by judicious involution of its studies. This, for instance, would be the kind of Examination Paper I should hope for in the Botanical Class:—

1. State the habit of such and such a plant.
2. Sketch its leaf, and a portion of its ramifications (memory).
3. Explain the mathematical laws of its growth and structure.

4. Give the composition of its juices in different seasons.

5. Its uses? Its relations to other families of plants, and conceivable uses beyond those known?

6. Its commercial value in London? Mode of cultivation?

7. Its mythological meaning? The commonest or most beautiful fables respecting it?

8. Quote any important references to it by great poets.

9. Time of its introduction.

10. Describe its consequent influence on civilization.

Of all these ten questions, there is not one which does not test the student in other studies than botany. Thus, 1, Geography; 2, Drawing; 3, Mathematics; 4, 5, Chemistry; 6, Political Economy; 7, 8, 9, 10, Literature.

Of course the plants required to be thus studied could be but few, and would rationally be chosen from the most useful of foreign plants, and those common and indigenous in England. All sciences should, I think, be taught more for the sake of their facts, and less for that of their system, than heretofore. Comprehensive and connected views are impossible to most men; the systems they learn are nothing but skeletons to them; but nearly all men can understand the relations of a few facts bearing on daily business, and to be exemplified in common substances. And science will soon be so vast that the most comprehensive men will still be narrow, and we shall see the fitness of rather teaching our youth to concentrate their general intelligence highly on given points than scatter it towards an infinite horizon from which they can fetch nothing, and to which they can carry nothing.

VI

THE STUDY OF ART[1]

(*April* 15, 1858)

1. MR. RUSKIN said they knew that he had no business whatever to venture to address them that evening. He hoped, as he had no business, he might be permitted to say how great a pleasure it was to him to be there that night; and he had no other excuse to offer to them for coming to a school which he had been unable to attend during the progress of its studies in the course of the past year,[2] and respecting which, therefore, it would be the utmost impertinence in him to express any opinion. Therefore, all the opinion he would express would be that of sincere admiration of what he had seen and heard since he entered the room in which they were assembled. He had come there, only as having been in some degree connected and associated with the work of another institution of a similar character,[3] to tell them of one or two principles that had struck him during the past year as affecting art at the school with which he was more immediately associated, and bearing on schools of art connected with the metropolis. He rejoiced to hear that St. Martin's was certainly a leading school in independence and zeal.

2. The general principles to which he referred bore on the three classes of students spoken of by the Chairman. Those three classes were, of course —first, the class that desired to devote itself wholly to art; secondly, the class that hoped to bring to bear upon trades and professions the knowledge

[1] [This address was delivered at the annual conversazione of the St. Martin's School of Art, Friday, April 15, 1858. The report appeared in the *Building News*, April 23, 1858. It was reprinted in *Igdrasil*, December 1891, vol. iii. pp. 161–165, and thence in the privately-issued *Ruskiniana*, Part ii. (1891), pp. 180–184. The numbering of the paragraphs is here introduced. In § 5, line 3, "four" in the report has here been corrected to "five"; and in § 10, line 2, "they" to "he." The Rev. Mr. Morley was in the chair. One of the old students in proposing a vote of thanks to Ruskin pointed to gifts from him (engravings by Dürer and Prout) which hung on the walls. Ruskin in returning thanks "wanted just to see them that evening to take sight of them—just to have a better view, a recognition—and to express to them his sincere congratulations on the progress which the school had made." He afterwards proposed a vote of thanks to the master of the school (Mr. Casey). "He was perfectly sure from what he had just seen of their master's work how much the students owed to him."]

[2] [He had, however, delivered an evening address: see Appendix iii., above, p. 437.]

[3] [The Working Men's College.]

which they gained in the school; and the third class, which came to acquire a knowledge of art as it bore on practical life in general. As to the first class, that which intended to devote itself wholly to art itself, he did not think there would be many of that kind there, as such would probably be inclined to go to the Royal Academy;[1] but he believed that the greatest number who obtained knowledge there would have the greatest effect on handicraft, which led to a greater degree of strength of hand and mind for higher branches of art. He believed it would be found that, when there was a real art brought into our handicraft, that real art was likely to increase into the highest art of all. He was sorry, by the way, to hear them receive with laughter the announcement that there was amongst the students at the school a confectioner. Why should not confectioners be employed in the lighter art of drawing, when they had so long and actively employed themselves in the raw art of architecture? There was very little architecture in London but the confectioners'.

3. He thought the practical students were the most important of all. But he was only afraid they might lose sight of the main function of all art, even in the smallest matters—namely, that which was visionary, as well as practical; the great business of art being not only to produce things, but to see them, and to enable others to see them. And he trusted they would bear with him a little in dwelling on that favourite subject of his—the bearing that all art should have on the revelation of God in the works of creation, and the teaching of all mankind of His visible truth. Now, among the first class he had spoken of—the class of artists—they knew that there was a great schism at present, and that schism was chiefly between those occupied chiefly in painting things from Nature, and those who were more or less occupied in making fresh things, or inventions, as they called them.[2] Invention and arrangement was the highest, no doubt, of all art; but there was a great work open to artists in painting things which were open to the observation of all around them. The means of travelling now enabled them to bring their fancies to bear on what was to be seen in the different parts of England, and even on the Continent of Europe. Few students were now so poor as to be unable to enjoy a holiday and see some magnificent landscape or some objects having historical associations. If a student under such circumstances took the steamer instead of the rail, he might land at Havre, and sail up the Seine, witnessing objects of interest upon which he might employ his skill with the greatest advantage.[3] The importance of bringing even inferior powers of art to bear upon perishable works of art was very great.

4. He could not speak that night of the great number of subjects of precious historical monuments of art which were now perishable. Those who seized upon such subjects would confer a great benefit, not only upon the present generation, but the next generation and the future antiquary; and they themselves would acquire more spiritual power as they acquired the practical power. When they set their powers on an object that would be

[1] [Compare on this point Introduction to Vol. XV. p. xxi.]

[2] [Compare *Two Paths*, § 61; above, p. 304.]

[3] [A few years later (1867) Ruskin sent two of his old students, and assistants, on a sketching-tour of this kind: see *Letters to Ward* (reprinted in a later volume of this edition).]

reproduced to all eternity, what was the advantage conferred b
compared with copying those things, or delineating historical obj
might perish in forty or fifty years? On visiting exhibitions latel
see plenty of records of mushrooms, hedges, ditches, and things of
but he had not seen in any one really useful historical record
monuments. Some of the most important scenes that were int
Englishmen were to be found close by, in Normandy. Then, if t
to have recalled historical recollections, they would go to a certa
tower, overhanging a French village, four hundred or five hundred
From a window of that Norman tower, a person whom we have
of at the Surrey Theatre, but do not perhaps know to have hac
fluence on our history—Robert the Devil—one day saw a miller'
at the door of her father's mill, fell in love with her, carried her
married her. Their son was William the Conqueror. That was
scene, notable for most interesting historical facts. The old t
jutting out into a woody dingle, the village resting at its feet,
glittering beneath old bridges and turrets, which, though certai
the eleventh century, recalled distinctly enough the position anc
of the ancient village. Above rose towers and cliffs of granite, p
heather, mingling their flushed colour with the green of the val
strong blood of the Norman mingled with our Saxon patience ar

5. If they went to Calais instead of to Havre, and took an hou
journey into Picardy, they came to a wide plain, covered with

[1] [Ruskin was at Falaise during his tour in the autumn of 1848 (see p. xxix.), and here recalls the impressions which the place made upon him, from letters to his father :—

"Falaise, *Thursday morning* [*August* 25, 1848].— . . . I h
Norman tower, incomparably—no, not that, but very much—finer
chester; two churches of the most quaint and interesting archit
ceivable; a superb Norman castle; a range of granite rocks, cc
heather; the purest possible air; the oddest and out-of-the-wayest
and an inn—if not luxurious, nor altogether clean—quite comfi
with civil people. . . . We had rather a tedious drive here in a
diligence; but—excepting the last ten miles, which were like Ch
through the loveliest tree country I ever saw, glittering in its g
sunshine after rain—wide views of it from the tops of hills, a kind
of Warwickshire and Lombardy; the fresh green of the one; t
and sky above of the other."

"Falaise, *29th August.*— . . . Yesterday was lovely as cou
most exquisitely French sun and air, and I got on delightfully—
the morning sitting in a garden under a great rock with vines trelli
it, and a walnut tree beside it, and gourds on the ground; and wit
castle and its crags opposite; and then in the afternoon I took E
into the said castle; it is private and kept locked, but they let us in
we like; and so we sat on the grass, and walked in the sunny orcl
Talbot's Tower, and peeped about into the niches and passages in
walls, and looked out of the window where Robert le Diable look
saw the 'miller's maiden' down in the valley below, and took he
castle and made her his lady, and she was the mother of the Conq
must have had good eyes, for the village street is some 250 feet b
have drawn one of the old capitals with a man on it leading a pig—
it is to be hoped antecedent to the 10th [*sic*] century, or it might
that William put it as typical of himself collaring the English swin

poplar, broken by low hills.[1] Along that plain, five hundred years ago, fled the wreck of a French army; and on the slope of one of those hills stood Edward III., watching his son in his great hour of trial. Many a hill and meadow they had seen painted; but had they any—even the slightest—idea what that hill and plain were like? Was it not better to paint that hill of Crécy, that dingle of Falaise, than banks at Hampstead, ditches in Essex? Let them not suppose he was teaching now anything contrary to his old teaching. He had said always to students in their early practice, "Draw the simplest things you can, and you will find beauty in them. Don't draw from the antique—you can't understand it; don't go to Rome—it's of no use. Draw anything simple and near—grass and watercresses—before you venture to draw heroes." But to students who had learned the rudiments of their art, and who were able to draw a bunch of grass or a bit of salad properly, he said further, "Don't draw the heath at Hampstead, but draw it at Crécy; don't draw the weeds of the New River, but of the brook at Falaise."

6. This, then, was the kind of duty to which the truthful artist ought to set himself. But he wished to refer to the way in which the truth was to be used by the poetical artist. Poetry meant the making of a thing, which was the real, etymological, and proper meaning of the word. But they could not make anything unless they had materials to make it of; and the first thing in painting, writing, or speaking was to gather their materials. Let him clear their minds as to the sense in which he used the word poetry. Poetry was the sincere, simple, and entire statement of facts, calculated to excite noble emotion.[2] If the statement was not clear and straightforward, it was not poetical; if it was not true, it was not poetical; if it was not calculated to excite noble emotion, it was not poetical.

7. Mr. Ruskin then read Pope's celebrated passage describing a miser's death-bed, Scott's death-bed of Morton of Milnwood, and part of Robert Browning's poem, "The Bishop orders his Tomb in St. Praxed's Church,"[3] showing how the poetical power increased in each example according to the extent and emotional power of the facts stated, and on the penetration of the writer into the movements of the soul, simply setting everything before them as it was; and the reader felt it because the author had put it heart and body before him. That schism which took place respecting painting took place respecting poetry as well. The same laws precisely which took place in poetry took place in painting; and the same laws of expression for language were just the laws of expression in colour. They had first to get their true matter, then to tell that in a proper way and

[1] [The field of the battle of Crécy (in which the Black Prince won his spurs) is situated about half way between Montreuil and Abbeville; on Ruskin's "old road" to Paris and the Alps. It is now usually visited from Abbeville; the site of the stone windmill where King Edward is said to have been stationed during the battle is still pointed out.]

[2] [See the definition of Poetry in *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 28).]

[3] [See *Moral Essays:* Epistle I. Part iii. :—

> "The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
> Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
> Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
> For one puff more, and in that puff expires."

Old Mortality, ch. xxxix. (Ruskin quotes the passage in *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 10); and for the quotation from Browning, Vol. VI. p. 448.]

in the right language, whether prose or verse. There was a rig telling everything, and the language was poetical in precisely degree in which it was *right*—that is to say, it was short, and decorous. There was no such thing as a dialect for rhyme, or for verse; there was but one and the same language to the living a sincere man—that was the true poetical language; and when th stood that, they knew both how to write poetry and how to jud

8. Reserve and simplicity were two main characters in pai poetry. The more reserved language was the more pathetic, and because the character of all deep feeling was to reserve itself. A in the degree the language hints at more than it expresses in th it became pathetic; and the most pathetic themes had been p those who had got their language to tell in a few words—who much in a few familiar words. They knew the great master W who introduced language of that description in our time; but h the first that did so, or who taught the law. Molière was the fi who taught in modern days that the most simple language was royal, the most governing. (Mr. Ruskin then gave a translation o ballads[1] introduced in Molière's play of *The Misanthrope*.) The la which he had read was the type of all poetical language—the sin the purest language was always the most powerful. They were a with the poems of Wordsworth. He hoped the efforts now being depreciate that great poet would not be successful. (Mr. Ruskin in an exquisitely beautiful manner, Wordsworth's "Lucy Gray."[2]) have observed as he was reading, that there was not a single w was not touching, and that because it was a simple telling to th solemn truth, the truth which they all could feel. But they m have noticed how powerful, in the true sense, how *royal*, this simple was; and how the poet, who rendered *all* character perfectly, made always simple when he meant it to be kingly.

9. Perhaps one of the most queenly of all Shakespeare's qu Catherine, and he believed that the scenes in which she speaks those in which Shakespeare used the most simple language in all (Mr. Ruskin then read extracts from the interview between W Queen Catherine.[3]) In that passage there was not a single word one of them, speaking from the heart, might not have used. T in men, first let them take care that their matter was true; sec their expression be plain and unaffected; and then came the thir ment, let there be harmony. The language must not only be perfect poetry or perfect painting; it must be harmonious, and pla cellences before the eye in a concordant, not discordant, way. The culty that lay in the way of all art was the attainment of this mel he could not enter upon that subject to-night. He wished them,

[1] [So, the report; Ruskin's citation must have been of the song of Alc further illustration of this passage, and Ruskin's reference to the song mieux ma mie") as "the first Wordsworthian poem," see Vol. V. p. Vol. XIV. p. 267.]

[2] [For another reference by Ruskin to this poem, see *Roadside Songs* q (footnote to "The Story of Maria and Metilde Seghi").]

[3] [*King Henry VIII.*, Act iii. sc. 1. For other references to the character Katharine in this play, see *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. ii. § 15, and *S Lilies*, § 115.]

to keep in mind that it was the want of that which caused so much discussion amongst the students of art at the present time; and the addition of that perfect melody would be the means of rendering acceptable to all men the most perfect minds of the School of Art in England.

10. One word more. Whatever share the students of this school might take in carrying forward the cause of art, he thought they might sometimes be discouraged by the English habit we had of speaking of painters and of painting as an inferior occupation. Though we sometimes wished the painter to be a respectable person, and to be in a position to keep his carriage, still he was afraid there might be a lurking fear on the part of some of those he addressed, that the profession of the painter was not the most desirable they could follow—that they should not be doing right in following painting as an occupation, instead of trying to enter some so-called "learned" profession. He was no painter himself—all he had tried was to write, and he did not even do that well; but being no painter, he might say this of painting, that of all possible exercises of the human intellect, when it was nobly done, painting was just the noblest, for it was teaching people how to see. And nothing in the world was so rare as true sight, nothing so difficult to bestow. It was easy to make people feel, more difficult to make them think, but almost impossible to make them see. He had often thought that it had been intended that some type of this strange difficulty should be given, in the solemn opening of the eyes of the blind by our Lord, which was the only miracle ever allowed by Him to bear to others the appearance of difficulty or slowness. Were the multitudes to be fed, He broke bread, and it multiplied; were the lame to walk, He bid them take up their bed, and they arose; were the dead to be raised, He touched them, and their souls returned: but when sight was to be given to the blind, it was not to be given by a touch; and in the most remarkable instance of giving sight, a long process was employed. He spat upon the ground and made clay, with which the eyes were touched, and then the blind man was told to go to the Pool of Siloam, and to wash, before sight could be obtained. In another instance the process was also long; at least, the eyes were twice touched. That seemed to be a strange type, showing that the thing most difficult to do for man was just to give him sight. Religious people called each other desperately wicked; but he believed, whatever the wickedness of the world was, its blindness was greater, and that men erred not so much because they willed wrong, as because they saw wrong; and the habit of trying to ascertain facts, even with the bodily eye, was the most wholesome initiation into the habit of trying to see them with the mental one. But even supposing the bodily eye only was touched, was *that* a trifle? If they thought that by a few years' labour they could gain the power, as they went through streets or hospitals, of restoring sight to every blind person whom they touched, would they not work for it? And yet that was just the power they might and did gain, if their art was true; they literally and actually gave sight, not to one blind man here and there, but to myriads; and thus, displaying and unveiling the glory of creation, and giving light to others, best fulfilled themselves the command given to all men, to "walk as children of light."[1]

[1] [Ephesians v. 8. For the numerous other Bible references on this page, see General Index.]

VII

VENETIAN ARCHITECTURE

(*February* 15, 1859)

1. MR. RUSKIN, on taking the chair as announced, said that, in
mitted to introduce Mr. Street to the meeting, it was no part
to insist on the value or interest of the present collection. Its
must be patent to all; and, for the rest, it had been explained
admirable manner by their excellent chairman at the last meet
Society.[2] He might, however, be permitted to detain the asse
few minutes, whilst referring to a principal feature in the co
photographs. The attention of the Society had been mainly
two Italian cities, which were interesting, not only in consequen
past history, but of their present political position. Not only at th
but for many years to come, these two cities, Venice and Veron
in constant danger of almost total destruction, in the event of a
movements taking place in Italy. The military preparations that
made by Austria rendered this almost a matter of certainty. Th
guns bore straight down on the *façade* of the Ducal Palace[3] a
very centre of the town of Verona, and it mainly depended
whether that palace might not be shaken into the dust almost
effort could be made to remove the causes that would give o
such an exhibition of authority.

2. The meeting would permit him to express his sincere d
Mr. Street had undertaken the duty of explaining the Venet
graphs,—a task for which that gentleman was peculiarly well
having investigated the architecture of the north of Italy, not
the utmost care, but with enthusiasm. Unlike the majority of
who travelled merely for the purpose of gathering such morsels
be useful to them in their own business at home, he had travel

[1] [Remarks made at a meeting of the Architectural Photographic Asso
at 5 Pall Mall East ("the attendance being exceedingly large") on Februa
on the occasion of a lecture by Mr. Street. The report appeared in t
February 19, 1859. For Ruskin's tribute to its accuracy, see above, Ir
p. lxiii. (but see for one mistake in it, p. 466, *n.* 2). It was reprinted
December 1891, vol. iii. pp. 165–170, and thence in the privately-issued
Part ii. (1891), pp. 185–190. The numbering of the paragraphs is here
It was stated in the *Builder* that the meeting took place on "Tuesday in
(*i.e.*, February 8), and this date was accordingly given in *Igdrasil* and *Ru*
reference in Street's speech to a Parliamentary debate on February 11
p. 466 *n.*) shows, however, that the meeting must have been in the followi

[2] [Mr. Tite, M.P., F.R.S. See the report in the *Builder*, February 12,

[3] [Ruskin is speaking of what he had seen in 1851: see Vol. X. p. 422

hearty admiration of all that he saw, and he had made his observations rather in a spirit of love than of labour,—at all times the preferable spirit. And not merely had Mr. Street done this, but he was qualified in a peculiar way by his natural gifts to interpret to his auditory the architecture of Venice; that architecture being, as they were all aware, distinguished from the architecture of nearly all the rest of Italy by its colour. The colour of the Venetian architecture was more or less the source of power among the Venetian painters, for it disciplined the eyes of those great artists who, whatever might be the general opinion with regard to their other qualities, were, as to colour, unquestionably supreme. He believed that if the testimony of the most renowned painters of all times subsequent to the great Venetian School were gathered together, it would be found that they all bore testimony to the supreme greatness of the painters of Venice in this respect. There was a certain transcendental or religious character in other Schools which they had never possessed, but as painters of colour they stood alone. This, he thought, might be established beyond doubt by the testimony of eminent artists. One man, Velasquez, when he went to Italy to buy pictures for the King of Spain, met Salvator Rosa whilst at Rome, who questioned him on his opinions with regard to Italian pictures. "Do you like Raffaelle?" he inquired. "No," was the reply; "I don't care for him." Salvator Rosa went on to ask him about others; but finally said, "You don't like Raffaelle; then we have nothing better to show you." "No," said Velasquez; "the great men are at Venice, and Titian is the first of all the Italians."[1] This was the authority of Velasquez; and, whatever weight they might be disposed to attach to it, at all events it left no doubt as to the impression which was made on the mind of that distinguished man.

3. The same peculiarity was visible in the Venetian architecture as in their paintings: this would be noticed on glancing round the photographs. Mr. Street,[2] whose own designs were pure beyond anything he had ever seen in modern architecture, in exquisite propriety of colour and in fineness of line, would not, he felt confident, recommend to the meeting an imitation of the luxury of Venetian architecture; but he was equally sure that he would enter into the beauty of their colouring, which was principally derived from their great study, the sea, which had afforded alike to all nations their best ideas. Conceptions were to be obtained from the seashore which could be had from nowhere else. The beautiful combination of purple and green with white, which was the foundation of all those lovely medallions in Venice,[3] had been suggested by the shading of the clouds cast on the green sea, and reflected on the crests of the waves when breaking into foam. He knew how truly Mr. Street was impressed with these beauties, for he had seen a piece of his work in his own immediate neighbourhood. His friends and neighbours there had taken on themselves to build a Gothic church, which some two years ago was fortunately destroyed by fire. He immediately called on the different members of the congregation, and congratulated them on the occurrence. They thought him hard-hearted and

[1] [See above, *Two Paths*, § 69, p. 313.]

[2] [For other references to Street, see Vol. IX. pp. xxxiii., 131; Vol. X. p. 459; and *A Joy for Ever*, § 141 *n.*, above, p. 127 *n.*]

[3] [For an example see Plate I. in *The Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. p. 33). For another instance of the influence of sea on Venetian architecture, see Vol. X. p. 83, and pp. 83-84 *n.*]

lost to all feeling of true art; but since they had seen Mr. Street's restoration of that church they admitted that he had been right all along.[1] This restoration, which was beautiful in all respects, was remarkable for a piece of colouring admirably introduced; and he doubted if it could be excelled by any of the colours in ancient art. In conclusion, he begged to congratulate the meeting on their good fortune—first, in the district which had been chosen for illustration; next, in the photographs that had been collected and the art on which they had been brought to bear; and, above all, in the lecturer whom he had now the pleasure of introducing.

[*Mr. Street then proceeded to deliver a lecture on the subject of Venetian architecture, alluding more especially to those examples which were illustrated by photographs comprised in the collection.*[2]]

4. The Chairman said he was sure the meeting would concur with him in the expression of sincere thanks to the lecturer for the pains which he had taken and the intelligence which he had displayed in tracing the peculiarities of Venetian architecture, although it was matter of disappointment to him that, from the limited number of photographs on the walls of the Society, it had been impossible for that gentleman to give as consecutive a view of the subject as his thorough knowledge of it would have enabled him to do. As Venice was the subject of their consideration, they would perhaps permit him to add a few words in connection with these same photographs. He entirely accepted the condemnation of Mr. Street with regard to St. Mark's.[3] It was a building that certainly could not be compared in any respect with the magnificent cathedral of Chartres. But there was one feature that should make Englishmen ready to forgive St. Mark's. Venice was peculiarly the city of a mercantile and a warlike people: it was not a city that was given to ecclesiastical feeling in any respect,—he meant thereby, ecclesiastical as distinguished from religious, for religion in a practical sense was found to have constantly influenced them in everything that they did.[4] But to ecclesiastical feeling they were opposed, and, even though Roman Catholics, they were opposed to the ecclesiastical system; they were, moreover, always quarrelling with the Pope, and had no feeling of that abstract or transcendental kind which stimulated the architects of the rest of Europe in the formation of their noblest edifices. The characteristic of this School, which was shared in by Englishmen, was the feeling of disdain for that transcendental style; and we could not but feel that in their contests with the waves, and in their wanderings throughout the world, they were bringing from the luxurious East, and from other quarters to which their

[1] [The church is that of St. Paul, Herne Hill. It was built in 1844 in a kind of Perpendicular Gothic, and burnt down in 1858. Street restored it on the foundations of the ruins in 1858–1859. The "piece of colouring admirably introduced" refers to the columns of the nave, which, beneath their capitals, have a band of Devonshire marble, the rest being of white stone. A monumental tablet has been erected in this church in memory of Ruskin (for particulars see a later volume).]

[2] [Mr. Street's paper was printed *in extenso* in the two following numbers of the *Builder*, February 26 and March 5, 1859.]

[3] [Mr. Street did not condemn St. Mark's generally, but remarked with regard to the sculpture of the capitals that they "have not the freedom or vigour of Northern sculpture"; and added, "although I admire St. Mark's immensely, I believe that such a cathedral as Chartres is worth ten St. Mark's, just as our Northern art is more vigorous, grand, and perfect than this Italian illustration of Byzantine art."]

[4] [On this subject, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. pp. 25–29).]

sway and commerce extended, materials for the instruction of the whole of Europe; and especially that they were fulfilling their duty in kindling the admiration and rivalry of the north of Europe, which meanwhile had given itself up to religious speculations and pursuits. Out of those religious pursuits and speculations, however, had arisen those aspirations of the mind which had given birth to the noble cathedrals, the proudest and grandest architecture that existed, he believed, in the whole world. It was interesting to notice in these photographs the subjection of the ecclesiastical to the secular architecture. In the one representing the Ducal Palace and Campanile, it towered over the city indeed, but could hardly be seen in the distance; whilst at Chartres, on the other hand, the cathedral was visible for a distance of twelve miles. With us it was only of late that our palaces had begun to mount over our cathedrals, and perhaps it would have been better if it had not been so. He was quite sure that Mr. Street would have noticed the Venetian colouring, and he had gone at once to the colouring of St. Mark's.

5. But there was another point to be noticed with regard to these Gothic palaces, which would also account for the inferiority of their brickwork.[1] There was no good brickwork in Venice; for, from the first rise of style among the painters, a considerable portion of it was covered with marble, and the rest was left as a field for the artist to work upon. Accordingly, at the close of the thirteenth century and the beginning of the fourteenth, they found subjects executed on the walls in brilliant diaper, scarlet and gold; and these had more recently still been followed out by great painters in the most magnificent way, so that the entire [surfaces] of those palace walls were filled with designs of the grandest colouring. One of the buildings, to which the lecturer had just called attention, was not only remarkable from its beautiful window, but from the remains of a most splendid design, representing a flight of diaper angels with golden wings, on a scarlet ground—so numerous and beautiful in execution as to resemble a flight of seagulls.[2] These Gothic palaces likewise displayed green and purple bosses, which had especial reference to the sea; and he was glad to see that Mr. Street had confirmed a supposition which he himself had entertained, but to which he was afraid to give utterance, lest he should be thought fanciful—namely, that the floor of St. Mark's had been purposely rendered uneven, in order to convey an image of the sea.[3] It was

[1] [On this subject Mr. Street had spoken thus: "In all of them the roughness of the work, even when the moulded bricks are used, is very noticeable, as well as the width of the mortar joint. The bricks vary very much in size sometimes, in the same building, as they do also in their bond. I need hardly say that the best ancient brickwork in Italy is to be found in the north of Italy. But in this Venice is so far behind Verona, Mantua, Bologna, and Brescia that I think it as well not to say much on this point now."]

[2] [The Casa Sagredo (subsequently whitewashed): see *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Vol. XI. pp. 27–28).]

[3] [The passage in Mr. Street's paper is as follows: "The floors are covered with a mosaic pavement of varied and beautiful design, laid in undulating lines in imitation of the waves of the sea, just as in the very similar pavement of Sta. Sophia at Constantinople, where the pavement was laid, as we have documentary evidence, with this symbolic intention. And it is this same symbolic intention in every feature of the decorative portion of the work which aids materially in giving the interior of St. Mark's its unquestionable position among the very finest interiors in the world."

a beautiful thought, and he hoped that no more travellers w plain when they found a difficulty in walking on it, for it was t of the old builder which had led him to do this—his love fo which was indeed the throne and foundation of Venice.

6. He would only add one fact to the interesting discuss they had heard regarding the Ducal Palace—namely, that the there which belonged to the fourteenth century were to be dis from those of the fifteenth by one very curious mark. Lic they were called, the lions of St. Mark, became a very constant with Venetian architects, and they were invariably introduced spandrel of each arch and throughout the building. The li of the fourteenth century always had fine wrinkled ears, wh them look more savage; but the architect of the fifteenth cen must have been a smooth-going fellow, considered that ears witho were more graceful, and consequently he gave all his lions sm In front of the Ducal Palace there were two windows lower rest, which had also traceries left in them. There were als left in other windows, but those of the two lower and larger winc nately rested on old capitals, bearing the lion with the wrinkled they were unquestionably the work of the fourteenth century. follow, however, that if in Venice they found a bit of archite certain date, they would be enabled to swear to the antiqu whole building, for the Venetians were marvellous thieves a merchants, and they used constantly to pick up a bit of stone they could and use it up with what was more modern. Ho had no doubt that these windows were of the fourteenth cer that from them exactly the same meaning was to be drawn as floor of St. Mark's. He believed that the whole building was to be a type of the original raising of Venice on piles, and idea was borne out by the well-known paintings of Canaletti. underneath were arranged with a view to strength, and in such as to confirm this view; they were singularly short and sturdy, not so much architecturally as in order to bear the superincum that had been raised upon them.

7. Mr. Street's utter disdain for the Renaissance permitted hi allude passingly to one or two of the photographs which mig teresting to the Society. He had alluded to a discussion which in the House of Commons the other night; but it had proce misrepresentation of the facts, which were not known, and were not to be known.[2] The speakers stated that they were not acqua

Ruskin had in *The Stones of Venice* (vol. ii. ch. iii. § 35) made this su the case of the Cathedral of Murano, and in a private letter expresse opinion with regard to St. Mark's: see Vol. X. p. 62 *n.*]

[1] [See on this subject, *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. pp. 409, 43 Street's view generally of the chronology of the Ducal Palace, see above, p

[2] [Mr. Street had remarked in his paper that the "Gothic palaces of singularly well adapted to serve as the foundations on which to build our century style of domestic architecture for such cities as this. You mus he continued, "see how completely such façades as their's lend themselve requirements. The windows are large, wide, and numerous. The fronts if it be necessary, and, with equally good results, irregular when that wa

the style of Gothic architecture; they supposed it to be barbarous, or a combination of barbarisms, and on that supposition they were prepared to advance certain proposals for our new Foreign Office. But the saddest thing in all that debate was the total absence of perception by the assembly of the connection existing between the Gothic architecture and our own Constitution. It was said to be a remnant of the dark ages, but it never seemed to occur to the speakers that the English Constitution was a remnant of the dark ages; and it seemed rather more desirable that the building for the purposes of our Government should be in the style of those noble vaults under which our sovereign worshipped, than in that of the edifice which was near to them, and with the central window of which such associations were connected—associations not altogether such as we should like to revive.[1]

8. But there were other points connected with the Renaissance architecture which could not be allowed to pass altogether without notice. They would perceive amongst the photographs three excellent[2] specimens of palaces in this style, all notable for their enormous size, and each one with a peculiar aspect, imparted by standing out separate from the houses in its vicinity. Adjoining one of these they would observe a house of three stories in height, with another smaller one on the roof.[3] All the houses in Venice were built with a view to afford comfortable room and

convenient course. The imitation of such windows as the Venetian need be in no way un-English, as those who have seen the new Museum at Oxford will at once allow. Nor can I refrain from expressing my astonishment that some members of the House of Commons, and among them an architect, should have ventured to rise a few nights since in their places, and assert that in advocating the use of mediæval architecture for the new Foreign and other Government Offices, any one advocated the introduction of 'features unsuited to the common wants of life,' narrow windows, or 'complicated arrangements, in place of sash windows,' and other barbarisms, as they were called. Either they had never troubled themselves to look at the Gothic designs for those buildings, and ought not, therefore, to have expressed an opinion; or, having examined the plans, they misrepresented the facts, in order to serve some party purpose. It is notorious that in this matter the author of most of the Gothic designs had followed the Venetian examples, and had provided sashes opening behind the shafted windows, and a larger amount of glass for their rooms than their opponents." The debate took place on February 11, 1859, being raised by Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Tite; he was the architect of the Royal Exchange (1844) and of numerous railway stations; president of the Architectural Society; M.P. for Bath, 1855–1873. He strongly opposed Scott's Gothic designs for the Government Offices (see above, p. xxxiii.); and in this debate he said, "There could be little doubt that the Italian style would be more suited to the wants of common life, and that Gothic would be very inconvenient. Every hon. gentleman who had served on Committees of that House would, he thought, agree with him, that the simple method of drawing down the sash of a window was a better mode of ventilating a close room on a hot day than more complicated arrangements, however ingenious." In the course of his speech (as appears from the report in the *Times*), Mr. Tite read out Ruskin's remarks on the Casa Grimani (*Stones of Venice*, vol. iii., Vol. XI. pp. 43, 44), as justifying the adoption of an Italian design.]

[1] [The Banqueting Hall, Whitehall. The question of the window by which Charles I. was led out to execution has been much debated (see W. J. Loftie's *Whitehall*, 1895, pp. 56 *seq.*).]

[2] [This word should probably be "elegant": see above, Preface to *Two Paths*, p. 253.]

[3] [The Casa Grimani (now the Court of Appeal): see Vol. XI. p. 43. The house next to it, with a story on the roof, is the Casa Valmarana.]

air, and yet the top of the house which he had pointed c very little above the first story of the Renaissance Palace. T spirit of the Renaissance builders was ambition, and obeying cast aside all subjection to the old styles of architecture, and a ditions of the country in which they were built. In the forr brick and clay, which were to be got from the *lagunes*, were f duced; but the ambitious builders, who were determined to rais that would quash everything else, were resolved to use nothin stone. And very grand things indeed they made; but the er was ruin! for, as if to impress this upon us, the most notab all had never been finished: it was only half built, and on the unfinished palace, in the centre of the Grand Canal, the grass in perpetual desolation.[1] In glancing at these photographs, it haps be well to bear in mind the moral lesson which these facts c

9. Although he had stated that Venice possessed no ecclesias Venetians were not wanting in religion in their earlier times, were most faithfully attached to their country. Perhaps in all the whole course of history, there was nothing to compare with which was stood by the Venetians in the year 1380, when the sailed by Pietro Doria and the Genovese.[2] Their enemies had red to a state of blockade, and had shut them out from all succour admiral, Pisani, who had been forced to fight, by the impetuo sailors, had been thrown into prison by the arbitrary spirit of tl ment of that period. And, talking of prisons, he should like to error on the part of those who accused the Venetians of cruel fining their prisoners under the leads, where they were expos scorching heat of the sun; for this admiral was not confined leads, but in the body of the prison. At that time all seemed there was no hope for Venice but in the patriotism and spirit o man who had been imprisoned. The populace rose and clai admiral, and he managed to drag himself to the bars; and wher him, they exclaimed, "Live Pisani! live Pisani!" but he respon live St. Mark." The Government yielded to the solicitations of t and restored the admiral; and after a series of the most interes evolutions ever performed by any naval commander, the Geno reduced to total submission. That spirit lasted just to the cl Gothic time. But at the very time that these magnificent pa being built, the courage of the nation gradually fell away, and th more and more luxurious in all their habits, and less faithful to t until nothing more was left to meet the attack upon them of There was no patriotism to induce any of them to come forw were cowards, although meeting in these splendid halls.

10. There were one or two curious things about their archite one of the most striking was the adaptation of their style to the of the place. A curious curve in the *façade* of one of their pala the observer as a deficiency in architectural proportion, but the fact

[1] [The Palazzo Venier, of which only the ground-floor was finished.]

[2] [For this anecdote of Vittor Pisani, see also *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. p. 23).]

the canal bent just at that point—they had not lost their sense of architecture, though they had lost their sense of patriotism. Another looked as if it were not in perspective; such, however, was not the case, but the island on which it was built being triangular, the building of course could not be right-angled on one side.[1]

11. He did not know that he had anything further to say, beyond proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Street for the particulars which he had brought before them that evening. He was sure the meeting would all concur with him in the recommendation to foreign photographers to furnish more details of this most interesting city. Details were what that Society required. He did not think, on the part of artists, he could accept the compliment which Mr. Street had paid them, for he did not believe that they could always tell what a building was by an artist's representation of it. He supposed that artists lost their heads much in the same way that others did their hearts, for he had seen a great deal more illusory painting by his own favourite Turner than by anybody else; and therefore, if they wanted to have "Venice preserved"[2] as it really was, they should look mainly to the aid of photographic art. He believed, however, that artists would preserve that which photography could not possibly accomplish—namely, the beautiful colour of the Venetian *façades*.

[1] [The palace with the curve in the *façade*, to which Ruskin refers, is probably the Palazzo Pesaro, whose *façade* on the side canal follows the curve of the canal. A good instance of a palace which looks "as if it were not in perspective" (*i.e.*, which makes an acute angle owing to the shape of the island), is the Grimani (now the Court of Appeal).]

[2] [The title of Thomas Otway's play, 1682.]

VIII

RELIGIOUS ART[1]

(*March* 8, 1860)

1. MR. RUSKIN gave an account of the condition of the Drawing Class, touching on some of the points connected with its management which distinguished it from the rest of the College classes. Referring to the examinations which are to be held on other subjects, he said that nothing of the kind could be attempted in his class; that any sort of competition in art work was invariably pernicious, leading men to strive for *effect* instead of truth.[2] It was impossible, moreover, for a teacher to be sure that in his own instructions he did not give an advantage to one student over another; he found it, he said, impossible to conquer the temptation to bestow most help on those whom he saw making the most use of what he taught them. This kind of premium was the only thing in the shape of a prize which could find its way into the Drawing Class.

2. Mr. Ruskin then said that as he could only come seldom to the College meetings, he should take the opportunity of telling the students a few of the things which had struck him most during his summer tour on the Continent.[3] He then gave a very lively account of some of the places in which he had been looking at the great masterpieces of German art. "The pictures which I saw in Belgium," he said, "made me feel the immense difference that exists between the Venetian art and that of the so-called Religious schools. Once I thought, as most of the world does, that the greatest religious art is that which presents the religious element free from all connection with earthly things. A painter of the southern Italian schools, when he wanted to make a religious picture, painted only

[1] [Remarks made at the General Meeting of the Working Men's College, March 8; reported in the *Working Men's College Magazine*, April 1860, vol. ii. pp. 67–68. The report was reprinted in *Igdrasil*, December 1891, vol. iii. pp. 170–173, and thence in the privately-issued *Ruskiniana*, Part ii. (1891), pp. 191–192. The numbering of the paragraphs is here introduced.]

[2] [For Ruskin's dislike of the system of competitive examinations in education, see Vol. I. p. 384 and *n.*; and for many passages in which he describes competition as in all things "a law of Death," see General Index.]

[3] [In 1859 Ruskin went abroad (May–October), going among other places to Brussels, Cologne, Düsseldorf, Berlin, Dresden, and Munich (see for particulars the Introduction to Vol. VII.). The impressions he gathered on that tour colour many chapters in that volume (the fifth of *Modern Painters*), and some of the points there made are briefly touched on in the present lecture. With § 2 here, compare *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. iii.]

saints and angels, and these generally he put in the skies, far away from anything earthly. This is one kind of religious art. Another, and as I now believe a greater, kind of religion is that which is mixed up with the every-day life of men; and this was the religion of the great Venetians. Veronese and Titian, when they were painting a sacred picture, did not confine themselves, like Angelico, to the representation of saints in glory, or a martyr in his ecstasy, but treated the scenes of this human life in a true human manner, pouring into them their religious faith.

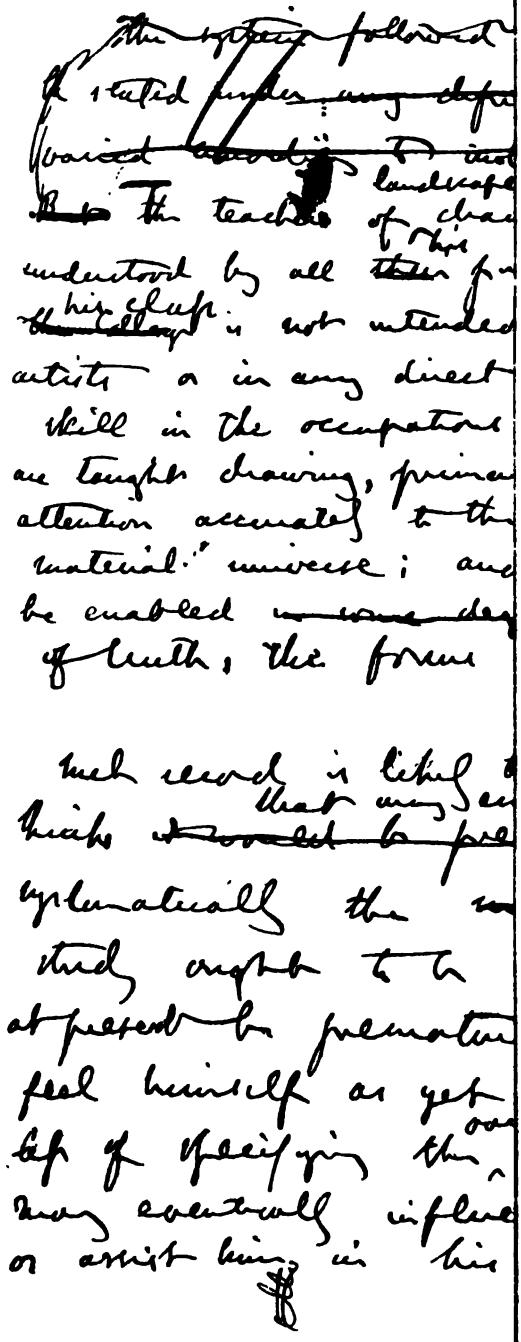
3. "As an instance of this, take Veronese's great picture of his own family. He represents the Madonna coming to pay a visit to the household, and he treats the thing as if it were a piece of simple fact. Every figure in the picture—his wife, himself, his children, great and small, down to the school-boy hiding behind the pillar, and the dog snarling suspiciously at the visitor—is represented as doing exactly what might be expected under the circumstances. In these various figures every phase of religious feeling, as differing in different persons and ages, is simply and truthfully brought out. Contrast with this the manner in which Rembrandt and Rubens drew a family picture. Rembrandt has painted himself and his wife, and made it in many senses a wonderful picture; but what scenes does he choose as an illustration of the beauties of his family life? He is sitting at supper with his wife, holding her on his knee, with a glass of champagne in his hand, and a roast peacock with a magnificent tail on the dish before them. As to Rubens, when he paints his wife and child, instead of showing her in the presence of the Madonna, he makes her *act* the Madonna, with himself as St. Joseph, and his child as the Christ, and the picture becomes one broad field of blasphemy. It is by looking at works such as these that one learns to understand the difference between the religion of the Venetian painters and the religion of the Germans."[1]

4. Passing from Belgium to Prussia, Mr. Ruskin said, that what struck him in Berlin was decidedly not the high art which his German friends showed him, but the singular success with which the people seemed to have pursued the art of making themselves comfortable. The villa life of the citizens, with their pleasant gardens and open-air tea-drinking, was an advance by many degrees on the so-called comfortableness of English people.

5. Going to Dresden, he saw the treasures of the "Green Vault" at Königstein, the curious impregnable fortress of Saxony.[2] The principal use of this place was to serve as a convenient retreat, where a mis-governing monarch might retire whenever his subjects became unruly, and shut himself up like a rat in his hole, till they had tired of expressing their discontent. But the great sight of the place was the Green Vault, the repository of the royal jewels, an amazing mass of treasure, remarkable for showing how stupid and contemptible the richest art may become, when even the noblest materials are worked, without a sense of what is either beautiful or reasonable. Here were collected the produce of the

[1] [Here, again, see, for the picture by Veronese (at Dresden), *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. iii. §§ 19–21; for the Rubens (Antwerp) and the Rembrandt (Dresden), *ibid.*, ch. vi. §§ 9, 10. "St. Joseph" here should be "St. George."]

[2] [The treasures of this collection are now in the "Green Vault" of the Royal Palace at Dresden: see Vol. XI. p. 234.]



FACSIMILE OF THE MEMORANDUM FOR THE

Saxon mines, gems of every hue, without number, and beyond price. But with all these splendours the craftsmen seemed to have known how to make but two things only—sword-hilts and drinking-cups! Save only that for the royal diversion they were sometimes fashioned into wonderful forms of puppets, liliputian jewelled dolls, with heads of emerald and stomachs of pearl. But it was in the article of drinking-cups that the artistic and royal souls gave free vent to their imagination. There were cups of every conceivable shape, and with every imaginable device for making the drinker spill his wine. Cups like birds and beasts, cups like fishes and shells, all equally gorgeous and equally ugly. It seemed, in fact, as if, when an old Saxon monarch looked out into creation and saw any one of the beautiful things on this earth, his first and only thought was, "Can't I make a mug of it?" Out of this world of wonder, then, there is not much to be learnt, except that to be a king is sometimes very sad, dreary work, and that it is a good thing to have something given us to do in the world better than playing with pearl-stomached mannikins like the lords of Königstein.

[The following Memorandum, written by Ruskin for the information of students intending to join his drawing-class at the Working Men's College, is undated. It is here printed from the original MS. which had been preserved by Dr. Furnivall:—

> "The teacher of landscape drawing wishes it to be generally understood by all his pupils that the instruction given in his class is not intended either to fit them for becoming artists, or, in any direct manner, to advance their skill in the occupations they at present follow. They are taught drawing, primarily in order to direct their attention accurately to the beauty of God's work in the material universe; and secondarily, that they may be enabled to record, with some degree of truth, the forms and colours of objects, when such record is likely to be useful. Mr. Ruskin thinks that any endeavour to state systematically the modes in which this study ought to be connected with others, would at present be premature;—at least he does not as yet feel himself capable of doing so, still less of specifying the various ways in which such study may eventually influence the mind of the student or assist him in his business."

This Memorandum was also printed in the privately-issued volume of *Letters from John Ruskin to Frederick J. Furnivall*, 1897, pp. 70, 71, where, too, a facsimile of the first part of the MS. (down to "objects, when") was given.]

IX

THE PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS' COMMITTEE[1]

EVIDENCE OF JOHN RUSKIN, TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1860

1. *Chairman.* I believe you have a general acquaintance with the leading museums, picture galleries, and institutions in this metropolis?—Yes, I know them well.

2. And especially the pictures?—Yes.

3. I believe you have also taken much interest in the Working Men's

[1] [This evidence was first printed in the "*Report of the Select Committee on Public Institutions. Ordered by* the House of Commons *to be printed*, 27 March, 1860," pp. 113–123. The Committee was appointed "to inquire whether it is in the power of Parliament to provide, or of this House to recommend, further facilities for promoting the healthful recreation and improvement of the people, by placing institutions supported by general taxation within reach of the largest section of the taxpayers, at hours, on week days, when, by any ordinary custom of trade, such persons are free from toil." The following members of the Committee were present on the occasion of the above evidence being given: Sir John Trelawny (*Chairman*), Mr. Sclater Booth, Mr. Du Pre, Mr. Kinnaird, Mr. Hanbury, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Slaney, and Mr. John Tollemache. The evidence was reprinted in *On the Old Road*, 1885, vol. i. pp. 574–601, §§ 430–458; and again in the second edition of that work, 1899, vol. ii. pp. 183–214, §§ 139–167. The questions (1571–1699) are here renumbered (1–129). Extracts from Ruskin's evidence were also printed in the *Working Men's College Magazine*, 1860, vol. ii. pp. 129, 130.

The following analysis of the evidence was given in the Index to the Report (p. 153) and reprinted (somewhat differently arranged) in both editions of *On the Old Road*:—

1–5. Is well acquainted with the museums, picture galleries, etc., in the metropolis.—Conducts a drawing class at the Working Men's College.

6–8, 16–18. Desirableness of the public institutions being open in the evening.

9–12, 85, 86. Remarks relative to the system of teaching expedient for the working classes; system pursued by witness at the Working Men's College.

13–15. Backward state, intellectually, of the working man of the present time; superiority of the foreigner.

19, 22. Inexpediency of submitting valuable ancient pictures to the risk of injury from gas, etc.

19–22, 26, 27, 99. Suggested collection of pictures and prints of a particular character for the inspection of the working classes.

20, 21. Statement as to the minds of the working classes after their day's labour

College?—Yes, much interest. I have been occupied there as a master for about five years.

4. I believe you conduct a class on two days in the week?—On one day of the week only.[1]

5. You have given a great deal of gratuitous instruction to the working classes?—Not so much to the working classes as to the class which especially attends the lectures on drawing, but which of course is connected with the working classes, and through which I know something about them.

6. You are probably able to speak with reference to the hours at which it would be most convenient that these institutions should be opened to the working classes, so that they might enjoy them?—At all events, I can form some opinion about it.

7. What are the hours which you think would be the most suitable to the working classes, or those to whom you have imparted instruction?—They would, of course, have in general no hours but in the evening.

8. Do you think the hours which are now found suitable for mechanics' institutes would be suitable for them, that is, from eight till ten, or from seven till ten at night?—The earlier the better, I should think; that being dependent closely upon the other much more important question, how you can prepare the workmen for taking advantage of these institutions. The question before us, as a nation, is not, I think, what opportunities we shall give to the workmen of instruction, unless we enable them to receive

being too much oppressed to enable them to enjoy or appreciate the public institutions, if merely opened in the evening.

20, 21, 87, 88. Advantage if large printed explanations were placed under every picture.

22, 30–33, 38–45, 50–52, 63–65, 85–93, 98–102. Suggestions with a view to special collections of shells, birds, and plants being prepared for the use of the working classes; system of lectures, of illustration, and of intermediate study necessary in connexion with such collections.

23–25, 67–70, 103–115. Statement as to greater interest being taken in France and other foreign countries than in England in the intellectual development of the working classes; examination on this point, and on the effect produced thereby upon the character and demeanour of the working people.

26, 28, 29. Objection to circulating valuable or rare works of art throughout the country, on account of the risk of injury.

26, 81. Disapproval of inspectors, etc., going about with the visitors.

29, 96, 97. Advantage in the upper classes lending pictures, etc., for public exhibition.

34, 35, 57–59. Great desire among the working classes to acquire knowledge; grounds of such desire.

36, 37. Great boon if a museum were formed at the east end of London.

46, 48. Good attendance at the Working Men's College.

49. Introduction examination required before admission to the classes at the College.—Small sum paid for joining the classes.

53, 60–62, 104, 113, 114, 124–129. Respects in which competition in trade and labour is regarded by witness as a great evil.

56. Approval of the Saturday half-holiday movement.

82–84. Expediency of an enlarged space for the National Gallery.

103, 116–123. Statement as to the lower classes in this country being worse dressed than those on the Continent.]

[1] [For Ruskin's work at the College, see Vol. V. pp. xxxvii.–xli.]

it; and all this is connected closely, in my mind, with the early closing question, and with the more difficult question, issuing out of that, how far you can get the hours of labour regulated, and how far you can get the labour during those hours made not competitive, and not oppressive to the workmen.

9. Have you found that the instruction which you have been enabled to give to the working classes has produced very good results upon them already?—I ought perhaps hardly to speak of my own particular modes of instruction, because their tendency is rather to lead the workman out of his class, and I am privately obliged to impress upon my men who come to the Working Men's College, not to learn in the hope of being anything but working men, but to learn what may be either advantageous for them in their work, or make them happy after their work. In my class, they are especially tempted to think of rising above their own rank, and becoming artists,—becoming something better than workmen, and that effect I particularly dread. I want all efforts for bettering the workmen to be especially directed in this way: supposing that they are to remain in this position for ever, that they have not capacity to rise above it, and that they are to work as coal miners, or as iron forgers, staying as they are; how then you may make them happier and wiser.

10. I should suppose you would admit that the desire to rise out of a class is almost inseparable from the amount of self-improvement that you would wish to give them?—I should think not; I think that the moment a man desires to rise out of his own class, he does his work badly in it; he ought to desire to rise in his own class, and not out of it.[1]

11. The instruction which you would impart one would suppose would be beneficial to the labourer in the class in which he is in?—Yes.

12. And that agrees, does it not, with what has been alleged by many working men, that they have found in their competition with foreigners that a knowledge of art has been most beneficial to them?—Quite so.

13. I believe many foreigners are now in competition with working men in the metropolis, in matters in which art is involved?—I believe there are many, and that they are likely still more to increase as the relations between the nations become closer.

14. Is it your opinion that the individual workman who now executes works of art in this country is less intellectually fit for his occupation than in former days?—Very much so indeed.

15. Have you not some proofs of that which you can adduce for the benefit of the Committee?—I can only make an assertion; I cannot prove it; but I assert it with confidence, that no workman, whose mind I have examined, is, at present, capable of design in the arts, only of imitation, and of exquisite manual execution, such as is unsurpassable by the work of any time or any country; manual execution, which, however, being wholly mechanical, is always profitless to the man himself, and profitless ultimately to those who possess the work.

16. With regard to those institutions in which pictures are exhibited, are you satisfied that the utmost facilities are afforded to the public compatibly with the expense which is now incurred?—I cannot tell how far it would be

[1] [On this subject, see *Pre-Raphaelitism*, § 2 (Vol. XII. p. 342).]

compatible with the expense, but I think that a very little increase of expense might certainly bring about a great increase of convenience.

17. Various plans have been suggested, by different persons, as to an improvement in the National Gallery, with regard to the area, and a better distribution of the pictures?—Yes.

18. Are you of opinion that at a very small cost it would be possible to increase the area considerably in the case of the National Gallery?—I have not examined the question with respect to the area of the National Gallery. It depends of course upon questions of rent, and respecting the mode in which the building is now constructed, which I have not examined; but in general this is true of large buildings, that expense wisely directed to giving facilities for seeing the pictures, and not to the mere show of the building, would always be productive of far more good to the nation, and especially to the lower orders of the nation, than expense in any other way directed, with reference to these institutions.

19. Some persons have been disposed to doubt whether, if the institutions were open at night, gas would be found injurious to the pictures; would that be your impression?—I have no doubt that it would be injurious to the pictures, if it came in contact with them.[1] It would be a matter of great regret to me that valuable pictures should be so exhibited. I have hoped that pictures might be placed in a gallery for the working classes which would interest them much more than the *chefs-d'œuvres* of the great masters, and which at the same time would not be a great loss to the nation if destroyed.

20. Have you had any experience of the working of the evening openings of the South Kensington Museum?—No direct experience, but my impression is that the workmen at present being compelled to think always of getting as much work done in a day as they can, are generally led in these institutions to look to the machinery, or to anything which bears upon their trade; it therefore is no rest to them; it may be sometimes, when they are allowed to take their families, as they do on certain evenings, to the Kensington Museum: that is a great step; but the great evil is that the pressure of the work on a man's mind is not removed, and that he has not rest enough, thorough rest given him by proper explanations of the things he sees; he is not led by a large printed explanation beneath the very thing to take a happy and unpainful interest in every subject brought before him; he wanders about listlessly, and exerts himself to find out things which are not sufficiently explained, and gradually he tires of it, and he goes back to his home, or to his ale-house, unless he is a very intelligent man.

21. Would you recommend that some person should follow him through the building to explain the details?—No; but I would especially recommend that our institutions should be calculated for the help of persons whose minds are languid with labour. I find that with ordinary constitutions, the labour of a day in England oppresses a man, and breaks him down, and it is not refreshment to him to use his mind after that, but it would be refreshment to him to have anything read to him, or any amusing thing told him, or to have perfect rest; he likes to lie back in his chair at his own fireside, and smoke his pipe, rather than enter into a political debate,

[1] [For Ruskin's strong opinion to that effect, see Vol. XIII. p. 339.]

and what we want is an extension of our art institutions, with interesting things, teaching a man and amusing him at the same time; above all, large printed explanations under every print and every picture; and the subjects of the pictures such as they can enjoy.

22. Have you any other suggestion to offer calculated to enlighten the Committee on the subject entrusted to them for consideration?—I can only say what my own feelings have been as to my men. I have found particularly that natural history was delightful to them; I think that that has an especial tendency to take their minds off their work, which is what I always try to do, not ambitiously, but reposingly. I should like to add to what I said about the danger of injury to *chefs-d'œuvres*, that such danger exists, not only as to gas, but also the breath, the variation of temperature, the extension of the canvases in a different temperature, the extension of the paint upon them, and various chemical operations of the human breath, the chance of an accidental escape of gas, the circulation of variously damp air through the ventilators; all these ought not to be allowed to affect the great and unreplaceable works of the best masters; and those works, I believe, are wholly valueless to the working classes; their merits are wholly imperceptible except to persons who have given many years of study to endeavour to qualify themselves to discover them; but what is wanting for the working man is historical painting of events noble, and bearing upon his own country; the history of his own country well represented to him; the natural history of foreign countries well represented to him; and domestic pathos brought before him. Nothing assists him so much as having the moral disposition developed rather than the intellectual after his work; anything that touches his feelings is good, and puts new life into him; therefore I want modern pictures, if possible, of that class which would ennoble and refine by their subjects. I should like prints of all times, engravings of all times; those would interest him with their variety of means and subject; and natural history of three kinds, namely, shells, birds, and plants; not minerals, because a workman cannot study mineralogy at home; but whatever town he may be in, he may take some interest in the birds, and in the plants, or in the sea shells of his own country and coast. I should like the commonest of all our plants first, and most fully illustrated; the commonest of all our birds, and of our shells, and men would be led to take an interest in those things wholly for their beauty, and for their separate charm, irrespective of any use that might be made of them in the arts. There also ought to be, for the more intelligent workman, who really wants to advance himself in his business, specimens of the manufactures of all countries, as far as the compass of such institutions would allow.

23. You have travelled, I believe, a good deal abroad?—Yes.

24. And you have seen in many foreign countries that far more interest is taken in the improvement of the people in this matter than is taken in this country?—Far more.

25. Do you think that you can trace the good effects which result from that mode of treatment?—The circumstances are so different that I do not feel able to give evidence of any definite effect from such efforts; only, it stands to reason, that it must be so. There are so many circumstances at present against us, in England, that we must not be sanguine as to too speedy an

effect. I believe that one great reason of the superiority of foreig in manufactures is, that they have more beautiful things about tinually, and it is not possible for a man who is educated in the our manufacturing towns ever to attain that refinement of eye o cannot do it; and he is accustomed in his home to endure that the less blunts his senses.

26. The Committee has been informed that with regard to s museums, particularly the British Museum, they are very much ov with objects, and I apprehend that the same remark would be some of our picture galleries. Are you of opinion that it wou ducive to the general elevation of the people in this country if o art, and objects of interest, were circulated more expeditiously, conveniently, than at present, throughout the various manufacturin —I think that all precious works of art ought to be treated wi different view, and that they ought to be kept together where men is chiefly concerned with art, and where the artistically higher class full advantage of them. They ought, therefore, to be all togethe Louvre at Paris, and as in the Uffizii at Florence, everything l trative of other things, but kept separate from the collections in the working classes,[1] which may be as valuable as you choose, but t be useable, and above all things so situated that the working cl get at them easily, without keepers to watch what they are about, their wives and children with them, and be able to get at them that they might look at a thing as their own, not merely as th but as a gift from the nation to them as the working class.

27. You would cultivate a taste at the impressionable age?— in the education of children, that being just the first question, which lies at the root of all you can do for the workman.

28. With regard to the circulation of pictures and such loans as have heretofore been made in Manchester and elsewhere, opinion that, in certain cases, during a part of the year, some pictures might be lent for particular periods, to particular tow restored in the same condition, so as to give those towns an opp forming an opinion upon them, which otherwise they would not would rather keep them all in the metropolis, and move them possible when valuable.

29. *Mr. Slaney.* That would not apply to loans by independent who were willing to lend their pictures?—I should be very glad possible to lend pictures, and send them about. I think it is greatest movements in the nation, showing the increasing kindness of classes towards the lower, that that has been done; but I think n justify the risking of noble pictures by railway, for instance; that, is an artist's view of the matter; but I do not see that the advan gained would at all correspond with the danger of loss which is invo

30. *Mr. Hanbury.* You mentioned that you thought it was able that there should be lectures given to the working classes?-

31. Do you think that the duplicate specimens at the Britis could be made available for lectures on natural history, if a pa

[1] [Ruskin expressed similar views to the National Gallery Site Com 1857: see Vol. XIII. Appendix i., Questions 65–69.]

institution could be arranged for the purpose?—I should think so; but it is a question that I have no right to have an opinion upon. Only the officers of the institution can say what number of their duplicate specimens they could spare.

32. I put the question to you because I have observed in the British Museum that the people took a great interest in the natural history department, and, upon one occasion, a friend of mine stopped, and explained some of the objects, and at once a very numerous crowd was attracted round him, and the officials had to interfere, and told him to move on.—So much more depends upon the explanation than on the thing explained, that I believe, with very simple collections of very small value, but well chosen, and exhibited by a thoroughly intelligent lecturer, you might interest the lower classes, and teach them to any extent.

33. Would it be difficult to find such lecturers as you speak of?—Not in time; perhaps at present it would be, because we have got so much in the habit of thinking that science consists in language, and in fine words, and not in ascertaining the nature of the thing. The workman cannot be deceived by fine words; he always wants to know something about the thing, and its properties. Many of our lecturers would, I have no doubt, be puzzled if they were asked to explain the habits of a common bird.

34. Is there an increasing desire for information and improvement among the working classes?—A thirsty desire for it in every direction, increasing day by day, and likely to increase; it would grow by what it feeds upon.

35. To what do you attribute this improvement?—Partly to the healthy and proper efforts which have been made to elevate the working classes; partly, I am sorry to say, to an ambitious desire throughout the nation always to get on to a point which it has not yet reached, and which makes one man struggle with another in every way. I think that the idea that knowledge is power is at the root of the movement among the working classes, much more so than in any other.

36. Do you consider that the distance of our public institutions is a great hindrance to the working classes?—Very great indeed.

37. You would, therefore, probably consider it a boon if another institution such as the British Museum could be established in the eastern end of the metropolis?—I should be most thankful to see it, especially there.

38. *Mr. Slaney.* I think you stated that you considered, that for the working classes it is a great thing to have relaxation of mind after the close occupation of the day; that they would embrace an opportunity of attending popular lectures on branches of natural history which they could comprehend, if they were given to them in plain and simple language?—Yes.

39. For instance, if you were to give a popular lecture upon British birds, giving them an explanation of the habits of the various birds, assisted by tolerably good plates, or figures describing the different habits of migration of those that come to us in spring, remain during the summer, and depart in the autumn to distant countries; of those which come in the autumn, remain during the winter, and then leave us; of those which charm us with their song, and benefit us in various ways; do you think that such a lecture would be acceptable to the working classes?—It would be just what they would enjoy the most, and what would do them the most good.

40. Do you not think that such lectures might be given without any very great cost, by finding persons who would endeavour to make the subjects plain and pleasant, not requiring a very expensive apparatus, either of figures or of birds, but which might be pointed out to them, and explained to them from time to time?—No; I think that no such lectures would be of use, unless a permanent means of quiet study were given to the men between times. As far as I know, lectures are always entirely useless, except as a matter of amusement, unless some opportunity be afforded of accurate intermediate study, and although I should deprecate the idea, on the one side, of giving the *chefs-d'œuvres* of the highest masters to the workman for his daily experiments, so I should deprecate, on the other, the idea of any economy if I saw a definite plan of helping a man in his own times of quiet study.

41. There are some popular works on British birds which the men might be referred to, containing accounts of the birds and their habits, which might be referred to subsequently?—Yes.

42. There are several works relating to British birds which are very beautifully illustrated, and to those they might be referred; do you not think that something might also be done with regard to popular lectures upon British plants, and particularly those which are perhaps the most common, and only neglected because of their being common; that you might point out to them the different soils in which they grow, so that they might be able to make excursions to see them in their wild state?—My wish is, that in every large manufacturing town there should be a perfect collection, at all events of the principal genera of British plants and birds, thoroughly well arranged, and a library associated with it, containing the best illustrative works on the subject, and that from time to time lectures should be given by the leading scientific men, which I am sure they would be willing to give if such collections were opened to them.

43. I dare say you know that there is one book upon British birds, which was compiled by a gentleman who was in trade, and lived at the corner of St. James's Street for many years, which is prized by all who are devoted to that study, and which would be easily obtained for the working men.[1] Do you not think that this would relax their minds and be beneficial to them in many ways, especially if they were able to follow up the study?—Yes, in every way.

44. As to plants, might not they interest their wives as well?—I quite believe so.

45. If such things could be done by subscription in the vicinity of large towns, such as Manchester, would they not be very much responded to by the grateful feelings of the humbler people, who themselves would subscribe probably some trifle?—I think they would be grateful, however it were done. But I should like it to be done as an expression of the sense of the nation, as doing its duty towards the workmen, rather than it should be done as a kind of charity by private subscription.

46. *Sir Robert Peel.* You have been five years connected with the Working Men's College?—Yes; I think about that time.

[1] [William Yarrell (1784–1856), author of the *History of British Birds*, first published in 1843, carried on business as newsagent and bookseller (Jones, Yarrell, and Co.) in Duke Street, St. James's, and afterwards at the corner of Bury Street and Little Ryder Street (where it is still continued). Ruskin often refers to Yarrell's book in *Love's Meinie*.]

47. Is the attendance good there?—There is a fair attendance, I believe.

48. Of the working classes?—Yes; in the other lecture-rooms; not much in mine.

49. Do they go there as they please without going beforehand for tickets?—They pass through an introductory examination, which is not severe in any way, but merely shows that they are able to take advantage of the classes there; of course they pay a certain sum, which is not at all, at present, I believe, supporting to the college, for every class, just to ensure their paying attention to it.

50. You stated that you did not think lectures would be of any use unless there was what you called active intermediate study?—I think not.

51. What did you mean by active intermediate study? if a man is working every day of the week until Saturday afternoon, how could that take place?—I think that you could not at all provide lectures once or twice a week at the institutions throughout the kingdom. By intermediate study, I mean merely that a man should have about him, when he came into the room, things that shall tempt him to look at them, and get interested in, say in one bird, or in one plant.

52. While the lecture was going on?—No, that might be given once a fortnight, or once a month, but that this intermediate attention should be just that which a man is delighted to give to a single plant which he cultivates in his own garden, or a single bird which he may happen to have obtained; the best of all modes of study.

53. You are in favour of the Early Closing Association?—I will not say that I am, because I have not examined their principles. I want to have our labour regulated, so that it shall be impossible for men to be so entirely crushed in mind and in body as they are by the system of competition.

54. You stated that you would wish the hours during which they would be able to enjoy the institutions to be as early as possible?—Yes, certainly.

55. But it would be impossible to have them earlier than they are now, on account of the organisation of labour in the country?—I do not know what is possible. I do not know what the number of hours necessary for labour will ultimately be found to be.

56. Still you are of opinion that, if there was a half-holiday on the Saturday, it would be an advantage to the working classes, and enable them to visit and enjoy these institutions?—Certainly.

57. You observed, I think, that there was a thirsty desire on the part of the working classes for improvement?—Certainly.

58. And you also stated that there was a desire on their part to rise in that class, but not out of it?—I did not say that they wanted to rise in that class; they wish to emerge from it; they wish to become something better than workmen, and I want to keep them in that class; I want to teach every man to rest contented in his station, and I want all people, in all stations, to better and help each other as much as they can.

59. But you never saw a man, did you, who was contented?—Yes, I have seen several; nearly all the very good workmen are contented; I find that it is only the second-rate workmen who are discontented.

60. Surely competition with foreigners is a great advantage to the working classes of this country?—No.

61. It has been stated that competition is an immense advantage in the

extension of artistic knowledge among the people of this co
are rapidly stepping on the heels of foreigners?—An acquain
what foreign nations have accomplished may be very useful to ou
but a spirit of competition with foreign nations is useful to no

62. Will you be good enough to state why?—Every nation has
of producing a certain number of objects of art, or of manufacturi
tions which are peculiar to it, and which it can produce thorou
and, when that is rightly understood, every nation will strive
own work as well as it can be done, and will desire to be su
other nations, with that which they can produce; for example, i
here in England to produce silk, we might possibly grow unhealth
trees and bring up unhealthy silkworms, but not produce goo
may be a question how far we should compete with foreigners
of taste. I think it doubtful, even in that view, that we should ev
with them thoroughly. I find evidence in past art, that the Fr
always had a gift of colour, which the English never had.

63. You stated that you thought that at very little expense the
to be derived from our national institutions might be greatly incre
you state why you think very little expense would be necessary,
it should be done?—By extending the space primarily, and by ad
cheap but completely illustrative works; by making all that such i
contain thoroughly accessible; and giving, as I think I have sa
explanations, especially in a visible form, beside the thing to be i
not in a separate form.

64. But that only would apply to day time?—To night time

65. But would you not have to introduce a system of lighting
system of lighting I should only regret as applied to the great
art; I should think that the brightest system of lighting should b
especially of an evening, so that such places should be made del
the workman, and withdraw him from the alehouse and all other e
tation; but I want them rather to be occupied by simple, and mo
cheap collections, than by the valuable ones, for fear of fire.

66. If, at the British Museum, they had printed information upo
history, that, you think, would do great good?—Yes.

67. You stated that you thought there was far more interest
foreign countries in the intellectual development of the working cla
in England?—I answered that question rather rashly. I hardly
anything of society in foreign countries, and I was thinking, at th
the great efforts now being made in France, and of the general c
the institutions that are open.

68. Not political?—No.

69. Still you think that there is more interest taken in the intelle
velopment of the working classes in foreign countries than in Eng
think so, but I do not trust my own opinion.

70. I have lived abroad, and I have remarked that there is a nat
lity in the French people, for instance, in acquiring a knowledge of
of combination of colours, but I never saw more, but far less desir
rest taken in the working classes than in England.—As far as r
their intellectual development, I say yes; but I think there is a gr
position to make them happy, and allow them to enjoy their hap

ordinary associations, at *fêtes*, and everything of that kind, that is amusing or recreative to them.

71. But that is only on Sundays?—No; on all *fête* days, and throughout, I think you see the working man, with his wife, happier in the gardens or in the suburbs of a town, and on the whole in a happier state; there is less desire to get as much out of him for the money as they can; less of that desire to oppress him and to use him as a machine than there is in England. But, observe, I do not lean upon that point; and I do not quite see how that bears upon the question, because, whatever interest there may be in foreign countries, or in ours, it is not as much as it should be in either.

72. But you were throwing a slur upon the character of the upper classes in this country, by insinuating that abroad a great deal more interest was taken in the working classes than in England. Now I assert, that quite the contrary is the fact.—I should be very sorry to express all the feelings that I have respecting the relations between the upper classes and the working classes in this country; it is a subject which cannot at present be discussed, and one upon which I would decline any further examination.

73. You stated that the working men were not so happy in this country as they were abroad, pursuing the same occupations?—I should think certainly not.

74. You have been in Switzerland?—Yes.

75. And at Zurich?—Not lately.

76. That is the seat of a great linen manufacture?—I have never examined the manufactures there, nor have I looked at Switzerland as a manufacturing country.

77. But you stated that there was much more interest taken in the intellectual developments of the working classes in foreign countries than in England?—Yes; but I was not thinking of Switzerland or of Zurich. I was thinking of France, and I was thinking of the working classes generally, not specially the manufacturing working classes. I used the words "working classes" generally.

78. Then do you withdraw the expression that you made use of, that in foreign countries the upper classes take more interest in the condition of the working classes, than they do in England?—I do not withdraw it; I only said that it was my impression.

79. But you cannot establish it?—No.

80. Therefore it is merely a matter of individual impression?—Entirely so.

81. You said, I think, that abroad the people enjoy their public institutions better, because inspectors do not follow them about?—I did not say so. I was asked the question whether I thought teaching should be given by persons accompanying the workman about, and I said certainly not. I would rather leave him to himself, with such information as could be given to him by printed documents.

82. *Mr. Sclater Booth.* With regard to the National Gallery, are you aware that there is great pressure and want of space there now, both with regard to the room for hanging pictures, and also with reference to the crowds of persons who frequent the National Gallery?—I am quite sure that if there is not great pressure, there will be soon, owing to the number of pictures which are being bought continually.

83. Do you not think that an extension of the space in the National

Gallery is a primary consideration, which ought to take precedence of any improvement that might be made in the rooms as they are, with a view to opening them of an evening?—Most certainly.

84. That is the first thing, you think, that ought to be done?—Most certainly.

85. When you give your lectures at the Working Men's College, is it your habit to refer to special pictures in the National Gallery, or to special works of art in the British Museum?—Never; I try to keep whatever instruction I give bearing upon what is easily accessible to the workman, or what he can see at the moment. I do not count upon his having time to go to these institutions; I like to put the thing in his hand, and have it about.

86. Has it never been a stumbling-block in your path that you have found a workman unable to compare your lectures with any illustration that you may have referred him to?—I have never prepared my lectures with a view to illustrate them by the works of the great masters.

87. You spoke, and very justly, of the importance of fixing on works of art printed explanations; are you not aware that that has been done to some extent at the Kensington Museum?—Yes.

88. Do you not think that a great part of the popularity of that institution is owing to that circumstance?—I think so, certainly.

89. On the whole, I gather from your evidence that you are not very sanguine as to the beneficial results that would arise from the opening of the British Museum and the National Gallery of an evening, as those institutions are at present constituted, from a want of space and the crowding of the objects there?—Whatever the results might be, from opening them, as at present constituted, I think better results might be attained by preparing institutions for the workman himself alone.

90. Do you think that museums of birds and plants, established in various parts of the metropolis, illustrated and furnished with pictures of domestic interest, and possibly with specimens of manufactures, would be more desirable, considering the mode in which the large institutions are now seen?—I think in these great institutions attention ought specially to be paid to giving perfect security to all the works and objects of art which they possess; and to giving convenience to the thorough student, whose business lies with those museums; and that collections for the amusement and improvement of the working classes ought to be entirely separate.

91. If such institutions as I have described were to be established, you would of course desire that they should be opened of an evening, and be specially arranged, with a view to evening exhibition?—Certainly.

92. It has been stated that the taxpayer has a right to have these exhibitions opened at hours when the workpeople can go to them, they being taxpayers; do not you think that the real interest of the taxpayer is, first, to have the pictures as carefully preserved as possible, and secondly, that they should be accessible to those whose special occupation in life is concerned in their study?—Most certainly.

93. Is not the interest of the taxpayer reached in this way, rather than by any special opportunity being given of visiting at particular hours?—Most certainly.

94. *Mr. Kinnaird.* Have you ever turned your attention to any peculiar

localities, where museums of paintings and shells, and of birds and plants, might be opened for the purpose referred to?—Never; I have never examined the subject.

95. Has it ever occurred to you that the Vestry Halls, which have recently been erected, and which are lighted, might be so appropriated?—No; I have never considered the subject at all.

96. Supposing that suitable premises could be found, do you not think that many people would contribute modern paintings, and engravings, and various other objects of interest?—I think it is most probable; in fact, I should say certain.

97. You would view such an attempt with great favour?—Yes; with great delight indeed.

98. You rather look upon it as the duty of the Government to provide such institutions for the people?—I feel that very strongly indeed.

99. Do you not think that the plan which has been adopted at Versailles, of having modern history illustrated by paintings, would prove of great interest to the people?—I should think it would be an admirable plan in every way.

100. And a very legitimate step to be taken by the Government, for the purpose of encouraging art in that way?—Most truly.

101. Would it have, do you think, an effect in encouraging art in this country?—I should think so, certainly.

102. Whose duty would you consider it to be to superintend the formation of such collections? are there any Government officers who are at present capable of organizing a staff for employment in local museums that you are aware of?—I do not know; I have not examined that subject at all.

103. *Chairman.* The Committee would like to understand you more definitely upon the point that has been referred to, as to foreigners and Englishmen. I presume that what you wished the Committee to understand was, that upon the whole, so far as you have observed, more facilities are in point of fact afforded to the working classes, in some way or other, abroad than in this country for seeing pictures and visiting public institutions?—My answer referred especially to the aspect of the working classes as I have watched them in their times of recreation; I see them associated with the upper classes, more happily for themselves; I see them walking through the Louvre, and walking through the gardens of all the great cities of Europe, and apparently less ashamed of themselves, and more happily combined with all the upper classes of society, than they are here. Here our workmen, somehow, are always miserably dressed, and they always keep out of the way, both at such institutions and at church. The temper abroad seems to be, while there is a sterner separation and a more aristocratic feeling between the upper and the lower classes, yet just on that account the workman confesses himself for a workman, and is treated with affection. I do not say workmen merely, but the lower classes generally, are treated with affection, and familiarity, and sympathy by the master or employer, which has to me often been very touching in separate cases; and that impression being on my mind, I answered, not considering that the question was of any importance, hastily; and I am not at present prepared to say how far I could, by thinking, justify that impression.

104. *Mr. Kinnaird.* In your experience, in the last few years, have you not

seen a very marked improvement in the working classes in this country in every respect to which you have alluded; take the last twenty years, or since you have turned your attention that way?—I have no evidence before me in England of that improvement, because I think that the struggle for existence becomes every day more severe, and that, while greater efforts are made to help the workman, the principles on which our commerce is conducted are every day oppressing him, and sinking him deeper.

105. Have you ever visited the manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, with a view of ascertaining the state of the people there?—Not with a definite view. My own work has nothing to do with those subjects; and it is only incidentally, because I gratuitously give such instruction as I am able to give at the Working Men's College, that I am able to give you any facts on this subject. All the rest that I can give is, as Sir Robert Peel accurately expressed it, nothing but personal impression.

106. You admit that the Working Men's College is, after all, a very limited sphere?—A very limited sphere.

107. *Sir Robert Peel.* You have stated that, in the Louvre, a working man looks at the pictures with a greater degree of self-respect than the same classes do in the National Gallery here?—I think so.

108. You surely never saw a man of the upper class, in England, scorn at a working man because he appeared in his working dress in the National Gallery in London?—I have certainly seen working men apprehensive of such scorn.

109. *Chairman.* Is it not the fact, that the upper and lower classes scarcely ever meet on the same occasions?—I think, if possible, they do not.

110. Is it not the fact that the labouring classes almost invariably cease labour at such hours as would prevent them from going to see pictures at the time when the upper classes do go?—I meant, before, to signify assent to your question, that they do not meet if it can be avoided.

111. *Sir Robert Peel.* Take the Crystal Palace as an example; do not working men and all classes meet there together, and did you ever see a working man *gêné* in the examination of works of art?—I am sure that a working man very often would not go where he would like to go.

112. But you think he would abroad?—I think they would go abroad; I only say that I believe such is the fact.

113. *Mr. Slaney.* Do not you think that the light-hearted temperament of our southern neighbours, and the fineness of the climate, which permits them to enjoy themselves more in the open air, has something to do with it?—I hope that the old name of Merry England may be recovered one of these days. I do not think that it is in the disposition of the inhabitants to be in the least duller than other people.

114. *Sir Robert Peel.* When was that designation lost?—I am afraid ever since our manufactures have prospered.

115. *Chairman.* Referring to the Crystal Palace, do you think that that was an appropriate instance to put, considering the working man pays for his own, and is not ashamed to enjoy his own for his own money?—I have never examined the causes of the feeling; it did not appear to me to be a matter of great importance what was the state of feeling in foreign countries. I felt that it depended upon so many circumstances, that I thought it would be a waste of time to trace it.

116. *Sir Robert Peel.* You stated that abroad the working classes were much better dressed?—Yes.

117. Do you think so?—Yes.

118. Surely they cannot be better dressed than they are in England, for you hardly know a working man here from an aristocrat?—It is precisely because I do know working men on a Sunday and every other day of the week from an aristocrat that I like their dress better in France; it is the ordinary dress belonging to their position, and it expresses momentarily what they are; it is the blue blouse which hangs freely over their frames, keeping them sufficiently protected from cold and dust; but here it is a shirt open at the collar, very dirty, very much torn, with ragged hair, and a ragged coat, and altogether a dress of misery.

119. You think that they are better dressed abroad because they wear a blouse?—Because they wear a costume appropriate to their work.

120. Are you aware that they make it an invariable custom to leave off the blouse on Sundays and on holydays, and that after they have finished their work they take off their blouse?—I am not familiar, nor do I profess to be familiar, with the customs of the Continent; I am only stating my impressions; but I like especially their habit of wearing a national costume.[1] I believe the national costume of work in Switzerland to be at the root of what prosperity Switzerland yet is retaining. I think, for instance, although it may sound rather singular to say so, that the pride which the women take in their clean chemise sleeves, is one of the healthiest things in Switzerland, and that it is operative in every way on the health of the mind and the body, their keeping their costume pure, fresh, and beautiful.

121. You stated that the working classes were better dressed abroad than in England?—As far as I know, that is certainly the fact.

122. Still their better dress consists of a blouse, which they take off when they have finished their work?—I bow to your better knowledge of the matter.

123. *Chairman.* Are you aware that a considerable number of the working classes are in bed on the Sunday?—Perhaps it is the best place for them.

124. *Mr. Kinnaird.* You trace the deterioration in the condition of the working classes to the increase of trade and manufactures in this country?—To the increase of competitive trades and manufactures.

125. It is your conviction that we may look upon this vast extension of trade, and commerce, and competition, altogether as an evil?—Not on the vast extension of trade, but on the vast extension of the struggle of man with man, instead of the principle of help of man by man.[2]

126. *Chairman.* I understood you to say, that you did not object to trade, but that you wished each country to produce that which it was best fitted to produce, with a view to an interchange of its commodities with those of other countries?—Yes.

127. You did not intend to cast a slur upon the idea of competition?—Yes, very distinctly; I intended not only to cast a slur, but to express my

[1] [On this subject, compare *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. xi. § 21 *n.*; and *Lectures on Art*, § 79.]

[2] [Here again compare *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. viii. ch. i. § 6.]

excessive horror of the principle of competition, in every way; for instance, we ought not to try to grow claret here, nor to produce silk; we ought to produce coal and iron, and the French should give us wine and silk.

128. You say that, with a view to an interchange of such commodities?—Yes.

129. Each country producing that which it is best fitted to produce?—Yes, as well as it can; not striving to imitate or compete with the productions of other countries. Finally, I believe that the way of ascertaining what ought to be done for the workman in any position, is for any one of us to suppose that he was our own son, and that he was left without any parents, and without any help; that there was no chance of his ever emerging out of the state in which he was, and then, that what we should each of us like to be done for our son, so left, we should strive to do for the workman.

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